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"Dearest Portia"

THE FRIENDSHIP OF GEORGE MEREDITH AND ALICE MEYNELL—TOLD FROM MEREDITH'S UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

BY GRIFFIN BARRY

AFTER the death of Alice Meynell last winter a folio scrap-book was found among the papers of the woman poet, filled with the unpublished letters of George Meredith to herself. Personal, intimate, literary, political, the letters are chiefly Meredith's record of what seems to have been the happiest relationship of his later life. Even to the eye, the folio suggests an age already lost, concentrated in two dissimilar leaders who shared its delicacy and its strength. The rugged and involved scratchwork from the hand of Meredith lies curiously beside the precise, fluent, graceful, and studied forms in which Mrs. Meynell wrote her annotations. The pages show here and there an unconventional snap-shot of Meredith, or pressed violets of his giving. A sonnet to Mrs. Meynell, hitherto unknown, in Meredith's handwriting, is included.

The Meynell family will shortly publish the contents of the scrap-book in full. In the meantime passages from the letters may be allowed to tell their own story.

In July, 1895, when Meredith at sixty-seven made his first speech at a meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club, he inquired of the journalists present who was the author of a certain weekly column in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. "That," he told the men from Fleet Street, "is princely journalism." Alice Meynell, the poet, was named. Shortly afterward, a mutual acquaintance informed Mrs. Meynell that "Meredith says he has few wishes left, and one of them is to lure your acquaintance." With the acceptance by the poet and her husband of an invitation to Meredith's cottage, came the first letter:

"Box Hill
February 11th, 1896

"DEAR MRS. MEYNELL,

"I would have you know that I am very sensible of your graciousness in consenting to come. I beg you will take assurance that you and Mr. Meynell may count on my receiving you as among the most beloved of my friends. I can say it, for I have long been attached to you in spirit, and am indebted past payment.

"My daughter, who is married and of the neighborhood (a simple damsel, observing literature through an eye-glass), undertakes to preside at table. . . .

I am,
Your most faithful,
GEORGE MEREDITH"

Meredith was then an aging celebrity, most of whose intimacies had succumbed to death or the probing of his restless tongue; a novelist convinced that he was admired for his worst work and hated for his best; a poet hailed as a master, but hardly read; a tailor's son, who by force of genius had compelled the upper classes to take heed of the fastidious pattern of thought and manners he spread for them. Reflectiveness and revolt, ardor and waywardness and a matchless faculty contended in him still.

Alice Meynell, thirty years his junior,

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was the wife of Wilfrid Meynell, the author and publisher, and the mother of seven children. She was already a famous poet and was to become a great woman of letters; her finest work was not yet done. In her own circle she was a deeply loved woman, to whose capacity for friendship the devotion of Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson attested. She was beautiful and she was a Catholic. Orthodoxy in life and letters was deep and delicate and articulate in her.

The meeting having been achieved, the full Meredithian battery of gallantry was brought into play. "I think there is nothing you would like that I should not esteem," Meredith wrote after the first visit. "I long for one word of her," he informs Mr. Meynell ten days later, fearing the poet may be ill. "My day has lost its heart," he writes when Mrs. Meynell writes that she cannot at once visit him again. "We have been waltzing together on celestial heights," he remarked to a friend after a week-end with her.

The letters' forms of address make a brave procession. "Dear Mrs. Meynell" soon gives way to "Dearest of Friends," then to "Dearest." A second sequence, when the first ardor of the friendship was done, begins "Most Beloved of Sisters" and turns to "Dear Portia" or "Admired Portia" later. Notes filled with shop talk are superscribed "Dear Chief of Journaliers" and "Reviewer! Reviewer!" and "Dear Lady of the Critic Orchestra."

Meredith writes in an early note:

"When you come to me we will talk of the art and the aim of verse, and of sentiment, and the good thing it is when not pretending to a kingdom of its own. I shall teach you nothing that can be new to such a mind as yours, but I shall leaven your deeper thoughts of Earth and life."

Anticipating a June visit from the Meynell children with their mother, Meredith executes a flashing arpeggio on the wind:

"At last we have the South West with his own face and his watery feathers. You are brave as larks, you will not fear him. Though I would save you from risks, let me remind you that he is a splendidly and suddenly variable monster, who jumps from black to bright over a marvelling earth between your shudder and your sigh. You must refrain if he is very black. But he will rather smile, to please me. Let him but lure you thither! He can do as he lists after."

The first result of the encounter to reach the public was a piece of acute criticism. Meredith wrote that summer in *The National Review* of Mrs. Meynell's essays: "Her manner presents to me the image of one accustomed to walk in holy places and keep the eye of a fresh mind on our tangled world, happier in observing than in speaking; careful to speak but briefly to such ear-beaten people. . . . The essays leave a sense of stilled singing in the mind they fill." Meredith names his friend, moreover, as the most perfect medium of the comic spirit England then has. "Her paper on Pathos . . . would alone be sufficient to show me that she has the comic insight eminently among modern writers. . . . Seeing that she is critical chiefly to admire and courteous when her delicate stroke is mortal, we have to seek her peers—that is, in England." The disparagement of Meredith's countrywomen as writers later in the article is broadened to: "Englishwomen of letters at present count humbly beside their glorious French sisters in the art." Here Mrs. Meynell must have smiled—much later, when she knew her friend better—for she has left a note beside his words:

"This reference to Frenchwomen of letters is very characteristic. Meredith had an indiscriminate reputation for French letters as such. 'He lost his sense of proportion' in that matter, said Henry James to me. It was so. He sent me a book of aphorisms—'*Chemin Faisant*,' by a Frenchwoman—which, written in English, he would have glanced at once, and never again. He would have been puzzled to name the Frenchwomen at whom he hints as the superiors, say, of George Eliot, Elizabeth Browning, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, Lucy Hutchinson. He had a very good accent in French, because he was a most dramatic mimic, as must be every one who is to pronounce a foreign language well; but he was not absolutely conversant with French, and—as his little improvisations and imitations of French verse testified—unacquainted with the laws of French versification. A most dramatic mimic I have named him, recall-

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ing his imitations of Alfred Austin Tennyson and a certain lady who, bringing her book and asked by him what was her principal theme in poetry, replied 'Passion!' He did this admirably."

Meredith's fee for the article was twenty guineas, which the author insisted on spending for the Meynell family. Mrs. Meynell designed four Maltese crosses, which were bestowed on the Meynell little girls, with a large one for their mother.

Box Hill Cottage, in Surrey, is separated from the Meynell home in London by a tiresome rail journey. Often Mrs. Meynell made the trip, accompanied by her husband, or her American friend, Miss Agnes Tobin, or selections from among her children. Meredith was already a semi-invalid, and in his isolation the friendship ripened fast. Violets were grown in a special frame in Meredith's garden and sent to the poet every spring until her admirer died. A series of sonnets was written which, Mrs. Meynell records, the author meant to publish under the title, "The Lady of the Time." At her death the woman poet possessed only the following, written of a blue iris in Meredith's garden, which he named "*Alicia Cœrulea*" for her. "He thought this iris to be a likeness of the friend he addressed, in frankness and reserve," noted the lady.

"To A. M.

"A stately flower in my garden grows
Whose color is the dawn-sky's maiden blue:
The loveliest to my lady's thinking too:
And when the Lord of June bids her disclose
Her very heart, all bashfully she throws
An inner petal o'er the orange hue,
As one last plea; submitting to his view,
Yet virginly majestic while he glows.

"For reasons known to us we give the name
'Alicia Cœrulea' to that flower,
Sweet as the sea-born bourne on the sea-wave:
That innocent in shame where is no shame;
That proud Reluctant; that fair slave of power,
Who conquers most when she is most the slave."

GEORGE MEREDITH

About this time a friend of J. M. Barrie thought to please Meredith by making him a present of her portrait of Mrs. Meynell. The recipient wailed from Box Hill:

"A 'portrait' has come, a vision of sepulchral pathos. It recalls to confound an image of someone I know. But not she; it is a presentation of a sister of Lazarus, risen beside him, with eye looking out of the underworld, breathing of grave mould. Yet there is a most pathetic effort to appear as the very person. I am generously asked to keep it for my own: I would voyage to Klondike to escape the sight. After some sheepish glances I had it covered, and tomorrow it journeys back. What to say to the damsel!"

Veteran of the verbal flourish as he was, Meredith could be telegraphically direct when he wished to stir to action. A year later, when Mrs. Meynell was half-ill from overwork, he writes:

"Box Hill
Sunday, August 29th, 1897

"MY FRIEND,

"Will you listen to me? I have felt very urgently of late that you want rest. I am in my present condition because of working on a starved physical system for years. Now, next Wednesday Riette goes to Overstrand, to prepare her house for husband and children. I go with her, to Lord Battersea's. Will you not come here as my treasured guest and occupy the cot in perfect repose?—doing only the Autolycus article, if that. Husband and children might visit, but you ought to have a complete change. Perhaps, after two or three days, you would like to have Miss Tobin for companion. The phantom host would bid her warm welcome. I may be back before the end of two weeks. I should like to be with you for a day. I trust to hear on Tuesday afternoon that you will do this really wise thing, under the inducement to make me happy, as it is a sister's duty when her brother's heart presses it. He does.

Your devoted,
GEORGE MEREDITH"

Meredith, the poet and gallant, could change in a flash to Meredith, the warrior-critic. Toward Mrs. Meynell's work there is no dispraise, save of detail; but his critical weapons were kept sharp for other writers. Once he half raised his lance against his adored friend, then lowered it.

"I have got through 'Cyrano,'" he writes when Rostand's play was at the height of its popularity, "and I marvel at

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the cleverness of the hand which could hold me all but to the end over such a group of '*fantoches*.' Near the end I chafed, and read only to have done with a conscience." Swiftly, here, his concern with Rostand changes to a doubt at the critical worth of Alice Meynell's habit of kindness. "Then I bethought me of the extreme lightness of your critical touch when the spirit of kindness is, or seems to be, an atmosphere over tolerance. And I questioned—is it nature, or the craftswoman? I fear I decided that she is not always to be taken seriously. As for me, my opinions, when I do not dress them expressly to amuse myself by making the modern reader gape, are blunt hammer-strokes. . . ."

Meredith could be roundly prejudiced toward certain of his competitors for popular favor. He had written elsewhere: "Not much of Dickens will live, because he has so little correspondence to life. He was the incarnation of Cockneydom; a caricaturist who aped the moralist . . . Mr. Pickwick is to me full of the lumber of imbecility."

Against his opinion Mrs. Meynell armed herself, and wrote a reply which appeared in England and in the United States in 1898. Thereupon her friend answered her royally:

"Box Hill
January 29th, 1899

"Portia as advocate is not to be withstood. When she cites her instances in defense of a slumbering popular favorite, he awakens, lively as ever. Shylocky critics are confounded, and she carries the court—though growls are heard of her being a dealer in plums. But if she restores his Homer to the Cockney, what matters the means? I will confess that I am won by her. She hands me a plum, and I must own her client to be a lord outside Cockaigne. It was very handsome pleading.

"I am grateful for the gift of the little book.* I knew the contents, and I read them again with the first freshness, the delight in the delicacy of a touch that can be so firm. It is the style of a queenly lady walking without her robes. Adieu, dear Friend. Health and serenity to you all.

Your devoted,
GEORGE MEREDITH"

*NOTE: Mrs. Meynell's book of essays, "The Spirit of Place," now included in "Collected Essays," published by Scribners.

Of the Dean, a character in Coventry Patmore's long poem, "The Angel in the House," Meredith writes in March, 1896:

"I have read the Patmore extracts. . . . As to the 'Angel,' the beauty must be felt, and I have been impressed in old days by the Dean. The measure of the verse, correct as it is, with an occasional happy jerk, recalls his elastic portliness, as one of the superior police of the English middle class, for whom attendant seraphs in a visible far distance hold the ladder, not undeserved, when a cheerful digestion shall have ceased."

Often the elder craftsman despatches sound professional advice to the younger worker:

"A. M. in the 'Pall Mall' is good to see, and she may lash her Gibbon in these columns; but when she darts a sneer at him in parenthesis out of a book, she seems, under the public eye, to betray a sentiment deeper than the disapprobation of style, and this is inartistic on her part."

Regarding the first draft of Mrs. Meynell's poem, "The Modern Mother," he stipulates:

"The last line in the first verse cannot stand. It reads as if purposely dark for ushering in a portentous rhyme—a very beadle instead of the Lord Mayor. . . . Again, the last line of the last verse is iteration, masking a weakness under an appeal to the sympathetic. But as you please in that respect."

Mrs. Meynell notes humbly: "I altered my verses."

Meredith touches but lightly on the substance of his friend's poems. Their temper was opposed to that of his own poetry; they were, indeed, written from an experience of life the contrary of his. Mrs. Meynell was happily married; and to her, moreover, a Catholic and a deeply religious woman, marriage was a sacrament. Meredith's poems were struck glowing from a revolt at the sordid tragedy of his own early marriage. Protectingly, in a remarkable passage, he warns his friend away from his poetry's tumult:

"Give no time to poetry of mine. You will find no sentiment in it, except the

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tragedy of sentiment; it is wild, hither and thither, following nature, opposed to your classical scheme."

He approaches the woman behind Alice Meynell's poetry rarely, and with a most delicate step. When, in 1896, Patmore proposed Mrs. Meynell for the vacant poet laureateship of England, in a letter to *The Saturday Review*, Meredith writes:

"Coventry Patmore's article in the 'Saturday.' Good intention and I like him for writing it. But why did he quote, of all things, *that?** . . . Patmore stirs a demon imp in me. I chide, I chide the dame, and then I hear her out and cease to chide, but analyze, and can own her sweet to the ear, wondering what it is in her that can extract her deadly bitter from a sugar refinery; till in the end I have her as a figure of High Comedy, my new Célimène, and she becomes mine against her will; but she has waxed intelligible, perhaps to be better satisfied with herself . . . Irreverent? But whose the fault?

"Your devoted friend salutes you at your knees.

GEORGE MEREDITH"

Here shows the faunlike male, fused with intellect, that was George Meredith fundamentally. The tenuous passion has subsided a fortnight later; he replies to his friend's concern over a hurt she fancies may have been given:

"I wonder whether you can read into other breasts than your own? I sometimes think the great ability stops fluttering at my breast bone. If you read into me, you would know that I have too strong a surety of your gentleness ever to take chance wounds from you. In dealing with others, I get confirmations incidentally which send me deviating from them, for a word or a look. *You*, I trust, and I cannot do that save wholly, just as I give myself. However, I am glad you recalled the passing wrinkle in the tide, if there was one outside of your charitable tenderness to the friend. It brings your voice off the note paper to my ears, and it is besides a licensed peep into that Alician temple where I would have a resident corner." A postscript is added: "By the way, touching the heart—never expect it to be perfectly simple. Not the most educated can be that. . . ."

Eventually Meredith comes to lean always, with a touching boyishness, on the profound maternal quality in his friend. When she had conveyed to him a gentle reproof for chattering, he replies with head hanging, just discernible:

"You write of not being a talker. I find the substance I want in your silences, and can converse with them. Your plea in excuse makes me ashamed of my prattle. Let me tell you that my mind is not always with my tongue in the act. I do it for the sake of sociability, and I am well disposed either to listen or to worship the modest lips that have such golden reserves."

Slowly Meredith sank to the full condition of an invalid, while Alice Meynell grew to her later power. All her steps he paces with encouragement. In the first summer of their acquaintance he had written: "Much have I been reading you these days, and then I must away to a correction of my own books. And, troth, it is as if from worship in a cathedral I were dragged away to a dancing booth." Years later, when Mrs. Meynell employed her meticulous taste in compiling her anthology of poetry, "The Flower of the Mind," Meredith supported her choices and, what was more, her exclusions. She notes to a letter from him touching on the Anthology:

"Meredith's approval . . . referred particularly to my omission of Gray's 'Elegy' and to the reason I gave in my preface. He was delighted with my courage in that exclusion. He called the 'Elegy' a funeral march headed by the undertaker. He was pleased to see it go to its own burial and, chatting to me about it, he assumed an undertaker's strut on the gravel path of his garden."

Mrs. Meynell, who was in San Francisco in 1901 with Miss Tobin, sent to Meredith "The Greater Inclination," by Edith Wharton, a star then seen but

* Mrs. Meynell's poem, "Why Wilt Thou Chide?" on the refusal of an offered love, had been cited, beginning with the verse:

"Why wilt thou chide,
Who hast attained to be denied?
Oh learn, above
All price is my refusal, Love.
My sacred Nay
Was never cheapened by the way.
Thy single sorrow crowns thee lord
Of an unpurchasable word."

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dimly on the eastern side of the Atlantic. "Herewith is Mrs. Wharton's book of sketches of tales," writes Meredith, returning the stories to the poet's husband in England. "She has only to rebuke her facility, and she will do very good work."

The week-ends of "waltzing together on celestial heights" were spaced with serious talk, for during the most intense period of the friendship the Boer War was in progress. Mrs. Meynell was wholly pro-Boer, and Meredith agreed with her, for he writes early in the struggle:

"This exposure of Cecil Rhodes, and the masterly attitude of the Boers in fence, should be a lesson to England. Foiled at every turn by a body of wild Dutchmen! We see the first result of our turning under Haggard's wand to beast with bloody jaws for auriferous Africa." Three years later, when the war still dragged on, he added: "I need patience even to speak of the Boer War, and the Outlander, and the Suzerainty. Most of my friends are against me. . . . If anything, my loss of legs would bowl down the mind as well. This war is the cloud on it. My only feeling for the Boers is that for brave men. Notwithstanding their intimacy with the Almighty, they are hard to deal with. But it might have been done."

The King conferred the Order of Merit on Meredith in 1905. The order was a new one, limited to twenty-four recipients, and the highest yet awarded to a man of purely literary achievement. Meredith's acceptance of a greater honor had been sounded, and he had refused. Even as he was canonized, the ancient heretic made a wry face. He wrote to Alice Meynell:

"I, with my present hatred of the pen, have to write replies to congratulations. Imagine it, for one feeling as I do about worldly honors! It would have been churlish to refuse. A title would have roused too much distaste."

When Mrs. Meynell returned from a lecture tour in the United States in 1902, Meredith was too feeble to see her, writing:

"Box Hill
May 10th, 1902

"MY DEAREST PORTIA,

"The day before your letter came I read of the glad return, and saw the children crowd and leap about you, the husband beam like a ripe grape on the burst between thumb and finger; you feeling at rest . . . with a side eye on your gathered riches. I shall rejoice when it is my turn to see you. I would propose to come, but age is telling horribly on my legs, and I go nowhere. I need an arm when I walk, and enliven conversation with the frequent 'Eh!' You will be charitable, I know. Meanwhile I am part of you and the family in the happiness of being together again.

Ever most warmly,
GEORGE MEREDITH"

Death had now taken all of Meredith's intimates, and was bearing down on him. When Admiral Maxse died in 1900, the original of the revolutionary hero of "Beauchamp's Career" and Meredith's closest friend, he writes:

"I would so willingly have gone in his place had there been the choice. For he was active, still in the cradle of those illusions that wake the energy. . . . I have lived so close to the dead that we converse; he in his tones as I know them, and so patient of my rallyings, with the reluctant laugh."

He adds to the theme the following year: "Why did I not go when I was so near it last year! Friends are the leaves of the tree of life, and I am getting bare, fit only for cutting down." After a lengthy abstention from the sight of his Portia he still longs for her. "You are with me daily, at the finish of most of my readings," the old hand writes, in July, 1905.

Toward the end is a nobly conscious farewell:

"Box Hill
October 20th, 1906

"DEAREST PORTIA,

"I do not see you, but I look about for your work, to see where the mind of Portia is still active. I cannot ask you to make the journey by rail and back, for I am not worth seeing to converse with. . . . For the rest, I am wearing on, weak on the legs, and looking back with wonder on the days when I ran up hills; fairly at peace, and satisfied with Nature's ways. Would you have more wisdom? . . .

Ever warmly,
GEORGE MEREDITH"

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The London Stage as Seen by a Frenchman

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

"Monsieur, combien avez-vous de pièces de théâtre en France?" dit Candide à l'abbé, lequel répondit: "Cinq ou six mille." "C'est beaucoup," dit Candide. "Combien y en a-t-il de bonnes?" "Quinze ou seize," répliqua l'autre. "C'est beaucoup," dit Martin.—*Voltaire, "Candide," Chapitre 22.*

FINDING myself in London last winter for a prolonged stay, the notion struck me of making the rounds of the theatres. One goes to Vichy, or Carlsbad, for the "season"—why not give myself a London theatrical "cure," I argued; and accordingly, for a fortnight, I went nearly every evening to one or another of the dramatic offerings in town and saw very nearly everything worth seeing.

I like the theatre—preferably when it is good; but I am enough of a philosopher to realize that if one wishes to have the pleasure of applauding a worth-while play now and then, one must be prepared to risk seeing a good many mediocre or even frankly bad ones. Long ago I made up my mind to that, and I invariably preserve my good humor during the trying ordeal.

The English stage was no novelty to me. During the two years I had passed in London, some fifteen years ago, I was a constant visitor to the theatres, which, at that time, had certainly nothing very wonderful to offer. With the exception of Barrie, Bernard Shaw, and Pinero, there were few stars of the first magnitude shining in the British dramatic firmament.

At that era the public impressed me as being so keen about the theatre, as having such a voracious, one might say gluttonous, appetite for all things theatrical, that it swallowed everything that came its way, the bad with the good. I remember one evening, at an actors' banquet to which I had been invited, one of the producers most in the public eye at that time, Charles Frohman, describing the play market in this fashion: "The sort of comedy the public wants," said he, "and the kind I am always ready to buy, is the one in which two lovers are mutually attracted and ceaselessly pursue each other—she because she sees in him a heart of gold and courage personified, he because he finds in her all the purely feminine attributes, gentleness, the spirit of sacrifice, devotion." As any one can easily see, nothing more simple, more elementary than this dramatic recipe!

Most of the plays which I had the opportunity of seeing at that epoch hinged on the word "proposal." "To propose or not to propose" was the eternal question which kept the spectators breathless with suspense. The two lovers, both young and handsome, are kept apart by a thousand obstacles; they pursue each other, quarrel, make up, separate, and "get together" again. While this is going on, time passes and also the acts. Eleven o'clock strikes and the solemn moment arrives; the young lovers are reunited at last; the audience is keyed up to the highest expectancy; it senses that a great event is about to happen; this extraordinary event *does* happen—the young man proposes and kisses the young girl on the lips. The proposal, the kiss, is the eleven-o'clock rule. After which, that the spectators may not be dismissed on too sentimental a note, the "character" actress, mother or aunt of one of the lovers, enters and gets off the traditional jokes that never fail to amuse the public. The curtain falls; the music strikes up, and the audience, in great good humor, goes home to bed.

Almost all of the plays I saw at that time were of the foregoing type. On the other hand, the theatre itself was most comfortable; much cleaner, much more roomy, much better kept than nine-tenths

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of the theatres in Paris. The iron curtain was regularly lowered after the second act, so that the audience felt assured that even if the play was not always interesting, at least they ran no risk of being burned to death. As to which is the worst fate—being roasted alive or enduring three hours of a boring play—I leave my readers to decide.

I was extremely impatient to revisit the London theatres after so long an absence. I wanted to make the tour of them as my fancy dictated and to discover for myself if the theatrical fare had not improved and if I was to again encounter the "safety" curtain and the eleventh-hour kiss.

I did not see any of the Shaw plays on this last visit to London. None of them were being given. They are put on in Paris now and then—badly translated and badly played, it must be confessed. But Bernard Shaw, at least the Shaw of "Man and Superman," "You Never Can Tell," and "John Bull's Other Island," has become a classic. As for myself, I reread his plays almost as often as I do those of Molière or Beaumarchais—which is saying a great deal.

I saw two of Barrie's pieces: "Shall We Join the Ladies?" and "Dear Brutus," which last has been played in America. "Shall We Join the Ladies?" is a curtain-raiser which the programme facetiously informs us is the first act of a full-length play that the author has not had time to finish. Of course that is simply one of Barrie's little jokes. The detective story and "mystery play" being in high favor with the public just now, Barrie has amused himself by turning out the first act of a "thriller," written with his unfailing adroitness, his consummate skill, so that the "little joke" is a little masterpiece of its kind and a popular and artistic success.

A dinner-party is in progress at the country house of Mr. Smith. In the midst of the conversation the host rises and informs his guests why he has asked them all to dine with him that evening. It seems that a short while previous his brother had been murdered at Monte Carlo, under the most mysterious circumstances. From that day he has devoted himself to a search for the assassin. He had followed up the clews, one by one, but he had not yet laid his hand on the murderer. However, all the guests assembled had been at Monte Carlo the day of the crime and everything points to the conclusion that the murderer is one of those present. Nothing is left but to unmask the villain.

Who is the assassin? Is he one of the gentlemen, one of the ladies, present? Here is the thrill of the detective play carried to the *n*th power. Barrie handles the situation with consummate mastery. Sam Smith, magistrate as well as host, conducts the investigation like some skilful, terrible criminal lawyer. The interest, the suspense of the spectator, increases with every passing moment. At the conclusion of the dinner the ladies, according to the English custom, pass into the drawing-room while the gentlemen remain to smoke and drink. The investigation is continued and pushed rapidly. We are told that in a few moments, in the drawing-room, the mystery is to be solved for us, the assassin named: "And now, shall we join the ladies?" Whereupon the curtain falls. The author, like some magician, shuts up his box of tricks, makes a bow and disappears, leaving the audience flat. The spectator suddenly realizes that the author has played a most amusing joke on him, that the murder plot was all "hokum," an ingenious and witty invention, and that Smith (just the choice of the name should have put the public on its guard) was only a puppet which Barrie had cleverly manipulated throughout the act. "Shall We Join the Ladies?" is a sort of literary *feu d'artifice;* and, like it, when the last sparkles are extinguished, there remains nothing but the memory of a few delicious moments.

At the present time, I know of no dramatic author in any other country France, Germany, or America, who compares with Barrie in originality of talent He seems to be sui generis, almost miraculous.

It is said of Socrates that he brough philosophy down from heaven to earth Barrie has taken the theatre, which hac sunk to a low level, and raised it fron the dust, from the very mud, to th heights, to that fairy domain where mor

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tals, for a little while at least, are magically transformed from their every-day selves.

How does he effect this metamorphosis? Ah, that is Barrie's secret, a secret that savors of the marvelous. It is accomplished by the simplest methods—one might almost say, without method at all. It is rather as though the author touched his characters and audience with some fairy wand and lo and behold, they are transferred from this world to another! Any one who has gone up in an airplane is familiar with the curious sensation that comes over one as the machine leaves the earth, and yet it is impossible to tell the exact moment when the plane ceases to taxi across the ground and takes the air. One has the same curious experience while watching a play of Barrie's.

This magic wand with which, to our great joy, Barrie touches all his creations is nothing more nor less than the poetic gift. Barrie is first and foremost a poet, a great poet. Like all poets, he divines instantly the "true inwardness" of men and things. Poet-like, he is the possessor of rare perceptions, exquisite delicacies of sentiment with which he adorns, as though they were precious jewels, the creatures and the fantasies of his brain.

Now, along with the poet (and this is the miracle) there coexists in Barrie the playwright, the most skilful and knowing of dramatists, one who has all the technique of the profession—one might almost say, all "the tricks of the trade"—at his finger-tips. The art of presenting, of "planting," his characters in a few words; of delineating them for the public in an unforgetable fashion; the art of logically developing one situation from another; of constructing the framework of a play; of skilfully handling the plot; of steadily building up the interest—that art Barrie possesses in the highest degree. Add to that wit, humor, fun, and an intuitive gift for dialogue and repartee and one gets some idea of his many-sided genius. The possession of such dissimilar, one may even say, such contradictory, talents—the most delicate poetic temperament coupled at the same time with the experience and adroitness of a consummate playwright—presents an almost unique phenomenon in the history of the theatre and is the secret of Barrie's success.

"Dear Brutus" brings out these two distinguishing traits of his genius. Of these two it is distinctly the first that predominates. It is the poet who is always in the foreground. In "Dear Brutus" the art of the playwright is, so to speak, merely the background upon which the poet has embroidered the fantasies, by turns delicate and brilliant, of his imagination.

When one studies closely a work of art, of the highest art—when one tries to discover of what magic stuff it is made, one realizes that it is made of nothing, so to speak. That is the way with Barrie's comedies. In "Dear Brutus," as in "The Admirable Crichton," the transition from reality to fantasy is accomplished in the simplest manner. The characters of the play set out for a magic country and the audience goes with them. They remain there a short time and then, behold them returning! The airplane which carried them up into the clouds must descend to earth—an even more difficult feat than the ascent. But with as marvelous a pilot as Barrie, no accident need be feared. He manages his dramatic "landings" with the most astounding skill. Simplicity, naturalness, are the chief factors of his success. Back again in the drawing-room which they had left and after a few minutes in familiar surroundings, his personages begin to wake up, little by little, from their dream and resume the personality which they had temporarily lost. And, as the dramatist never misses a chance—certainly not Barrie!—the return to the original personality affords great opportunities for admirably developed scenes, wonderfully handled, by turns amusing and touching.

In no other play has Barrie's poetic gift been displayed so prodigally or with such unalloyed beauty as in "Dear Brutus." During the second act one is reminded at every instant of the greatest of all dramatic poets, Shakespeare, and "Dear Brutus" triumphantly bears this comparison and reminder, than which there can be no greater praise.

It is most unfortunate that a play of this caliber should be so little suited to any but an Anglo-Saxon audience. Barrie knows his public *à merveille*. The understanding between him and the spectators

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is perfect. For him the public is a medium ever susceptible to auto-suggestion, never unmanageable, always ready to yield to his spell, to play the game according to his rules.

Last winter there was produced at special matinées of the "New Theatre" a tragedy, little known and rarely played, by the great poet Shelley. Written during the poet's stay in Rome in 1819, it has had to wait three-quarters of a century before being honored with a production. And even this honor was bestowed by stealth, so to speak, for it was staged in the strictest privacy by the society of the friends of the poet.

Why did it have to wait so long before being presented to the public? British censorship undoubtedly had a great deal to do with it. It was feared that the lord chamberlain would refuse to pass a play based on a particularly revolting form of incest. But, after all, the theme of "Œdipus Rex" is identical and no one would dream of calling the tragedy of Sophocles immoral.

Every one is familiar with the fearful story of the Cenci, one of the most tragic of sixteenth-century Rome. It was natural enough that Shelley, always tempted by the dramatic muse, should have been powerfully drawn to this widely known story of the Cenci as the subject-matter of a tragedy.

The great French novelist Stendhal took up his residence in Rome only a very few years after Shelley's sojourn there. Although nothing of a tragic poet, yet, being affected instinctively by the bizarre and passionate, Stendhal also was deeply impressed by the Cenci legend. In it he found everything to arouse his interest—action, unusualness, the purely Italian "color." Stendhal, who had above everything a taste for the concrete, a love of detail and realism, immediately began a study of Beatrice Cenci's history. He came upon a complete and minute document written by one of her contemporaries on the day following the tragedy.

It is a curious fact that both Shelley and Stendhal must have drawn their information from the same sources, for all the details which each has borrowed from historic accounts are practically identical. One can easily convince oneself of this by comparing the tragedy of the English poet with the short study by the French novelist included in one of his collections of Italian stories entitled "*L'Abbesse de Castro.*"

But if the theme and the sources of information are alike, it can easily be imagined that the treatment of the story by the two writers is as different as possible. What interests Stendhal more than anything else is the character of the old Count Cenci. He studies him, dissects him, like the subtle analyst that he is. He makes us see him as the type of the Italian Don Juan, with all that differentiates him from the Spanish and French Don Juans. His analysis and reasoning are extremely keen.

Shelley has drawn his characters with far less penetration, for, although a great lyric poet, Shelley was almost without dramatic gifts. To compare him with Shakespeare is to honor him far above his deserts. The psychology of his personages is limited, almost non-existent. Shakespeare's creations breathe, live, while Shelley's are mere lay figures, pale, ineffectual abstractions.

It is hardly more than a schoolboy's composition. One would say that it had been written to order, after a great effort, by some one who had determined on being a dramatist in spite of an entire lack of talent for that *métier*. But it is the work of a poet, of a great poet, and that alone should keep it from being forgotten. Certain of the speeches have an incontestable beauty, especially that of Beatrice in the prison scene. Her grief finds expression in a chant, in a sort of funeral dirge melodious and moving, which possesses a real grandeur.

On the occasion of her fiftieth birthday the many friends and admirers of Princess Pauline Metternich, one of the celebrities of the court of Napoleon III, foregathered at Vienna to pay their respects to her. While all were complimenting her on her unimpaired health and youthfulness, one somewhat tactless well-wisher remarked enthusiastically: "After all, what do fifty years amount to?" To which the princess wittily replied: "Nothing—for a cathedral, but a good deal—for a woman!

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which

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I saw last winter at London, is nearly thirty years old, the piece having been produced for the first time in May, 1893. Thirty is nothing for a woman, especially nowadays when the fair sex seems determined to remain eternally young. (It is no rare thing at Paris, for example, to see the members of the Comédie Française, assuredly not far from the half-century mark, gaily undertaking the rôle of Cherubino!) But if *la trentaine* is nothing for a woman, it is a whole lot for a play. When I decided to see "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" again, I wondered, with a curiosity mingled with anguish, if I were not going to find it terribly old-fashioned. Nothing is more capricious, nor in certain respects more baffling, than the way plays have of becoming *démodé*. They are like fine wines. Some age splendidly, others, after having been bottled for a few years, go flat the moment they are uncorked.

Since the ending of the World War, we have had at Paris a veritable epidemic of theatrical revivals. Everything has been revived, the bad with the good. This indiscriminate resurrection of buried plays has given us the opportunity of finding out just which ones were worth the trouble of bringing back to life. The test was interesting and most conclusive. Certain plays, among those most popular ten or fifteen years ago, were as superannuated, as *démodé*, as though they dated from the days of Scribe or Emile Augier. Others still older, a deathless minority, have worn much better.

Generally speaking, the "problem play" quickly becomes old-fashioned. That is the reason that the plays of Alexandre Dumas no longer have a "punch." The themes of his pieces, which were audacious—sometimes shocking—novelties when first presented, soon lost all interest for a public grown accustomed to the exploitation of such ideas.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" has worn surprisingly well, on the whole. Connoisseurs see it again with real pleasure. The great London public applauded it month after month—the best of all tests. The secret of its continued popularity lies in the simplicity, naturalness, and truth both of the thesis itself and of the characters who present it.

A man of about fifty meets a young and pretty woman who attracts him irresistibly. He is thinking of marrying her, although he knows well enough that she has had a "past." It is one of those affairs that happen every day.

Paula Tanqueray, with her past, could not adapt herself to her new life, the narrow, provincial existence which her husband had blindly and foolishly planned for her. She wasn't, she couldn't be, "in the picture." And suddenly from out of that past which she thought dead and buried there rose up something living which made it impossible for her to continue any longer that new existence. The two forces of her life, that of her past and that of her present, clashed. One cannot change the past; it is therefore the present which must yield. There was only one logical ending for the play—Paula's suicide, death.

It is impossible to think of a plot at once more dramatic and less complicated. Pinero has employed all his art, his supreme skill, to set forth simply, clearly, the conflict between the people of his play; and by so doing he has saved it for posterity. He propounds no problems, paints no pictures of the times or customs. He is content to present, to develop in the most straightforward manner, a dramatic situation infinitely moving, infinitely human.

Moreover—and this is another great reason of the play's vitality—it is magnificently constructed. It would be impossible to imagine action more closely knit or more logically developed. Never has the technique of the "*métier*" been carried to greater perfection. There are moments when it seems even too perfect. In the last act, for example, the scenes fit together so marvellously; all the effects, without exception, are so skilfully worked up, that the play, especially to the spectator familiar with the theatre, gives the impression of automatic precision, mechanical perfection. The lifelike quality, the human interest of the play, suffer in consequence. But that is the only flaw in an otherwise excellent piece of work.

My old teacher, Bergson, whose classes I attended for several years at the Lycée Henri IV and the Collège de France, once

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wrote a famous little book on "Why Do We Laugh?" It is one of the most difficult, one of the most intriguing, of questions. It is as hard to grasp it with the mind as it is to grasp an eel with the fingers.

In a series of arguments which are a delight, an enchantment, to the intellect, Bergson, proceeding from the lowest forms of humor to the highest, proves that laughter is a social punishment inflicted by the community on any one of its members too stiff and unbending to adapt himself gracefully to it. This social side of laughter is one of its essential characteristics. Nothing is truer, and every day's experience proves it. Change the setting, the *milieu*, and the comedy appeal is entirely different. What would make an Englishman laugh heartily might leave a Frenchman absolutely cold.

I saw the Ziegfeld Follies in New York this year, and the best-known comedian in America—certainly the best-paid one—took the part of a cowboy in the show. All the time he was doing "stunts" with a lasso and chewing gum in typical American style, he was convulsing the audience with his running fire of comment. But most of his "jokes" are also typically American. The audience is in a gale of laughter, but the European present, English or French, especially the Frenchman, can't for the life of him see what is so funny. It's all very amusing for the others, but not a bit so for us.

I have the notion that in every-day life the French laugh much more than the English. But, paradoxically enough, at the theatre it is just the contrary. The English public, as a whole, is much more easily amused than the French public. It is less critical, more impressionable, less bound by proprieties and prejudices. Molière, actor as well as author, knowing his public absolutely, realized just how difficult it was to amuse it. "It is a strange business," he wrote, "that of making *les honnêtes gens* laugh." In the vernacular of that day "*les honnêtes gens*" meant cultivated, educated people, people of distinction who only laughed when there was something really worth laughing at. The only trouble is that when it is so difficult to be amused, one runs the risk of dying without ever having laughed!

Let us take, for example, one of the best of English low comedians, George Robey, whom I saw at the Hippodrome in "Round in Fifty." It is the old story of a trip around the world which enlivened our infancy. George Robey possesses in the highest degree those talents essential to the low comedian: an almost inexhaustible "bag of tricks," variety in his effects, the faculty of inventing the drollest, most original costumes that never fail to tickle the risibilities of the audience.

The English comic actor counts far more on physical effects—gestures, attitudes, acrobatic stunts, or the automaton-like rigidity of the clown—than does the French actor. George Robey even turns handsprings with great agility. Since he is no longer young, it is evident that he keeps in training to preserve that youthful suppleness which he considers indispensable to his art. The French "comique," on the other hand, depends far more on what he says than on what he does to amuse his public.

As a rule, those who may be styled "professional fun-makers" have an almost irresistible tendency to overact. I noticed with great satisfaction that Robey has not fallen into that error. His gestures, his "jokes," are never vulgar. This restraint, this tact are noticeable among English low comedians. Their fun never exceeds the bounds set by decent society. In this respect they show a decided superiority over continental "comiques," who very often, especially in the music-halls, are guilty of the most offensive and shocking vulgarity.

The two most successful plays which London saw this past winter were "The Laughing Lady" by Sutro and Galsworthy's "Loyalties." They both seemed to me mediocre. They prove that a play of slight merit can fill a theatre month in and month out. This fact has already been demonstrated many times, not only in London and New York, but also in Paris. Directors use it as an admirable alibi when one is trying to impress upon them the literary merits of some dramatic offering. They are apt to retort that merit has nothing to do with the success of a play—a statement that is hardly exact however.

The commercialism of the theatre

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which regards it in the light of a business enterprise, like any other, governed only by the law of supply and demand, having but the one end and aim, to make money by every possible means—this spirit, so disastrous to the future of dramatic art, is to be met with in pretty much all countries. It developed enormously after the war, naturally enough, when the *quality* of the audiences was lowered in all theatres. In fact, commercialism of the theatre has been carried to such an extent in the last few years that it has caused a lively reaction. Such an enterprise as the *Théâtre du Vieux Colombier*, in Paris, or the *Theatre Guild*, in New York, proves that it is possible for a theatrical organization to be pre-eminently literary and artistic and, at the same time, a financial success. I know, of course, that there are those who will retort by saying that the *Vieux Colombier* and the *Theatre Guild* appeal only to a limited and "highbrow" class and that, in consequence, their success proves nothing. This objection has no weight whatever. The *Vieux Colombier* reaches a very large public, a public made up of the lower and middle classes. It has succeeded so well this year that it has had to split up the company. The same thing has happened to the *Theatre Guild*, which has been so successful that it sells its plays, as they are taken off, to other theatres for large sums.

It is a great pity that London has no such theatrical organization as the *Vieux Colombier*—at least I know of none such here. It would serve both as example and a lesson. It would act as a stimulant to the directors of other theatres—all their attention to something besides the phenomenal success of "Chu-Chin-Chow" or "Phi-Phi," which, unfortunately, seem to have absolutely hypnotized the theatrical managers.

One bemoans often, and not without reason, the disastrous rivalry between the theatre and the moving pictures. The only way the theatre can compete successfully with the *cinema* is to preserve carefully its distinctively literary and artistic side and to prevent it from falling into the stupidities, the sillinesses, of the moving pictures.

The stage-setting of the plays I saw in London seemed to me, on the whole, very satisfactory. It is distinctly ahead of what it was ten years ago. Serious progress has been made in this regard. The manner, for example, in which the "Cenci" was presented reflects great honor on the stage management. In the modern plays the scenery, the "sets," and the costuming are designed, first of all, to produce an impression of *reality*. This impression is nearly always achieved. As much can be said of the art of the actors. On the whole, the men seem to me to be distinctly superior to the women. I received the same impression in the United States. Generally speaking, it is just the opposite in Paris. In England and America the actors intrusted with the rôle of "gentleman" dress, carry themselves, and speak like gentlemen. On the continental stage, unfortunately, most of the actors aren't the least bit in the world like real "gentlemen," but more nearly resemble lay figures.

The English actor seeks, before everything, to produce the effect of naturalness. Nothing, of course, is more to be commended—on condition that it is not carried too far. For, if the theatre offers a picture of real life, it is perforce a picture somewhat "touched up," artistic, not a simple photographic reproduction, still less a cinematographic reproduction. However, that is what it does become now and then through the fault of the actors who talk in an elliptical, fragmentary fashion. It is easy to perceive that most of them have an instinctive horror of "tirades." When, by accident, one creeps into the text, they do their best to shorten it up. This horror is more easily understood when one reflects that the majority of actors are quite unequal to properly delivering a "tirade." It is true that tirades do not occur frequently in ordinary conversation, but now and then the situation absolutely demands one. Moreover, as has been said, the dialogue of the theatre is in no sense a photographic reproduction of ordinary conversation.

A very intelligent French comédienne, who had frequently played in London with English actors, had already called my attention to the same fact. My recent experience has made me realize the full truth of it. When, for example, a long speech occurs in the translation of a

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play from the French—as sometimes happens—the English actor never rests until he has shaved it down to almost nothing. That is one of the reasons—that and the scurrilous tricks of the so-called "adapters"—that French plays often appear so silly; sometimes, one might even say, downright stupid.

A dramatist who respects his work should not permit undue liberties to be taken with it on the pretext of "adapting" it to the taste of a foreign public. He should not allow the plot or the characters to be altered; in a word, something entirely different from his own conception to be made of his play. If a piece is good, if it has real value, it ought to be possible to produce it very nearly as it is written. The public is far from being as stupid as most people think, and is quite capable of appreciating the differences in locale and in those fundamental characteristics which differentiate the imported play from the domestic drama. When a play has really to be "adapted," it is the sign, nine times out of ten, that it doesn't amount to much; that it is merely a scenario which the adapter will develop according to his own fancy—not always the happiest—and with which he will take the greatest liberties.

As regards the comfort, cleanliness, and convenience of the auditorium, its elegance and good taste, the English theatres are, as always, by far the best in Europe. The spectator having paid his 10*s.* 6*d.*, which at the present rate of exchange represents just about the twenty-five or thirty francs that an orchestra seat in a boulevard theatre at Paris would cost—with this difference, however, that *for a real Frenchman*, one who is not a Spaniard, nor Peruvian, nor Yankee, thirty francs means a great deal more money than 10*s.* 6*d.* means to an Englishman—the spectator having paid this sum, obtains in exchange a comfortably big seat, with sufficient space between it and the next row in front for his legs, even when nature has made them a trifle long.

These small conveniences cannot make a bad play into a good one, of course, but they are not to be underestimated. Far from it! My own experience is that I frequently want to go to the theatre; then the prospect of a whole evening spent in a cramped seat or a narrow box, in a badly ventilated auditorium, with interminable entr'actes, makes me hesitate and ask myself if the pleasure of the play will compensate me for all these discomforts. I am reminded of Rabelais' Panurge, who was forever imagining, in advance, the advantages and disadvantages of the married state. He ended by remaining a celibate. The theatregoer sometimes "takes a tip" from Panurge—instead of going to the play he remains comfortably at home, in his armchair.

The Lovers

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

THE robins round the lilac-tree
  Were bathing in the rain,—
Before we knew—the cloud had fled,
  The sky was fair again.

Before we knew—the young, sweet moon
  With rose was drifted o'er,
The dusk had drowsed the stream and lit
  The lights along the shore.

The stars were faint—before we knew
  The night was on the lawn:—
Before we knew—a shadow stirred
  It must have been the dawn.

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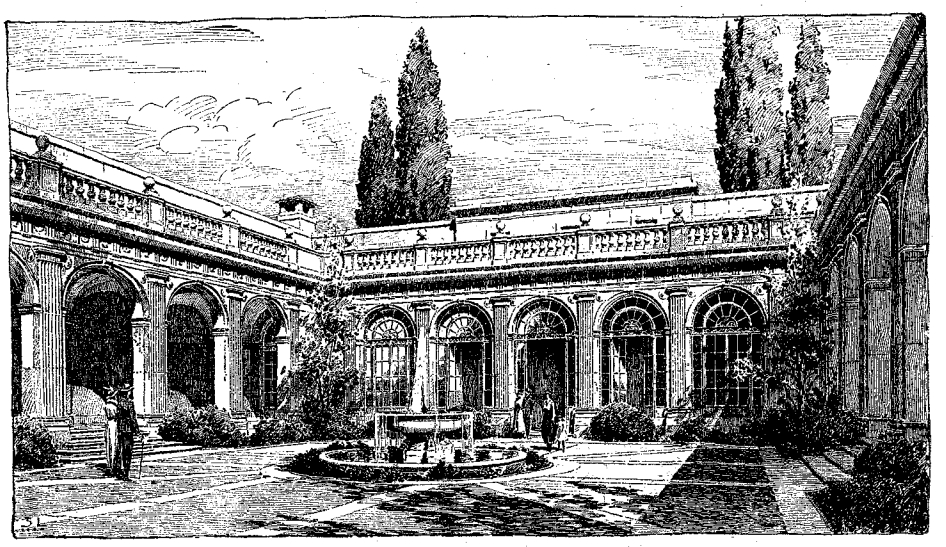

Court of the Freer Gallery, Washington, D. C.

The Freer Museum of Oriental Art

WITH PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DONOR

BY LOUISINE W. HAVEMEYER
Author of "Memories of a Militant"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE ARCHITECT, CHARLES A. PLATT, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A COLLECTION of Chinese paintings and jade, of bronzes and sculptures, of porcelains and potteries, given to the nation and accepted through an act of Congress, places the name of Charles L. Freer among those of the Lord Elgins and the Rougés and Champollions of the world.

This splendid collection has been placed in a fine building erected, through the munificence of Mr. Freer, upon the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.

The white-marble building is beautifully classic, with two splendid portals, one opening upon the street and the other, which has been adroitly managed so as to become the main entrance, looks out over the broad park which holds the other buildings of the Smithsonian Institution. There are many galleries in the museum, affording ample space not only for the Chinese collection, but also for a collection of modern pictures by American painters and a group of many paintings, pastels, and etchings by the late James McNeil Whistler, who was a lifelong companion and friend of Mr. Freer.

Another friend whose work is shown among the American painters is Charles A. Platt, the architect of the building. During the long years of the war Mr. Platt never forsook his task. Through anxieties, delays, and difficulties, he persevered and brought the building to a satisfactory completion, and we expect the museum soon to throw open its doors to the waiting public.

Those who enter these galleries, must take with them a keen love of art and a rare discretion, for it is a long step from the stone statues of the early Chinese Dynasties to the art of the nineteenth century. It may take years for Mr. Freer's museum to be understood by the modern tourist, but it will ever prove a mine of delight and instruction to the serious student and afford him opportunities to

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study an art which has but recently been revealed to the Western world.

I have been asked to write this appreciation of Charles L. Freer, because we were old friends, and we were both interested in the movement which stirred the art world in the early eighties. We formed a little group of enthusiasts, gathered together to listen to the talented Ernest F. Fenollosa tell us of the great art of China and Japan, which some day we should see and acquire.

For many years this group continued to purchase and admire the many objects that poured into this country from the Orient. But as time rolled by Fenollosa died, leaving a memory which has been preserved to this day in a beautiful tribute in Japan.

It was also Fenollosa's enthusiasm and influence that inspired Mr. Freer to complete his collection and give it to the nation. About this time began those memorable journeys to China, and I did not see my friend for a number of years—ten or more. No less than five journeys did Mr. Freer make to China, penetrating without regard to danger into the very heart of the turbulent provinces, in order to see the ancient capitals with rock-hewn temples and the hidden treasures. Sometimes Mr. Freer had a military escort, which the bandits rendered necessary; sometimes he went with just a few trusty companions; but always with indomitable courage and perseverance, true to the character of that remarkable creation the ardent collector, who, with his artistic antennæ alert, is always seeking new clews, and interesting others in his search.

Wonderful are the tales he tells us of those journeys into the heart of China! The records of Marco Polo, in the land of Kubla Khan, would read like modern literature to a man who was seeking the land of Chou, the land of the Emperor Wu, the kilns of their ancient potteries and those wonderful specimens of jade formed and carved three thousand years before the Christian era. We often sat—a little group of friends—and listened as he told us of the dangers he encountered and the primitive ways of warfare against the dangerous bandits. He related how once he had naïvely complained of the noise his guards had made during the night, and which was done to frighten the troublesome bandits away.

"Can it not be stopped?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, if you wish it," was the answer. And, as the following night all was quiet, he asked how they had accomplished it, and he was led out and shown a long row of dead bandits.

"We killed them," the guards complacently said, and our traveller added: "I felt like a murderer."

This was Mr. Charles L. Freer, an intrepid discoverer, a sagacious collector, and a munificent donor.

He again told us of a great danger he was exposed to when visiting a rock-hewn temple, one of those incredible performances of human skill and perseverance, for it was carved in the solid rock, high above the great river which rushed violently along in the depths below.

"I was admiring it," said Mr. Freer, "when I suddenly felt the ground giving way beneath my feet. I had just time to jump backward when a good bit of the embankment slipped down, carrying some mules and part of our outfit with it. When it was safe to approach the rim again, I looked down and saw a beautiful carved head I had admired a few minutes before lodged in the slide, but quite beyond our reach, and we were obliged to go on our way and leave it there.

"What a pity!" we exclaimed.

A curious smile crossed his countenance and he answered:

"Several years afterward I saw that head again, it was bought by a friend of mine from a New York dealer."

Charles L. Freer was a New York State man, born in Kingston, N. Y., but spending most of his active business life in Detroit, Mich. Like a few of his contemporaries, he had an innate love of art, which, with knowledge and cultivation, became almost a passion in the deep strong nature. His exacting, arduous business life did not prevent him from seeking an artistic environment, and his beautiful home in Detroit was filled with paintings as well as with Oriental art. He bought the works of American painters, many of whom were his associates

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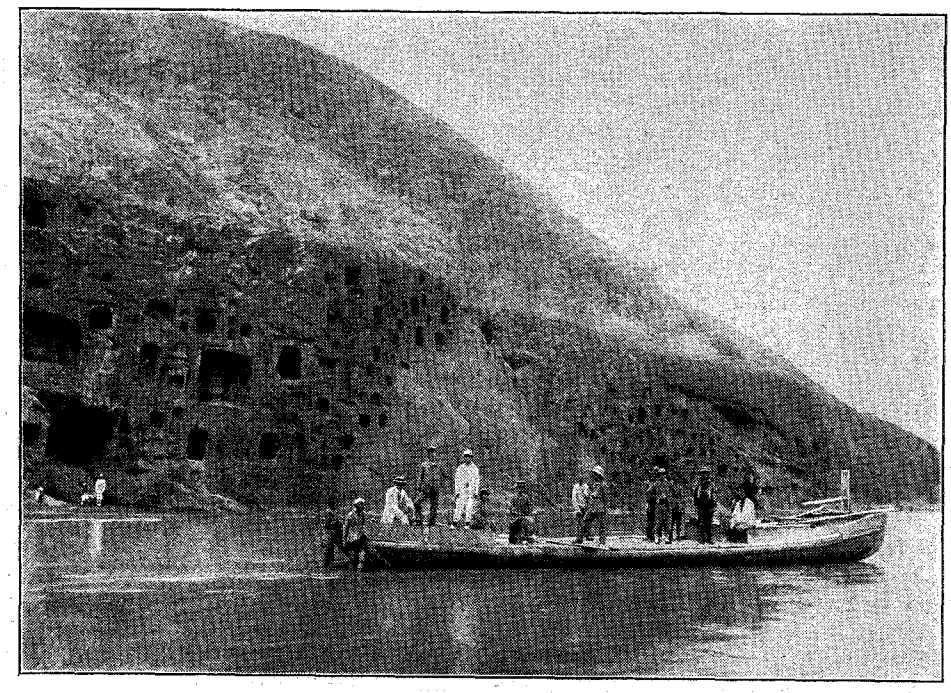
and friends. Whistler was his very dear friend, and Mr. Freer probably owned more of his paintings, pastels, and etchings than any other amateur. It was to please Whistler, and in order to find a singing lark for Whistler's dying wife, that Mr. Freer penetrated into the heart of India and caught the jungle fever from which he suffered for many years.

death, telling me how much she had enjoyed the rare singing of the lark I had sent her." And Mr. Freer read me Whistler's tender note of thanks. It would take a long, long chapter to relate the many things Mr. Freer told me of Whistler and their years of friendship, and how, when all was over, he took Whistler's remains to the Chelsea studio and tenderly placed



Thousand temples carved out of the rock at Mountain of Lung-Mien, Honan.
This is the boat which took Mr. Freer and his party up the Yellow River.

"Tell me about it," I said to him one day.

"Well," he answered, "I had secured the larks—a splendid pair—but as I was returning to the coast I felt very ill. I lay in my rickshaw, and suddenly I lost consciousness. Many days passed before I became myself again, then I was told that my attendant had hurried me to the military station where an English officer, an old friend of mine, recognized me, took me in, and looked after me. I know I should have died but for his care."

"And the larks?" I asked impulsively.

"Oh, one of them reached Paris safely," he said; "the other died on the way. Whistler sent me a letter after his wife's

them in the old familiar spot to await burial and to be viewed by old friends and comrades.

One of the artists Mr. Freer knew well, and whose works he collected, was Charles A. Platt, the man who, many years later, was to be the architect of the fine building in Washington which was to hold the Freer collection.

Finally Mr. Freer came to New York, to be near his physician; we met again and we saw each other constantly. Mr. Freer would saunter up Fifth Avenue to my home and we would spend hours—yes, days—looking over the accumulations of the preceding years, or I would go to his hotel to see some new consignment

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from China, which Stephen, the faithful guardian of Mr. Freer's treasures, would unroll for us; and we would examine with exclamations of delight and clapping of hands the masterpieces which are hanging to-day upon the walls of the building in Washington as part of "The Freer Collection."

I wonder if the public can ever know the joy of being really intimate with a masterpiece! There is an exhilaration, an inspiration about being able to touch it, to examine it, to turn it to one side and then to the other, to put it in this light and then in that, looking for new beauties, talking it over with some one who "knows." It is the best way to learn its merits, the surest education, and would make collectors of us all!

Day after day, month after month, Mr. Freer and I would spend hours together looking over my collection, applying the acid test of knowledge to the purchases made during our years of inexperience, and we would laugh together over the mistakes *we* had made and, what was worse, over the deliberate mistakes that had been "put over" on us.

"Why, I wont have any paintings left," I said one day, when the discards lay in a heap upon the floor and the "chosen few" made a pitifully small showing.

"Oh, wait until you have seen my graveyard!" Mr. Freer answered encouragingly. "I have culled hundreds to your tens." It was cold comfort, but I had to be content.

One day, when we were eating our simple luncheon together (for his health had now failed), I asked Mr. Freer to tell me about his collecting and what led him to make so many journeys to China. I observed Mr. Freer as I had never observed him before. A casual observer might have said: "Mr. Freer is tall, strong, and square-shouldered, with a bristling sandy mustache and with strength that could easily swing the hammer that had helped to make his fortune"; but if one knew anything about physiognomies, or had ever read Lavater's description of the two men whose countenances were types of resoluteness and determination they could not look at Mr. Freer without thinking of George Washington and of Charles XII of Sweden. It was the same long face with the firm chin and the straight though gracious mouth. It was surely a perpendicular countenance—long and perpendicular. You felt the temples straight and smooth as the surface of a rock, the straight nose supported the straight high forehead. It was the physiognomy of a man of desperate strength and determination, but a face which nature had made genial through a kindly glance and a smile that responded to an ever-ready sense of humor. His attitude toward his friends was always generous and kindly, and his manners dignified and courteous. Some said he had a "sandy disposition" to match his sandy hair, but as I never observed it, I cannot write about it.

"Do you really want to hear about my journeys?" he said, and as I answered in the affirmative, he continued:

"Well, after buying, here in America, many so-called Chinese paintings, often of the same subject, I became suspicious of their genuineness; and I went to Japan to find out something about them—about Japanese art and about Chinese art, and how these attributed Chinese paintings came into the Japanese market. In Japan I visited many fine collections, and I saw a few very fine Chinese paintings. I became convinced we were buying copies—ancient copies of still more ancient Chinese paintings. I heard some of the Japanese collectors speak of masterpieces which they had seen in China, and I determined I would go there, too, and see what I could find." Here Mr. Freer became restless, as if the memory of five visits to China were too vivid for him not to live them over again when telling of them to me. After resting a few minutes in silence he turned toward me and resumed:

"It was hard work, but I succeeded better than I expected. I was in competition with dealers, I was seeking works of art for my own benefit, I did not speak the language, and I was in a strange country. Nevertheless, I managed it." Here a twinkle of the eye was added to his smile, and I knew he was enjoying the recollection of his success.

"At times, I had as many as five men working for me. I paid them daily

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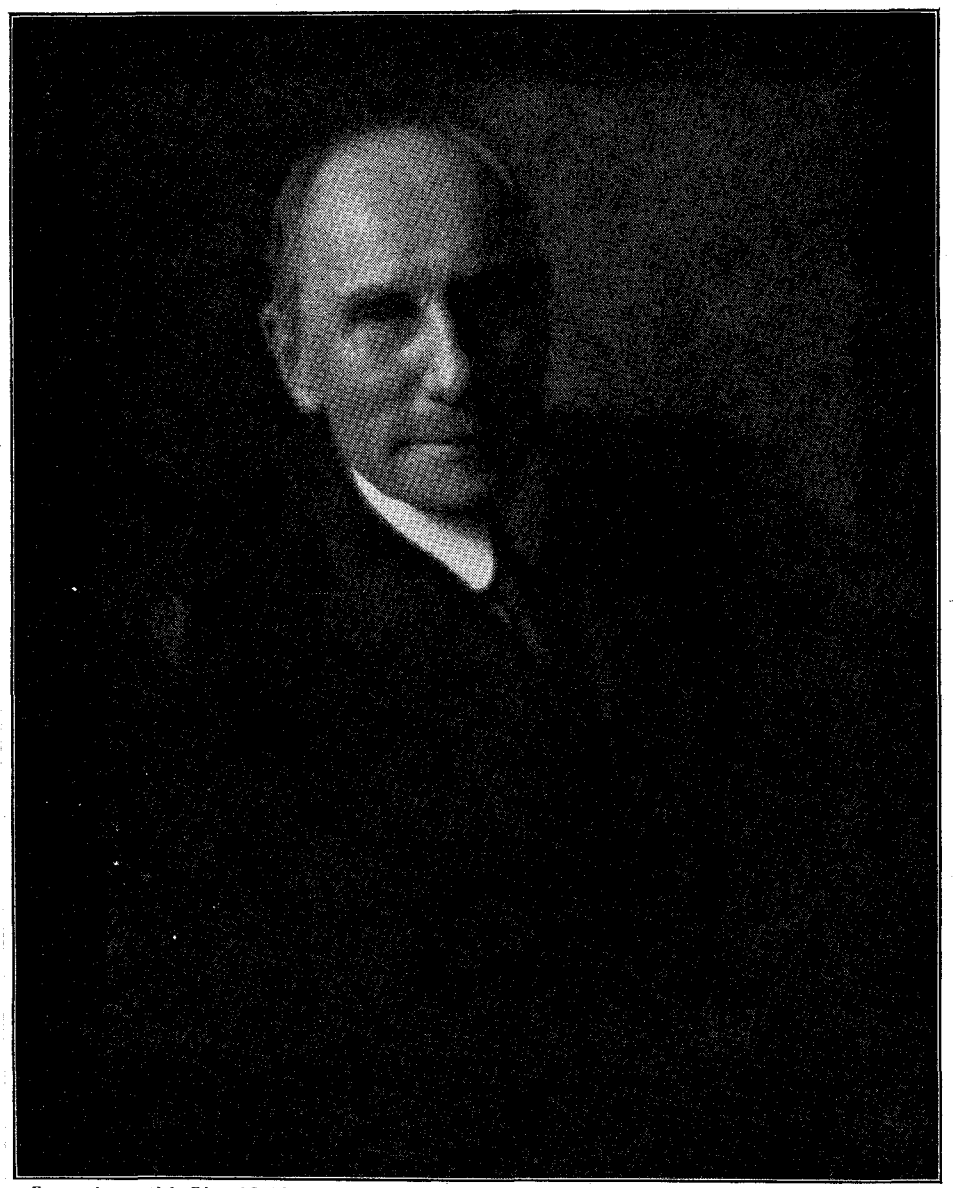

From a photograph by Edward Steichen.

Charles L. Freer.

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whether they found anything or not. I bought a great deal which I have since discarded, but I followed trail after trail; I went into province after province, north and south, east and west; I visited as many porcelain factories as I could; I met several viceroys who owned important collections; among others the unfortunate Twuan Fang, who was viceroy of Chi-li. One day some of the Dowager Empress's officials appeared in his home. He knew the summons, walked into his garden, threw open his coat and said: 'Gentlemen, I am ready'; it was over in a moment; one of the tragedies of the fierce times of the Boxer revolt. I also went up the Yellow River, marvelled at its scenery which I knew had furnished subjects to so many of the great landscape painters of the ancient dynasties. I met Mr. Pong, whom I believe to be as great a connoisseur and collector as there is in China. I learned much from him and I heard of much from him; I just kept at it until—well, you know what I have collected, and you have seen the jade, the bronzes, the potteries, and the paintings which are constantly arriving for my inspection. There is one man working for me to-day in China whom I educated from a boy. He used to run after my rickshaw when I made my long tiresome journeys into the interior."

Mr. Freer smiled as he thought of those days, and gave me a humorous description of how he taught the bright Oriental to ferret out collectors and how to negotiate a purchase. I could write more, but I will finish, as Mr. Freer did, by telling how he acquired his famous "Ma Yuan" landscape—perhaps one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the landscapes of the Sung dynasty. He said:

"I had heard, when I was in Japan, of this painting, and I was determined, if possible, to find it. After I was once on its scent I had to work quietly and quickly. I knew I would have to pay a large sum for it; but when I found the price was forty thousand dollars, do you wonder I was staggered?"

"No," I gasped. "I should think that sum would have bought the art of the whole Sung dynasty. What did you do?"

"I looked at it and succumbed," he said quietly, while a smile of satisfaction passed over his face. "Now that I have had a delicious luncheon, let us continue our inspection."

Mr. Freer was quite right when he said I knew of the consignments which frequently arrived for him. For several years after his health failed, and he was no longer able to travel, I would be summoned to the hotel to see the "newcomers," to marvel over new beauties revealed through some unfamiliar painter; or to gaze upon a great masterpiece of the Tang dynasty, or on art objects done way back in the period of the Wei or Chin dynasty.

Only a short time before his death I went to see the patient sufferer. I mounted to the highest floor of his hotel, where the hot air of sultry August was less oppressive and the noise of the great city did not disturb his nights. I found him, as usual, seated by the window, with a warm greeting for me when I arrived. I never heard a complaint from him, no murmur that he was unable to go to his beautiful Berkshire home he had built upon a high hill, commanding a wonderful view of the surrounding mountains. It was scarcely completed, and was never to be occupied.

A fine landscape, freshly unrolled from a new consignment, hung upon the wall but I did not refer to it, for I knew by a glance from the nurse as I entered the room that he was not "up to it."

Miss R—— was there, and we sat down together for a quiet chat. I always tried to bring him something that would divert or interest him. On this particular occasion I was especially fortunate. I carried a small brown-paper pamphlet which I put into his hand, saying:

"Look at that."

How his face lighted up as he opened it, he exclaimed:

"Look K.," our nickname for Miss R——, "look, Whistler's 'Ten O'clock' See, he sends it to Mrs. Havemeyer with his compliments and his signature!

"Yes," I answered; "but that is not all. Here is a letter to me, pasted inside and observe the date — the very time he selected for me the pastels I gave you for the museum."

Mr. Freer read the letter which was to say "Bon Voyage" to me and to express the wish that I would soon return to England. It was signed not only with Whi

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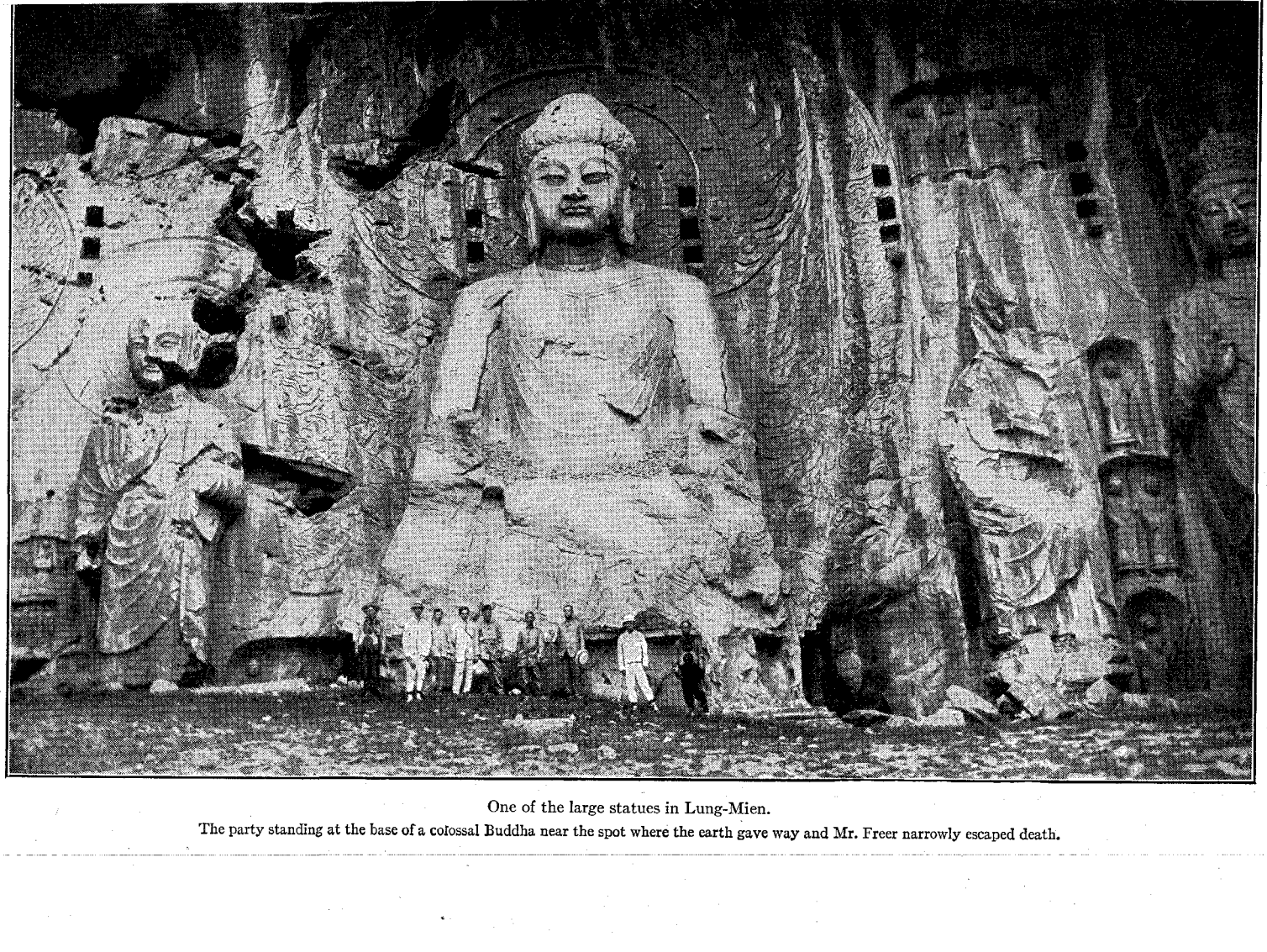

One of the large statues in Lung-Mien.

The party standing at the base of a colossal Buddha near the spot where the earth gave way and Mr. Freer narrowly escaped death.

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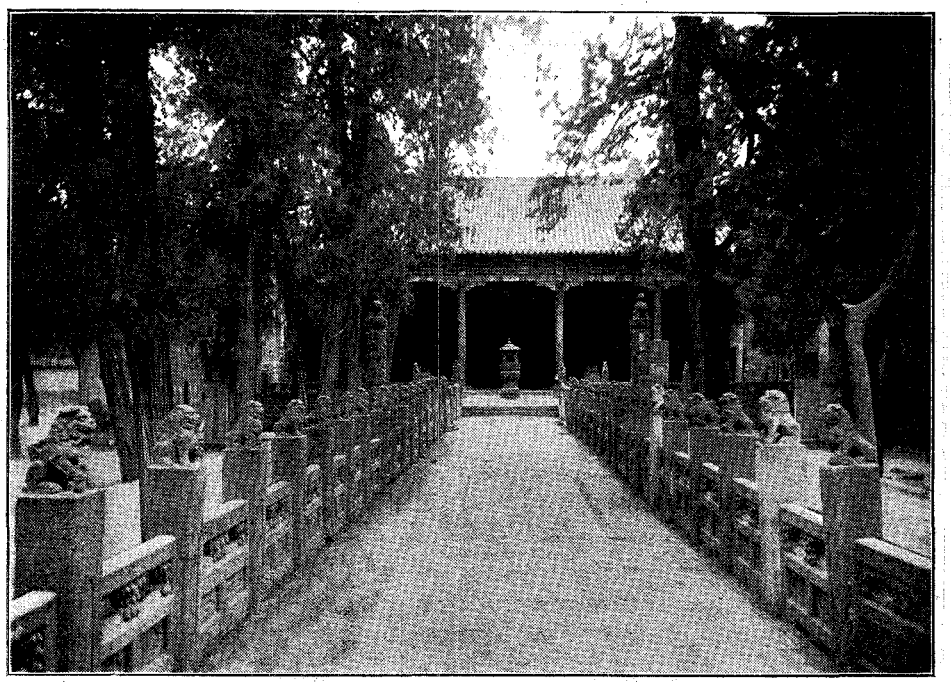
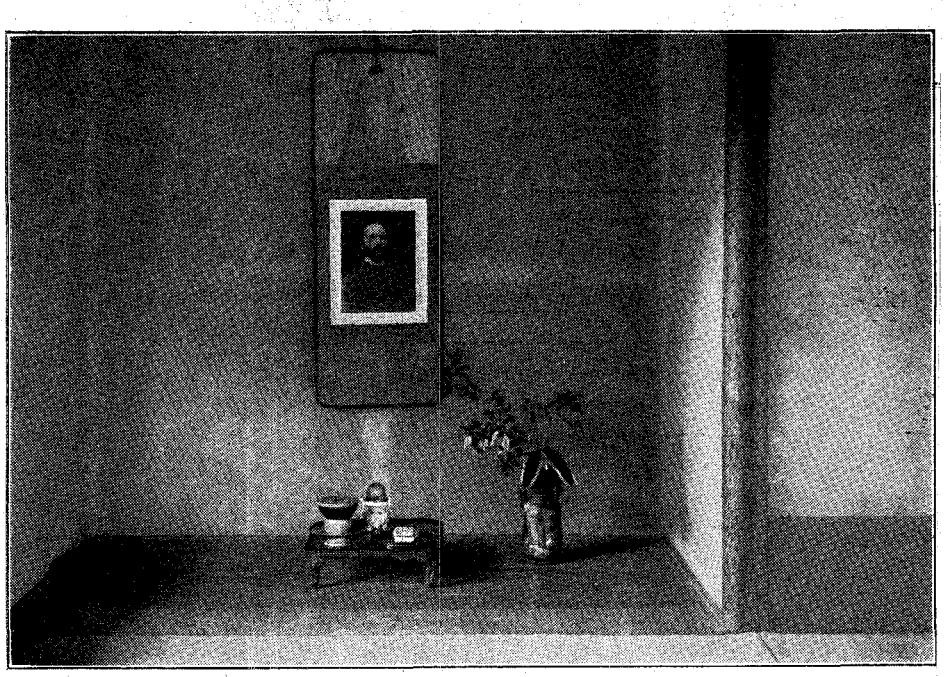


Mr. Freer made a visit to this beautiful temple of Kwan-Kung at Honan-fu.



The tea-room of the temple in Kyoto.

In this room of the temple a tea ceremony was held in honor of Mr. Freer which was attended by the great art connoisseurs of Japan. They all "bowed respects" to Mr. Freer, according him a very great and universal honor. The memorial tablet which is back of Mr. Freer's photograph was then hung on the altar of the temple, November 23, 1921.

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tler's name, but also with the well-known "butterfly."

Tears came into the eyes of our poor invalid as he held the little book in his thin hands, and he read the letter, looked at the signature, then he handed it again to Miss R——, saying:

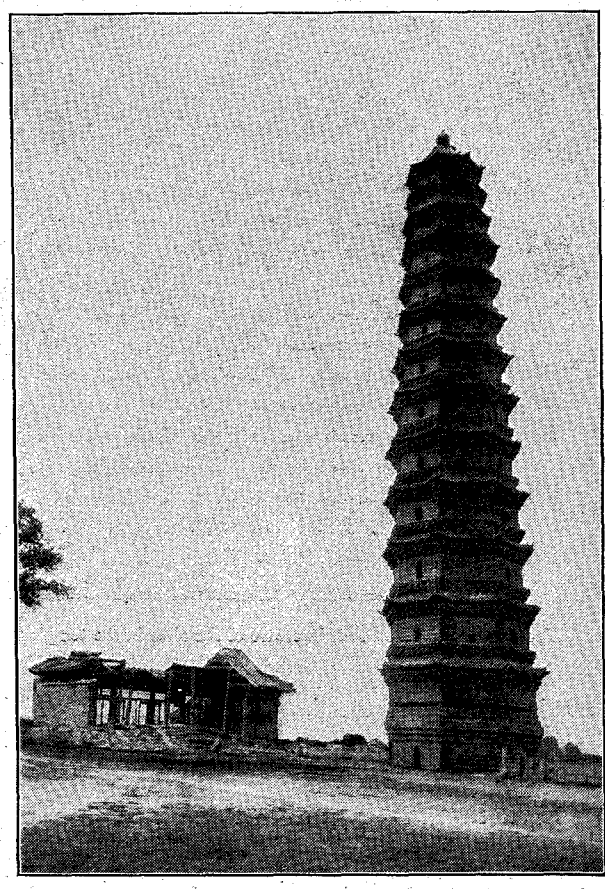
"Observe the butterfly! How sharp the edges are, and how firm, like the touch in the Venetian set! Ah, how well I remember him in those days!" It was becoming too sad, and I was not accomplishing my object, so I added hastily:

"It is the 'Alpha and Omega' of life, dear Mr. Freer. Whistler signed himself; 'yours most sincerely' to me long, long ago (not to Mrs. Havemeyer, for it was years before I married); before I even knew you, that was the beginning, the Alpha. *You* caught him in your arms when he dropped the teacup, and passed beyond, that was the Omega, the end. And yet, to-day we—you and I—who are still in the race, are sitting here together talking about him as if he were with us! It seems uncanny, doesn't it?" And I continued, in order to change the subject:

"I think I must put that letter into my Memoirs, for my children, don't you think so, K.?" I asked Miss R——, for I did not want to make Mr. Freer speak just then. Miss R—— rose to the situation.

"I think you ought to put Mr. Freer into your Memoirs," she answered. "No one has done it yet and you could do it better than any one; there are many things the coming generations ought to know."

Mr. Freer was smiling again, and suggested that he would prefer to be known as "*My* Mr. Freer," and then told K.



Iron pagoda at Kai-feng-fu, Honan.
One of the sights on Mr. Freer's journey.

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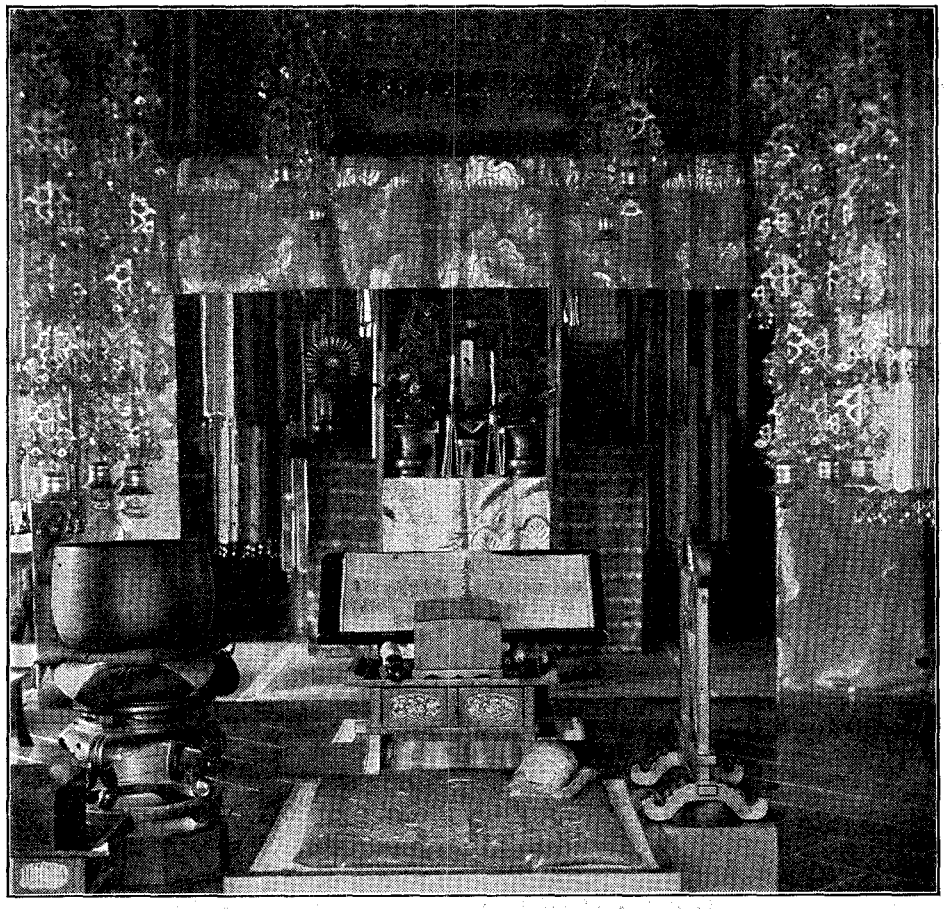

Charles L. Freer's wooden tablet seen in centre of the altar in the temple at Kyoto.

to show me a certain painting. Instead, she brought a number of boxes, and, sitting down by us, she opened one of them.

"Just the jades which K. has brought from Detroit. I haven't seen them yet. Do you mind?"

"Did I mind? Did I mind seeing Miss R—— open a box and take from it a small hatchet-shaped piece of carved amber jade, which made us start from our chairs with an exclamation of amazement! Mr. Freer gave a glance at me, then took the piece of jade from Miss R—— and clasped it to his breast.

"The Bing!" he exclaimed. "Twuan Fang's precious 'Bing,' and the 'Chang' also! His widow has sold them to me at last!"

Mr. Freer showed me the "Chang" or sceptre of jade. It was of the Chou period, the exquisite lines, the proportion, the color, the texture, and the quality of the jade, are almost beyond description, while the carving of the "Bing" both as workmanship and design was bewildering to me.

"What was it for?" I asked, breathless.

"A musical instrument," answered Mr. Freer. "The Chou emperors, at some great ceremony, would have it brought out and gently struck, and then they would all listen to the musical note it would produce. It was the best and the most refined entertainment the emperor could offer to his guests. I have long known of these pieces of jade. They belonged to the unfortunate Twuan Fang, and are probably the finest in China. The 'Bing' is three thousand years old and the 'Chang' twenty-eight hundred." There was much pathos in the simple way Mr. Freer spoke of the "long ago," and the earnest eyes were growing sad again.

I soon left—looking back from the doorway as I passed out for the usual

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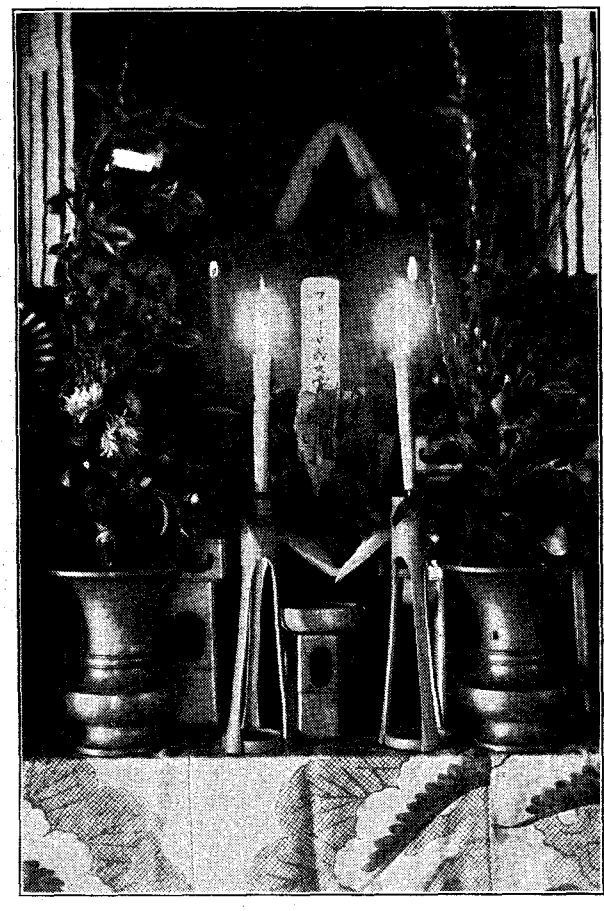
friendly wave of the hand with which we always parted. Indelibly in my memory is impressed the figure in the twilight by the window, the wasted sufferer waiting for the call, the shadowy substance of the man we had loved and admired; the man who had first made something of himself, then made his fortune, afterward found an object worth spending it for, and lastly, and greatest of all, he then offered the results of his life-work to his fellow countrymen.



A nearer view of Mr. Freer's memorial tablet on the altar of the temple.

As I recall it, I think it was in his early days while enjoying the comradeship of Ernest Fenollosa, a remarkable man and a great enthusiast over Oriental art, that Mr. Freer decided to give his collection to the nation, and offered it to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, was much interested in the project and soon arranged that through an act of Congress Mr. Freer's collection should be accepted by the nation. The wise decision of Mr. Freer to keep control of the collection during his life enabled him to improve and enrich it as well as to cull anything of doubtful origin from it. His object was not only to leave a beautiful collection for the layman to enjoy, but to leave a vast storehouse of material for the student of art, a storehouse by no means filled with examples of all the great Chinese painters, for as Mr. Freer said to me: "We have but scratched the surface." There will be enough, however, to show the Chinese technique in sculpture, in carving, in bronze, in pottery, and in porcelain; and in their wonderful drawing

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and brush-work, where a single stroke may be the key to a composition, or a line flowing in light and shade, or winding broad and narrow, like the ebb and swell of the great river they live by, may set the rhythm vibrating on the panel of that marvelous twisted silk without which no painting could touch an Oriental's heart. Enough will be there to convince the student of the Western world that Chinese art, besides a complete mastery of the subject, besides the love and devotion to a vocation, must translate a thought, must find a poem expressed or unexpressed, in every production, whether it be a disk of jade, a bit of bamboo, or a pair of birds twittering to each other from the branches of the gnarled pine growing by the rugged rock.

Introspection is everywhere expressed in Chinese art. Laotse's influence was never displaced by Buddha's, and the sages and Kwan-yins look within, no matter what symbols they hold or what legend they illustrate. A beautiful landscape speaks from the heart *to* the heart, so earnestly that not infrequently there will be several poems written upon the spaces of the silk—poems inspired by the thought expressed in the painting and executed by some famous caligraphist.

I once said to Mr. Freer:

"Do you realize how much you are doing for the future of art by giving this collection to the people?"

"Do you think so?" he rejoined. "I sometimes doubt it, I am sometimes discouraged, when I see so much that is meretricious—yes—real trash—in the market, I wonder if they—I mean the people—will understand Chinese art!"

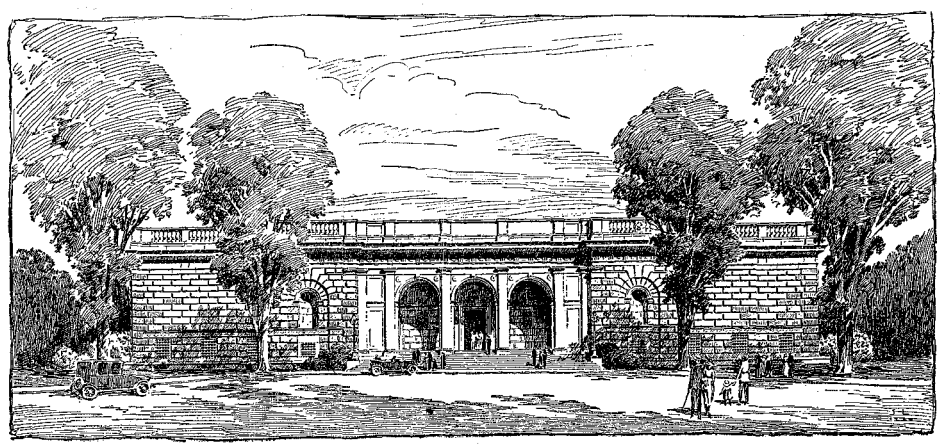
"Not at first," I answered; "but you are not giving this collection for now, but for the future. Don't you believe in the future of art? Of course you do, and you know, as well as I do, that a nation to progress *must* have an art; and are you not raising a standard for the people to aspire to?"

My remark seemed to please Mr. Freer, for he said more cheerfully.

"I hope so! Oh, I hope so!"

No man was ever more sincere in a wish than Mr. Freer when he spoke those words, and the scope and breadth of his institution prove it. Every facility for study, observation, and comparison is thoughtfully arranged. Catalogues, books of reference, rooms for study, rooms with special lighting to facilitate examination of textiles—for the quality of the silk or the manner of the weave may determine the period of a picture or help place a painting in a school or in a dynasty. Classification, as far as possible, is arranged. As in other museums, objects may be called for and examined or studied. It is to be a great school of art, as well as a museum. The ablest director that can be obtained will be at its head, and he in his turn will select the ablest assistants.

All that remains to do now is for the people to show they appreciate Mr. Freer's generous gift, and for art students to take advantage of it.



Freer Gallery, Washington, D. C.

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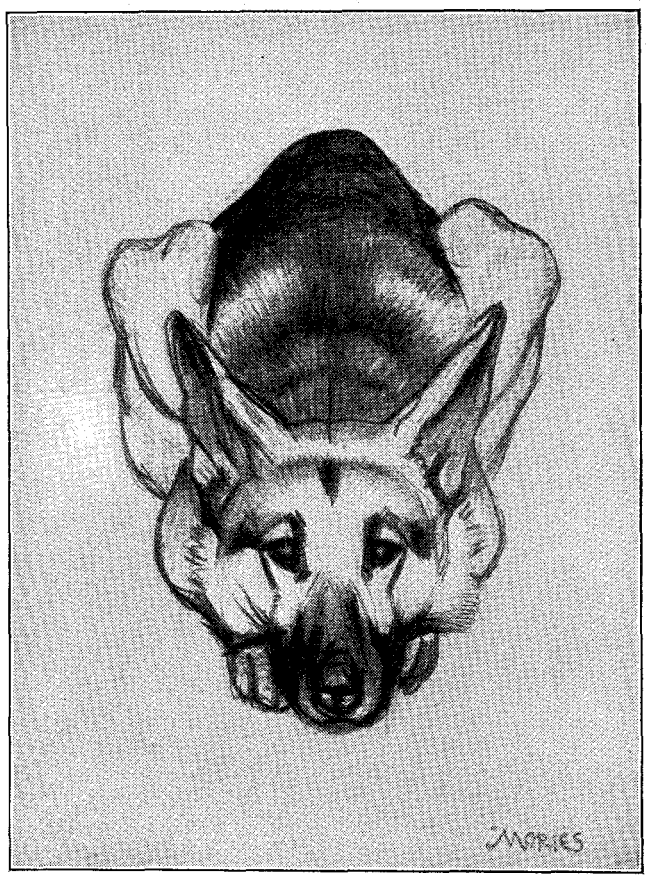

Waiting for a command.

The German Shepherd-Dog

BY FRED G. MORIES

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

THE German shepherd-dog, which is now registered in the United States as "The Shepherd-Dog," in some countries as the "Alsatian Wolf-Dog," "French Police-Dog," "Belgian Police-Dog," etc., has within recent years become the most fashionable, if not the most popular, dog in the country.

There are good reasons for its sudden rise to fame; the chief of these being its intelligence, for this dog can easily be taught to do what any other dog of its size can, and, generally speaking, a great deal more.

Among many people there is a fallacy that the German shepherd-dog was originally bred from the wolf. This is entirely fictitious and should be dismissed as a piece of folk-lore. The animal as we know it is in every essential a dog in outline, bone formation, and shape of head, and is now said by experts to be one of the oldest breeds of dogs in Europe. It is older than the Spitz, and no dog need be older. Its

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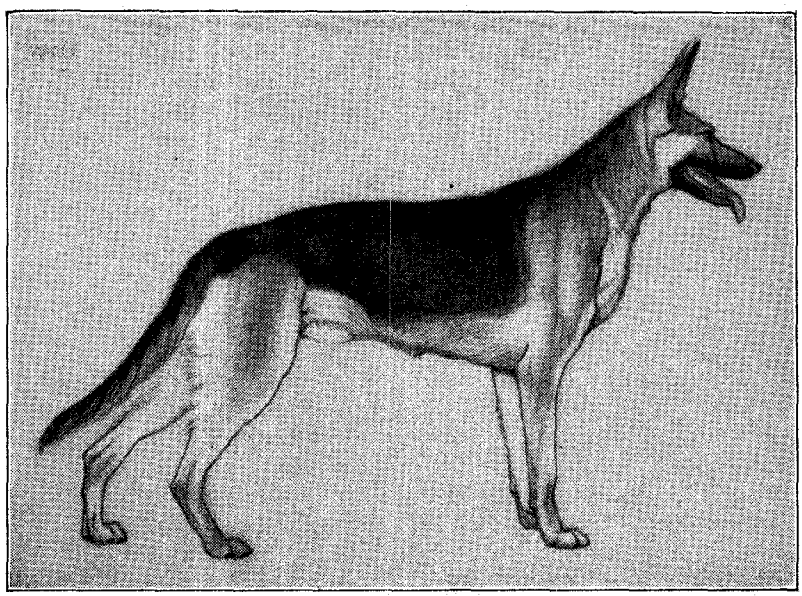
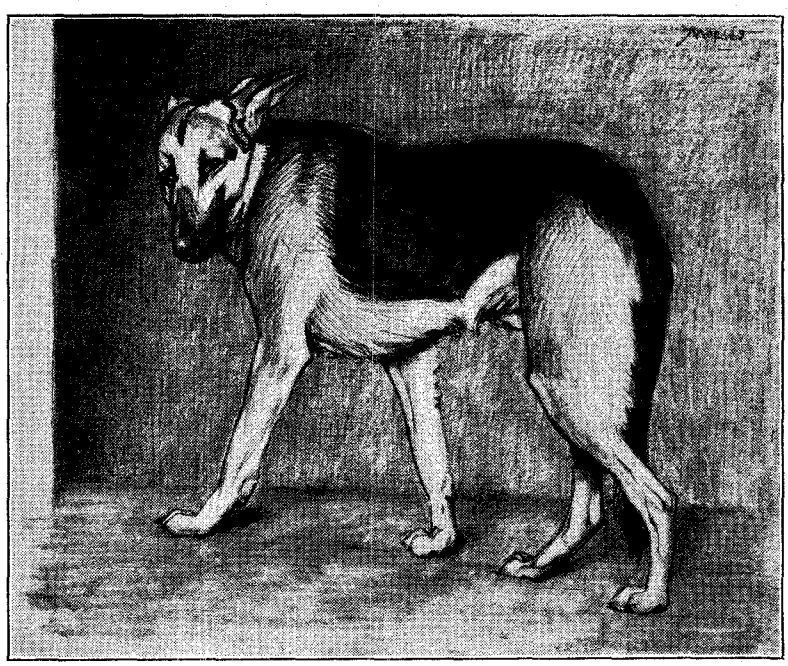


This drawing shows the graceful line, from the ears to the end of the tail, of a well-formed shepherd-dog.



Slinking away.

From a drawing owned by Mrs. James Cox Brady.

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ancestors date back to times earlier than the Swiss lake villages.

At any rate, the dog that interests us is the dog that has been bred in Germany for long and known there as the "Schäferhund." In its earliest days it was used as a hunting-dog and later almost entirely for herding, until within recent years it was chosen for work in the police service, and became known, with other breeds, as "Polizeihund" (police-dog).

This drawing shows the bulk, power, and weight of the dog that is essentially a worker with a love for work.

This idea was first conceived in the brain of Monsieur van Wesemail, then chief commissioner of police in Ghent, Belgium, who saw the possibilities of dogs as assistants to the police force in hunting down criminals so plentiful along the docks and canals of the city. For this purpose he found sheep-dogs the most easily trained, and used several breeds of them including Belgian, Russian, and de la Brie.

Fortunately, Monsieur van Wesemail was a humane man, a real lover of dogs, and his method of training one of pure kindness; in fact, so far did he carry this idea into practice that any member of the force found striking a dog was at once dismissed. He was also one of the first trainers to use the dummy figure by means of which he not only trained the dogs to capture criminals but also taught them to save drowning people. These activities in Ghent occurred about 1898, the year the Germans first started the stud-book of the shepherd-dog.

Later the Germans took up Monsieur van Wesemail's idea and perfected it. They tried many breeds for their "Polizeihund," finally deciding on their own

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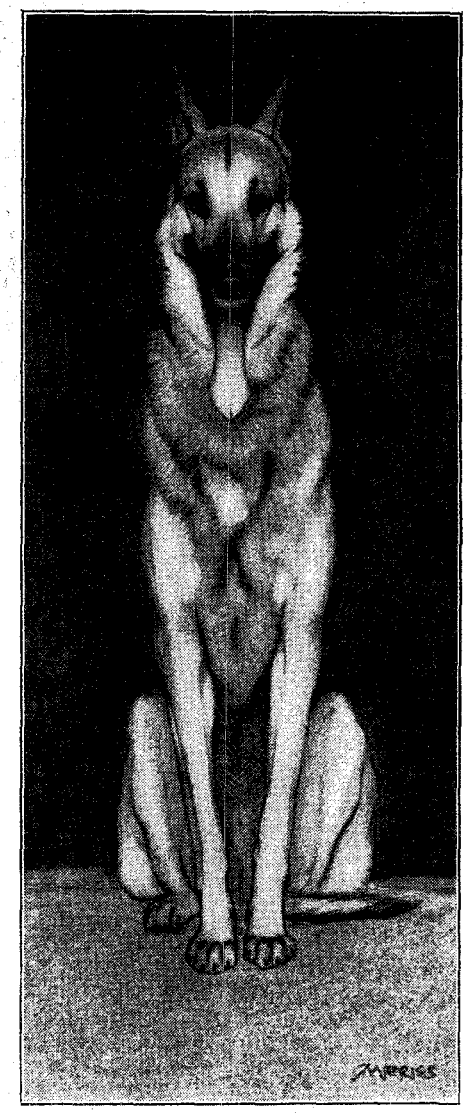
shepherd-dog, as the most intelligent and tractable of any.

They trained them for use in the army also, so that at the outbreak of the war the German army had a corps of dogs trained as couriers, which often got through the lines when all other communication failed.

They were also, at first, trained to find the wounded and report by barking; but this easily drew the attention of the enemy, who soon learned the positions of the dogs and fired their guns in that direction, killing many.

This method was obviously a failure, so the dogs were completely retrained, being taught to bring back a piece of the wounded man's clothing. The dogs were invariably attracted by white, and if that happened to be a bandage they tore it off and carried it back to the lines.

This procedure was a manifest failure, too, so once more the dog was completely retrained. This time a piece of leather eight inches long was attached to each soldier's collar and hung under his neck. When the dog found a wounded man he seized this leather attachment in his mouth, returning to his master showing his sign. He was then accompanied by the ambulance man to where the wounded soldier lay. This last system was so successful that it was used during the remainder of the war.



Falko vom Isarwinkel.

A dog famous in Europe and America owned by Mrs. James Cox Brady.

The dogs were also trained for supplementary work, such as carrying rolls of telephone wire which they learned to bring from post to post.

Of the twenty-four thousand dogs used by the German army during the war, twenty thousand were shepherd-dogs.

This information the writer of this article had from Doctor Roesebeck of Hanover, who was a physician in the German army during the war, when he had every opportunity to watch the dog at work and who, as the best authority on the German shepherd-dog, was brought to this country by The Shepherd-Dog Club of America to judge its recent show. Doctor Roesebeck also says that since peace was declared these dogs have been trained to lead the blind soldiers, for which new job they have been named "Blindenführer," or guides for the blind.

For this work the dogs have a wooden yoke attached to the collar which stands up for the blind man to hold. If the dog comes to a congested corner where it sees

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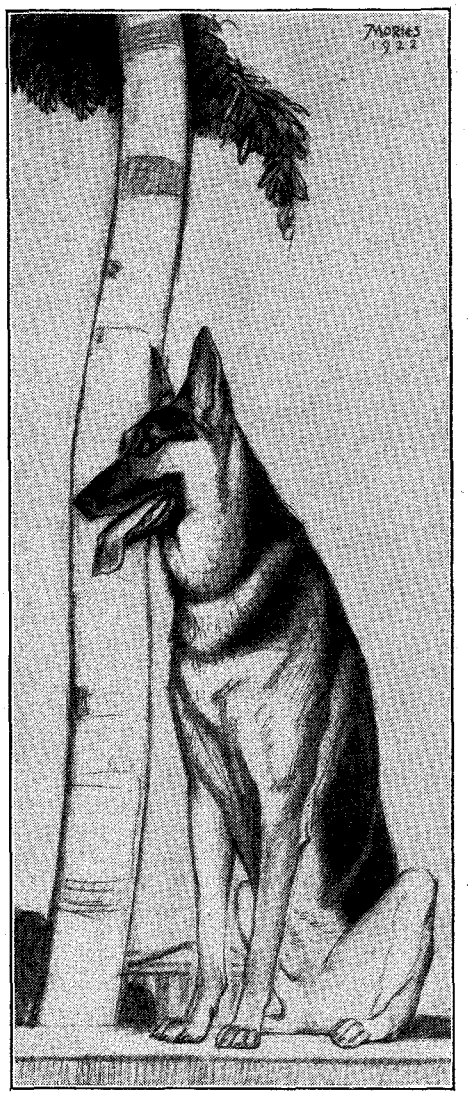
a danger in crossing it sits down and in so doing pushes back the yoke that lets the blind man know when to stop. When the dog sees its way clear it moves on. This new work is proving most successful especially since the authorities find the bitches quieter, less fond of fighting and, therefore, more adaptable for the work.

From the foregoing it is obvious that the German shepherd-dog, like the Scotch collie, the airedale, the St. Bernard, to name only three, is essentially a working dog. It loves work, and any one who owns one of the breed must readily admit that the dog is happiest when it has something definite to do.

In countries such as Germany, Belgium, and Holland, dogs have been trained for long to pull light wagons, and in all sheep-raising countries dogs have been taught to help the shepherds. So happy are these dogs when working, and in such perfect physical condition, that those who have been privileged to watch the Scotch collie and the English sheep-dog at work on their native heaths must admit that these breeds in this country are fast becoming merely show-dogs; that is to say, bred so completely for "points" that the Scotch collie, at least, has lost its brain, and in most cases is tending to become an imbecile. This may be the fate of the German shepherd-dog in this country if work is not made a part of its daily life.



Dolf von Dusternbrook.
Mr. P. A. B. Widener's dog of international fame.

Some one has said that if the dog had always been bred for intelligence instead of points it would have been able to speak by now, and in this statement there is much truth, for the Germans have developed their shepherd-dog almost to the jumping-off stage. One often feels when watching its intelligence that it is on the borderland of speech.

One other fallacy about the German shepherd-dog besides the wolf-ancestry theory is the fixed idea in the minds of many dog-lovers that this dog is fierce. The dog has gained this reputation from two causes. First, many breeders have their young dogs trained as "police-dogs"—that is, taught to guard the house, suspect all strangers, and protect their masters. These dogs are sold to people who want a "trained dog," and are disappointed to find them guarding the house against all comers, even their new masters. The servants, too, come in for a share of this acquired ferocity with the result that the

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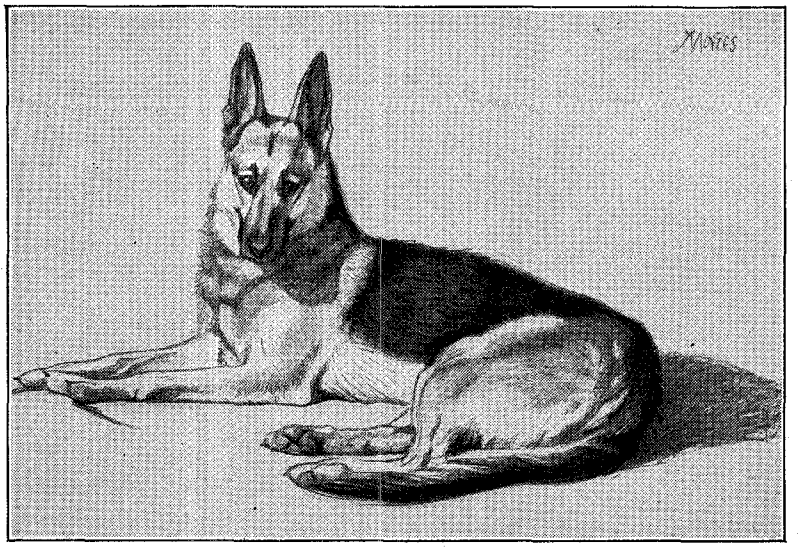


Quiet yet alert.

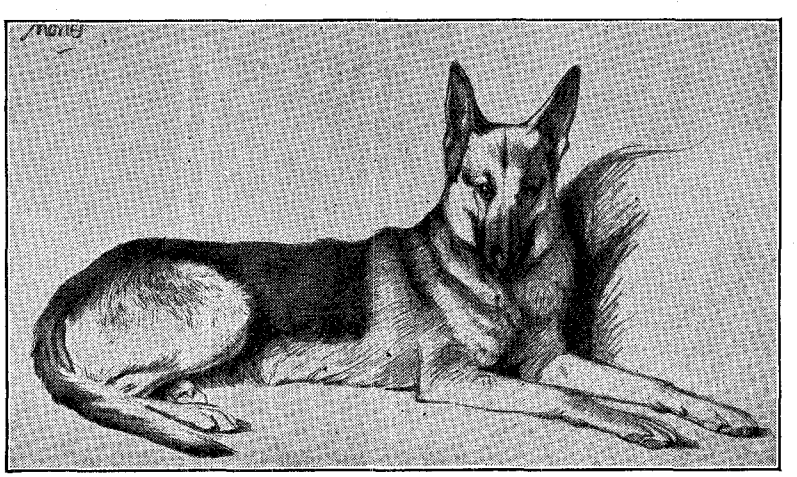
dog is sent back to the kennel as a fierce animal that cannot be tamed.

On the other hand, many people buy the dogs when they are six months to a year old, that is to say, at a time when the dog has more vitality than its owner can help it to use up. These dogs are housed in the city or some confining place in the suburbs where there is neither room for the dog to be exercised nor time for its owner to give it the exercise, with the result that the dog's excessive vitality is suppressed and he becomes fierce.

The writer has had a good deal of experience with these dogs in strange kennels, working with them for weeks on end without any of the unpleasant experiences we so often hear of, and the only secret of this is a lack of fear. This is true of any spirited breed—dogs respect only human beings of temerity.

The German shepherd-dog is abnormally vital—excessively vivacious, spirited, and tenacious of life. It can be man's best friend in play, often a real assistance in work, above all, a fine, affectionate, and obedient companion.

We owe the Germans much for having given us this canine masterpiece.



In repose.

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A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK III

XXIV

THE gates of Paris were behind them, and they were rushing through an icy twilight between long lines of houses, factory chimneys and city-girt fields, when Campton at last roused himself and understood.

It was he, John Campton, who sat in that car—that noiseless swiftly-sliding car, so cushioned and commodious, so ingeniously fitted for all the exigencies and emergencies of travel, that it might have been a section of the Nouveau Luxe on wheels; and the figure next to him, on the extreme other side of the deeply upholstered seat, was that of Anderson Brant. This, for the moment, was as far as Campton's dazed perceptions carried him. . .

The motor was among real fields and orchards, and the icy half-light which might just as well have been dusk was turning definitely to dawn, when at last, disentangling his mind from a tight coil of passport and permit problems, he thought: "But this is the road north of Paris—that must have been St. Denis."

Among all the multiplied strangenesses of the last strange hours it had hardly struck him before that, now he was finally on his way to George, it was not to the Argonne that he was going, but in the opposite direction. The discovery held his floating mind for a moment, but for a moment only, before it drifted away again, to be caught on some other projecting strangeness.

Chief among these was Mr. Brant's presence at his side, and the fact that the motor they were sitting in was Mr. Brant's. But Campton felt that such enormities were not to be dealt with yet. He had neither slept nor eaten since the morning before, and whenever he tried to grasp the situation in its entirety his soul fainted away again into outer darkness. . .

His companion presently coughed, and said, in a voice even more than usually colourless and expressionless: "We are at Luzarches already."

It was the first time, Campton was sure, that Mr. Brant had spoken since they had got into the car together, hours earlier as it seemed to him, in the dark street before the studio in Montmartre; the first, at least, except to ask, as the chauffeur touched the self-starter: "Will you have the rug over you?"

The two travellers did not share a single rug: a separate one, soft as fur and light as down, lay folded on the grey carpet before each seat; but Campton, though the dawn-air was biting, had left his where it lay, and had not answered.

Now he was beginning to feel that he could not decently remain silent any longer; and with an effort which seemed as mechanical and external as the movements of the chauffeur whose back he viewed through the wide single sheet of plate-glass, he brought out, like a far-off echo: "Luzarches . . .?"

It was not that there lingered in him any of his old sense of antipathy toward Mr. Brant. In the new world into which he had been abruptly hurled, the previous morning, by the coming of that letter which looked so exactly like any other letter—in this new world Mr. Brant was nothing more than the possessor of the motor and of the "pull" that were to get him, Campton, in the shortest possible time, to the spot of earth where his son lay dying. Once assured of this, Campton had promptly and indifferently acquiesced in Miss Anthony's hurried sug-

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gestion that it would be only decent to let Mr. Brant go to Doullens with him.

But the exchange of speech with any one, whether Mr. Brant or another, was for the time being manifestly impossible. The effort, to Campton, to rise out of his grief, was like that of a dying person struggling back from regions too remote for his voice to reach the ears of the living. He shrank into his corner, and tried once more to fix his attention on the flying landscape.

All that he saw in it, speeding ahead of him even faster than their own flight, was the ghostly vision of another motor, carrying a figure bowed like his, mute like his: the figure of Fortin-Lescluze, as he had seen it plunge away into the winter darkness after the physician's son had been killed. Campton remembered asking himself then, as he had asked himself so often since: "How should I bear it if it happened to me?"

He knew the answer to that now, as he knew everything else a man could know: so it had seemed to his astonished soul since the truth had flashed at him out of that fatal letter. Ever since then he had been turning about and about in a vast glare of initiation: of all the old crowded misty world which the letter had emptied at a stroke, nothing remained to him but a few memories of George's boyhood, like a closet of toys in a house knocked down by an earthquake.

The vision of Fortin-Lescluze's motor vanished, and in its place Campton suddenly saw Boylston's screwed-up eyes staring out at him under furrows of anguish. Campton remembered, the evening before, pushing the letter over to him across the office table, and stammering: "Read it—read it to me. I can't—" and Boylston's sudden sobbing explosion: "But I *knew*, sir—I've known all along . . ." and then the endless pause before Campton gathered himself up to falter out (like a child deciphering the words in a primer): "You *knew*—knew that George was wounded?"

"No, no, not that; but that he might be—oh, at any minute! Forgive me—oh, do forgive me! He wouldn't let me tell you that he was at the front," Boylston had faltered through his sobs.

"Let you tell me——?"

"You and his mother: he refused a citation last March so that you shouldn't find out that he'd exchanged into an infantry regiment. He was determined to from the first. He's been fighting for months; he's been magnificent; he got away from the Argonne last February; but you were none of you to know."

"But why—why—why?" Campton had flashed out; then his heart stood still, and he awaited the answer with lowered head.

"Well, you see, he was afraid: afraid you might prevent . . . use your influence . . . you and Mrs. Brant. . ."

Campton looked up again, challenging the other. "He imagined perhaps that we *had*—in the beginning?"

"Oh, yes"—Boylston was perfectly calm about it—"he knew all about that. And he made us swear not to speak; Miss Anthony and me. Miss Anthony knew. . . If this thing happened," Boylston ended in a stricken voice, "you were not to be unfair to her, he said."

Over and over again that short dialogue distilled itself syllable by syllable, pang by pang, into Campton's cowering soul. He had had to learn all this, this overwhelming unbelievable truth about his son; and at the same instant to learn that that son was grievously wounded, perhaps dying (what else, in such circumstances, did the giving of the Legion of Honour ever mean?); and to deal with it all in the wild minutes of preparation for departure, of intercession with the authorities, sittings at the photographer's, and a crisscross of confused telephone-calls from the Embassy, the Préfecture and the War Office.

From this welter of images Miss Anthony's face next detached itself: white and withered, yet with a look which triumphed over its own ruin, and over Campton's wrath.

"Ah—you knew too, did you? You were his other confidant? How you all kept it up—how you all lied to us!" he had burst out at her.

She took it firmly. "I showed you his letters."

"Yes: the letters he wrote to you to be shown."

She received this in silence, and he followed it up. "It was you who drove

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him to the front—it was you who sent my son to his death!"

Without flinching, she gazed back at him. "Oh, John—it was you!"

"I—I? What do you mean? I never as much as lifted a finger——"

"No?" She gave him a wan smile. "Then it must have been the old man who invented the Mangle!" she cried, and cast herself on Campton's breast. He held her there for a long moment, stroking her lank hair, and saying "Adele—Adele," because in that rush of understanding he could not think of anything else to say. At length he stooped and laid on her lips the strangest kiss he had ever given or taken; and it was then that, drawing back, she exclaimed: "That's for George, when you get to him. Remember!"

The image of George's mother rose last on the whirling ground of Campton's thoughts: an uncertain image, blurred by distance, as indistinct as some wraith of Mme. Olida's evoking.

Mrs. Brant was still at Biarritz; there had been no possibility of her getting back in time to share the journey to the front. Even Mr. Brant's power in high places would necessarily have fallen short of such an attempt; and it was not made. Boylston, despatched in haste to bear the news of George's wounding to the banker, had reported that the utmost Mr. Brant could do was to write at once to his wife, and arrange for her return to Paris, since telegrams to the frontier departments travelled more slowly than letters, and in nine cases out of ten were delayed indefinitely. Campton had asked no more at the time; but in the last moment before leaving Paris he remembered having said to Adele Anthony: "You'll be there when Julia comes?" and Miss Anthony had nodded back: "At the station."

The word, it appeared, roused the same memory in both of them; meeting her eyes, he saw there the Gare de l'Est in the summer morning, the noisily manœuvring trains jammed with bright young heads, the flowers, the waving handkerchiefs, and everybody on the platform smiling fixedly till some particular carriage-window slid out of sight. The scene, at the time, had been a vast blue to Campton: would he ever again, he wondered, see anything as clearly as he saw it now, in all its unmerciful distinctness? He heard the sobs of the girl who had said such a blithe goodbye to the young *Chasseur Alpin*, he saw her going away, led by her elderly companion, and powdering her nose at the *laiterie* over the cup of coffee she could not swallow. And this was what her sobs had meant...

"This place," said Mr. Brant, with his usual preliminary cough, "must be—." He bent over a motor-map, trying to decipher the name; but after fumbling for his eye-glasses, and rubbing them with a beautifully monogrammed cambric handkerchief, he folded the map up again and slipped it into one of the many pockets which honeycombed the interior of the car. Campton recalled the deathlike neatness of the banker's private office on the day when the one spot of disorder in it had been the torn telegram announcing Benny Upsher's disappearance.

The motor lowered its speed to make way for a long train of army lorries. Close upon them clattered a file of gun-wagons, with unshaven soldiers bestriding the gaunt horses. Torpedo-cars carrying officers slipped cleverly in and out of the tangle, and motor-cycles, incessantly rushing by, peppered the air with their explosions.

"This is the sort of thing he's been living in—living in for months and months," Campton mused.

He himself had seen something of the same kind when he had gone to Châlons in the early days to appeal to Fortin-Lescluze; but at that time the dread significance of the machinery of war had passed almost unnoticed in his preoccupation about his boy. Now he realized that for a year that machinery had been the setting of his boy's life; for months past such sights and sounds as these had formed the whole of George's world; and Campton's eyes took in every detail with an agonized avidity.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

A huge continuous roar, seeming to fall from the low clouds above them, suddenly silenced the puny rumble and clatter of the road. On and on it went, in a slow pulsating rhythm, like the boom of waves driven by a gale on some far-distant coast.

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"That? The guns—" said Mr. Brant.

"At the front?"

"Oh, sometimes they seem much nearer. Depends on the wind."

Campton sat bewildered. Had he ever before heard that sinister roar? At Châlons? He could not be sure. But the sound had assuredly not been the same; now it overwhelmed him like the crash of the sea over a drowning head. He cowered back in his corner. Would it ever stop, he asked himself? Or was it always like this, day and night, in the hell of hells that they were bound for? Was that merciless thud forever in the ears of the dying?

A sentinel stopped the motor and asked for their pass. He turned it about and about, holding it upside-down in his horny hands, and wrinkling his brows in the effort to decipher the inverted characters.

"How can I tell—?" he grumbled doubtfully, looking from the faces of the two travellers to their unrecognizable photographs.

Mr. Brant was already feeling for his pocket, and furtively extracting a bank-note.

"For God's sake—not that!" Campton cried, bringing his hand down on the banker's. Leaning over, he spoke to the sentinel. "My son's dying at the front. Can't you see it when you look at me?"

The man looked, and slowly gave back the paper. "You can pass," he said, shouldering his rifle.

The motor shot on, and the two men drew back into their corners. Mr. Brant fidgeted with his eye-glasses, and after an interval coughed again. "I must thank you," he began, "for—for saving me just now from an inexcusable blunder. It was done mechanically . . . one gets into the habit . . ."

"Quite so," said Campton drily. "But there are cases——"

"Of course—of course."

Silence fell once more. Mr. Brant sat bolt upright, his profile detached against the wintry fields. Campton, sunk into his corner, glanced now and then at the neat grey silhouette, in which the perpendicular glint of the eye-glass nearest him was the only point of light. He said to himself that the man was no doubt suffering horribly; but he was not conscious of any impulse of compassion. He and Mr. Brant were like two strangers pinned down together in a railway-smash: the shared agony did not bring them nearer. On the contrary, Campton, as the hours passed, felt himself more and more exasperated by the mute anguish at his side. What right had this man to be suffering as he himself was suffering, what right to be here with him at all? It was simply in the exercise of what the banker called his "habit"—the habit of paying, of buying everything, people and privileges and possessions—that he had acquired this ghastly claim to share in an agony which was not his.

"I shan't even have my boy to myself on his death-bed," the father thought in desperation; and the mute presence at his side became once more the symbol of his life's disaster.

The motor, with frequent halts, continued to crawl slowly on between lorries, field-kitchens, artillery wagons, companies of haggard infantry returning to their cantonments, and more and more van-loads of troops pressing forward; it seemed to Campton that hours elapsed before Mr. Brant again spoke.

"This must be Amiens," he said, in a voice even lower than usual.

The father roused himself and looked out. They were passing through the streets of a town swarming with troops—but he was still barely conscious of what he looked at. He perceived that he had been half-asleep, and dreaming of George as a little boy, when he used to have such bad colds. Campton remembered in particular the day he had found the lad in bed in a scarlet sweater, in his luxurious overheated room, reading the first edition of Lavengro. It was on that day that he and his son had first really got to know each other; but what was it that had marked the date to George? The fact that Mr. Brant, learning of his joy in the book, had instantly presented it to him—with the price-label left inside the cover.

"And it'll be worth a lot more than that by the time you're grown up," Mr. Brant had told his step-son; to which George was recorded to have answered sturdily: "No, it won't, if I find other stories I like better."

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Miss Anthony, who had assisted at the conversation, had reported it triumphantly to Campton; but the painter, who had to save up to give his boy even a simple present, could see in the incident only one more attempt to rob him of his rights. "They won't succeed, though, they won't succeed: they don't know how to go about it, thank the Lord," he had said.

But they had succeeded after all; what better proof of it was there than Mr. Brant's tacit right to be sitting here beside him to-day; than the fact that but for Mr. Brant it might have been impossible for Campton to get to his boy's side in time?

Oh, that pitiless incessant hammering of the guns! As the travellers advanced the noise grew louder, fiercer, more unbroken; the closely-fitted panes of the car rattled and danced like those of an old omnibus. Sentinels stopped the chauffeur more frequently; Mr. Brant had to produce the blue paper again and again. The day was wearing on—Campton began again to be aware of a sick weariness, a growing remoteness and confusion of mind. Through it he perceived that Mr. Brant, diving into deeper recesses of upholstery, had brought out a silver sandwich-box, a flask and glasses. As by magic they stood on a shiny shelf which slid out of another recess, and Mr. Brant was proffering the box. "It's a long way yet; you'll need all your strength," he said.

Campton, who had half turned from the invitation, seized a sandwich and emptied one of the glasses. Mr. Brant was right; he must not let himself float away into the void, seductive as its drowsy shimmer was.

His wits returned, and with them a more intolerable sense of reality. He was all alive now. Every crash of the guns seemed to tear a piece of flesh from his body; and it was always the piece nearest the heart. The nurse's few lines had said: "A shell wound: the right arm fractured, fear for the lungs." And one of these awful crashes had done it: bursting in mystery from that innocent-looking sky, and rushing inoffensively over hundreds of other young men till it reached its destined prey, found George, and dug a red grave for him. Campton was convinced now that his son was dead. It was not only that he had received the Legion of Honour; it was the appalling all-destroying thunder of the shells as they went on crashing and bursting. What could they leave behind them but mismated fragments? Gathering up all his strength in the effort not to recoil from the vision, Campton saw his son's beautiful body like a carcass tumbled out of a butcher's cart...

"Doullens," said Mr. Brant.

They were in a town, and the motor had turned into the court of a great barrack-like building. Before them stood a line of empty stretchers such as Campton had seen at Châlons. A young doctor in a cotton blouse was lighting a cigarette and laughing with a nurse—laughing! At regular intervals the cannonade shook the windows; it seemed the heart-beat of the place. Campton noticed that many of the window-panes had been broken and patched with paper.

Inside they found another official, who called to another nurse as she passed by laden with fresh towels. She disappeared into a room where heaps of bloody linen were being stacked into baskets, returned, looked at Campton and nodded. He looked back at her blunt tired features and kindly eyes, and said to himself that they had perhaps been his son's last sight on earth.

The nurse smiled.

"It's three flights up," she said: "he'll be glad."

Glad! He was not dead, then; he could even be glad! In the staggering rush of relief the father turned instinctively to Mr. Brant; he felt that there was enough joy to be shared. But Mr. Brant, though he must have heard what the nurse had said, was moving away; he did not seem to understand.

"This way—" Campton called after him, pointing to the nurse, who was already on the first step of the stairs.

Mr. Brant looked slightly puzzled; then, as the other's meaning reached him, he coloured a little, bent his head stiffly, and waved his stick toward the door.

"Thanks," he said, "I think I'll take a stroll first . . . stretch my legs . . ." and

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Campton, with a rush of gratitude, understood that he was to be left alone with his son.

XXV

HE followed his guide up the steep flights, which seemed to become bouyant and lift him like waves. It was as if the muscle that always dragged back his lame leg had suddenly regained its elasticity. He floated up as one mounts stairs in a dream. A smell of disinfectants hung in the cold air, and once, through a half-open door, a sickening odour came: he remembered it at Châlons, and Fortin's murmured: "Gangrene—ah, if only we could get them sooner!"

How soon had they got *his* boy, Campton wondered? The letter, mercifully sent by hand to Paris, had reached him on the third day after George's arrival at the Doullens hospital; but he did not yet know how long before that the shell-splinter had done its work. The nurse did not know either. How could she remember? They had so many! The administrator would look up the files and tell him. Only there was no time for that now.

On a landing Campton heard a babble and scream: a nauseating scream in a queer bleached voice that might have been man, woman or monkey's. Perhaps that was what the French meant by "a white voice": this voice which was as featureless as some of the poor men's obliterated faces! Campton shot an anguished look at his companion, and she understood and shook her head. "Oh, no: that's in the big ward. It's the way they scream after a dressing..."

She opened a door, and he was in a room with three beds in it, wooden pallets hastily knocked together and spread with rough grey blankets. In spite of the cold, flies still swarmed on the unwashed panes, and there were big holes in the fly-net over the bed nearest the window. Under the net lay a middle-aged bearded man, heavily bandaged about the chest and left arm: he was snoring, his mouth open, his gaunt cheeks drawn in with the fight for breath. Campton said to himself that if his own boy lived he should like some day to do something for this poor devil who was his room-mate. Then he looked about him and saw that the two other beds were empty.

He drew back.

The nurse was bending over the bearded man. "He'll wake presently—I'll leave you"; and she slipped out. Campton looked again at the stranger; then his glance travelled to the scarred brown hand on the sheet, a hand with broken nails and blackened finger-tips. It was George's hand, his son's, swollen, disfigured but unmistakable. The father knelt down and laid his lips on it.

"What was the first thing you felt?" Adele Anthony asked him afterward: and he answered: "Nothing."

"Yes—at the very first, I know: it's always like that. But the first thing *after* you began to feel anything?"

He considered, and then said slowly: "The difference."

"The difference in *him?*"

"In him—in life—in everything."

Miss Anthony, who understood as a rule, was evidently puzzled. "What kind of a difference?"

"Oh, a complete difference." With that she had to be content.

The sense of it had first come to Campton when the bearded man, raising his lids, looked at him from far off with George's eyes, and touched him, very feebly, with George's hand. It was in the moment of identifying his son that he felt the son he had known to be lost to him forever.

George's lips were moving, and the father laid his ear to them; perhaps these were last words that his boy was saying.

"Old Dad—in a motor?"

Campton nodded.

The fact seemed faintly to interest George, who continued to examine him with those distant eyes.

"Uncle Andy's?"

Campton nodded again.

"Mother——?"

"She's coming too—very soon."

George's lips were screwed into a whimsical smile. "I must have a shave first," he said, and drowsed off again, his hand in Campton's...

"The other gentleman—?" the nurse questioned the next morning.

Campton had spent the night in the

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hospital, stretched on the floor at his son's threshold. It was a breach of rules, but for once the major had condoned it. As for Mr. Brant, Campton had forgotten all about him, and at first did not know what the nurse meant. Then he woke with a start to the consciousness of his fellow-traveller's nearness. Mr. Brant, the nurse explained, had come to the hospital early, and had been waiting below for the last two hours. Campton, almost as gaunt and unshorn as his son, pulled himself to his feet and went down. In the hall the banker, very white, but smooth and trim as ever, was patiently measuring the muddy flagging.

"Less temperature this morning," Campton called from the last flight.

"Oh," stammered Mr. Brant, red and pale by turns.

Campton smiled haggardly and pulled himself together in an effort of communicativeness. "Look here—he's asked for you; you'd better go up. Only for a few minutes, please; he's awfully weak."

Mr. Brant, speechless, stood stiffly waiting to be conducted. Campton noticed the mist in his eyes, and took pity on him.

"I say—where's the hotel? Just a step away? I'll go around, then, and get a shave and a wash while you're with him," the father said, with a magnanimity which he somehow felt the powers might take account of in their subsequent dealings with George. If the boy was to live he could afford to be generous; and he had decided to assume that the boy would live, and to order his own behaviour accordingly.

"I—thank you," said Mr. Brant, turning toward the stairs.

"Five minutes at the outside!" Campton cautioned him, and hurried out into the morning air through which the guns still crashed methodically.

When he got back to the hospital, refreshed and decent, he was surprised, and for a moment alarmed, to find that Mr. Brant had not come down.

"Sending up his temperature, of course—damn him!" Campton raged, scrambling up the stairs as fast as his stiff leg permitted. But outside of George's door he saw a small figure patiently mounting guard.

"I stayed with him less than five minutes; I was merely waiting to thank you."

"Oh, that's all right." Campton paused, and then made his supreme effort. "How does he strike you?"

"Hopefully—hopefully. He had his joke as usual," Mr. Brant said with a twitching smile.

"Oh, *that*—! But his temperature's decidedly lower. Of course they may have to take the ball out of the lung; but perhaps before they do it he can be moved from this hell."

The two men were silent, the same passion of anxiety consuming them, and no means left of communicating it to each other.

"I shall look in again later. Shall I have something to eat sent round to you from the hotel?" Mr. Brant suggested.

"Oh, thanks—if you would."

Campton put out his hand and crushed Mr. Brant's dry fingers. But for this man he might not have got to his son in time; and this man had not once made use of the fact to press his own claim on George. With pity in his heart, the father, privileged to remain at his son's bedside, watched Mr. Brant's small figure retreating alone. How ghastly to sit all day in that squalid hotel, his eyes on his watch, with nothing to do but to wonder and wonder about the temperature of another man's son!

The next day was worse; so much worse that everything disappeared from Campton's view but the present agony of watching, hovering, hanging helplessly on the words of nurse and doctor, and spying on the glances they exchanged behind his back.

There could be no thought yet of extracting the bullet; a great surgeon, passing through the wards on a hasty tour of inspection, had confirmed this verdict. Oh, to have kept the surgeon there—to have had him at hand to watch for the propitious moment and seize it without an instant's delay! Suddenly the vision which to Campton had been among the most hideous of all his crowding nightmares—that of George stretched naked on an operating-table, his face hidden by a chloroform mask, and an orderly hurrying away with a pile of red towels like those perpetually carried through the passages below—this vision became to the father's fevered mind as soothing as a

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glimpse of Paradise. If only George's temperature would go down—if only the doctors would pronounce him strong enough to have the bullet taken out! What would anything else matter then? Campton would feel as safe as he used to years ago, when after the recurring months of separation the boy came back from school, and he could take him in his arms and make sure that he was the same Geordie, only bigger, browner, with thicker curlier hair, and tougher muscles under his outgrown jacket.

What if the great surgeon, on his way back from the front, were to pass through the town again that evening, reverse his verdict, and perhaps even perform the operation then and there? Was there no way of prevailing on him to stop and take another look at George on the return from his tour of inspection? The idea took immediate possession of Campton, crowding out his intolerable anguish, and bringing such relief that for a few seconds he felt as if some life-saving operation had been performed on himself. He stood watching the great man's retreat, followed by doctors and nurses; and suddenly Mr. Brant touched his arm, and the eyes of the two met. Campton understood Mr. Brant's look and gasped out: "Yes, yes; we must get him to come back."

Mr. Brant nodded. "At all costs." He paused, again interrogated Campton's eyes, and stammered: "You authorize——?"

"Oh, God—anything!"

"He's dined at my house in Paris," Mr. Brant threw in, evidently trying to justify himself.

"Oh, go—*go!*" Campton almost pushed him down the stairs. Ten minutes later he reappeared, modest but exultant.

"Well?"

"He wouldn't commit himself, before the others——"

"Oh——"

"But to me, as he was getting into the motor——"

"Well?"

"Yes: if possible. Somewhere about midnight."

Campton turned away, choking, and stumped off toward the tall window at the end of the passage. Below him lay the court. A line of stretchers was being carried across it, not empty this time, but each one with a bloody burden. Doctors, nurses, orderlies hurried to and fro. Drub, drub, drub, went the guns, shaking the windows, rolling their fierce din along the cloudy sky, down the stone corridors of the hospital and the pavement of the streets, like huge bowls crashing through story above story of a kind of sky-scraping bowling alley.

"Even the dead underground must hear them!" Campton muttered.

The word made him shudder superstitiously, and he crept back to George's door and opened it; but the nurse, within, shook her head.

"He must sleep after the examination. Better go."

Campton turned and saw Mr. Brant waiting. A bell rang twelve. The two men, in silence, walked down the stairs, crossed the court (averting their eyes from the stretchers) and went to the hotel to get something to eat.

Midnight came. It passed. No one in the hurried confused world of the hospital had heard of the possibility of the surgeon's returning. When Campton mentioned it to the nurse she smiled her tired smile, and said: "He could have done nothing."

Done nothing! How could she know? How could any one, but the surgeon himself? Would he have promised if he had not thought there was some chance? Campton, stretched out on a blanket and his rolled-up coat, lay through the long restless hours staring at the moonlit sky framed by the passage window. Great clouds swept over that cold indifferent vault: they seemed like the smoke from the guns which had not once ceased through the night. At last he got up, turned his back on the window, and stretched out again facing the stairs. The moonlight laid a white strip along the stone floor. A church-bell rang one . . . two . . . there were noises and movements below. Campton raised himself, his heart beating all over his body. Steps came echoing up—the steps of several persons.

"Careful!" some one called. A stretcher rounded the stair-rail; another, and another. An orderly with a lantern

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preceded them, followed by one of the doctors, an old bunched-up man in a muddy uniform, who stopped furtively to take a pinch of snuff. Campton could not believe his eyes; didn't the hospital people know that every bed on that floor was full? Every bed, that is, but the two in George's room; and the nurse had given Campton the hope, the promise almost, that as long as his boy was so ill she would keep those empty. "I'll manage somehow," she had said.

For a mad moment Campton was on the point of throwing himself in the way of the tragic procession, barring the threshold with his arms. "What does this mean?" he stammered to the nurse, who had appeared with a little lamp at the end of the passage.

She gave a shrug. "More casualties—every hospital is like this."

He stood aside, wrathful, impotent. At least if Brant had been there, perhaps by some offer of money—but how, to whom? Of what earthly use, after all, was Brant's boasted "influence"? These people would only laugh at him—perhaps put them both out of the hospital!

He turned despairingly to the nurse. "You might as well have left him in the trenches."

"Don't say that, sir," she answered; and the echo of his own words horrified him like a sacrilege.

Two of the stretchers were carried into George's room. Campton caught a glimpse of George, muttering and tossing; the moonlight lay in the hollows of his bearded face, and again the father had the sense of utter alienation from that dark delirious man who for brief intervals suddenly became his son, and then as suddenly wandered off into strangeness.

The nurse slipped out of the room and signed to him.

"Both nearly gone . . . they won't trouble him long," she whispered.

The man on the third stretcher was carried to a room at the other end of the passage. Campton watched him being lifted in. He was to lie on the floor, then? For in that room there was certainly no vacancy. But presently he had the answer. The bearers did not come out empty-handed; they carried another man and laid him on the empty stretcher. Lucky, lucky devil; going, no doubt, to a hospital at the rear! As the procession reached the stairs the lantern swung above the lucky devil's face: his eyes stared ceilingward from black orbits. One arm, swinging loose, dangled down, the hand stealthily counting the steps as he descended—and no one troubled, for he was dead.

At dawn Campton, who must have been asleep, started up, again hearing steps. The surgeon? Oh, if this time it were the surgeon! But only Mr. Brant detached himself from the shadows accumulated in the long corridor: Mr. Brant, crumpled and unshorn, with blood-shot eyes, and gloves on his unconscious hands.

Campton glared at him resentfully.

"Well—how about your surgeon? I don't see him!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Brant shook his head despondently. "No—I've been waiting all night in the court. I thought if he came back I should be the first to catch him. But he has just sent his orderly for instruments; he's not coming. There's been terrible fighting——"

Campton saw two tears running down Mr. Brant's face: they did not move him.

Mr. Brant glanced toward George's door, full of the question he dared not put.

The father answered it. "You want to know how he is? Well, how should he be, with that bullet in him, and the fever eating him inch by inch, and two more wounded men in his room? *That's* how he is!" Campton almost shouted.

Mr. Brant was trembling all over.

"Two more men—in his room?" he echoed shrilly.

"Yes—bad cases; dying." Campton drew a deep breath. "You see there are times when your money and your influence and your knowing everybody are no more use than so much sawdust——"

The nurse opened the door and looked out. "You're talking too loudly," she said.

She shut the door, and the two men stood silent, abashed; finally Mr. Brant turned away. "I'll go and try again. There must be other surgeons . . . other ways . . ." he whispered.

"Oh, your surgeons . . . oh, your ways!" Campton sneered after him, in the same whisper.

(To be continued.)

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Are Our Universities Overpopulated?

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT
President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching

THE discussions of present-day educational difficulties have taken the form of intimations from one quarter and another that too many young men and women are to-day enrolled in our universities, and that the country would be better off if that attendance were, by some process or other, cut down. College presidents, editors, and other makers of public opinion have tossed this ball from one hand to the other without finding any comfortable resting-place for it.

Before undertaking to judge the present situation with respect to the relation of numbers to the effectiveness of the work done by the universities, it is well to bear in mind a few fundamental conditions that are closely related to the rise of the present difficulties.

We have in this country no universities in the strict sense. Institutions in the United States that bear that name are a mixture of the undergraduate college and the graduate university. In most institutions, even the older ones such as Harvard and Yale, the undergraduate college contains so large a number of students, its activities in athletics, in social affairs, and in other directions are so numerous and engage so much of public attention, that the university activities are, in the public mind at least, overshadowed. Perhaps the greatest exception to this statement is found in the case of Columbia University which has a relatively small undergraduate college, limited extramural activities, and is engaged almost wholly in university work either in the prosecution of graduate studies or in the professional schools of law, of medicine, and of teaching. It is not astonishing, under these circumstances, that the football team of Columbia University is not in the same class with those of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, which notwithstanding their age are still predominantly colleges. The process by which this telescoping of college and university came about was a very natural one. When the undergraduate colleges were founded, there was no intention of superimposing a university upon them. They represented, at the time, the highest form of education which American institutions of learning offered.

Forty-six years ago, when Johns Hopkins University was founded, it offered for the first time in the United States a distinctive university programme. The faculty that President Gilman gathered was an extraordinary group of able men. The university addressed itself to scholars. It assumed that the students who came to it had already completed undergraduate courses of study entitling them to enter upon scholarly and professional work. The effect of this example upon American university schools has been far-reaching. The graduate schools of the older universities have, in large measure, arisen out of the example set by Johns Hopkins.

Unfortunately, Johns Hopkins University very soon departed from its original university conception. The desire for undergraduate students, for a college of its own, and for all the things that go with undergraduate life became apparently too strong, and to-day Johns Hopkins, apart from its medical school, has few of the characteristics of a university. It removed to a suburban campus, the activities of the ordinary undergraduate college were expanded, and the university became essentially what other American universities are—a mixture of college and university, with the activities in athletics and other student undergraduate pursuits playing a larger and larger rôle in the life of the institution. To-day, except for its medical school, Johns Hopkins has to a large extent lost the primacy which it once enjoyed.

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The stimulus given by the first twenty-five years of the history of Johns Hopkins to graduate studies in American institutions took the form of graduate schools superimposed upon and mingled with the undergraduate college. A few efforts, such as that at Clark University, to meet the distinctive university conception, were made, but in general the pressure for numbers and the desire for a large undergraduate body, the ever-present tendency to conform to the conventional educational scheme, brought it about that few of these efforts assumed significance. The University of Chicago, while maintaining an undergraduate department, has succeeded in creating a university alongside of its undergraduate school, which is but little affected by the extramural activities of the undergraduate college.

In the nearly fifty years, therefore, since the inauguration of Johns Hopkins, the progress of higher education in the United States has resulted in the transformation of our former American colleges into mixed institutions, part college, part university. In most the undergraduate college overshadows the university, in a few the university overshadows the undergraduate college, but in the main the institutions which we are building up under the name of university are incongruous mixtures of the sports and recitations of college boys, and the more serious and scholarly efforts of men and women who are primarily students and candidates for professions. In the public eye, the activities of the undergraduate college subtend a larger angle than those of the graduate and professional schools, and the public in the main conceives of the university in terms of its undergraduate college.

The university part of our mixed institutions consists of a graduate school, devoted to teaching and to research, certain professional schools in law, medicine, engineering, teaching, and, in some institutions, to theology. The graduate schools, apart from the professional schools, have suffered in considerable measure from the fact that they have been attended by a large body of students who are not primarily scholars or investigators. For the last twenty or thirty years every ambitious American college has felt that it could not maintain fair academic dignity unless its teachers were able to write after their names Ph.D. The graduate schools have been invaded, therefore, during the comparatively short period of their existence by an army of degree-hunters who desired the degree of Doctor of Philosophy as a preliminary to obtaining positions as teachers.

The mingling of college and university has its disadvantages for the undergraduate college no less than for the graduate university to which it is bound. The most serious is the weakening of the college sense of responsibility for good teaching. A false notion of research in the conglomerate institution has gone far to discredit the good teacher and to weaken the appreciation of the fact that the chief duty of the college is to teach.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks the graduate schools and the professional schools that constitute the true university part of our American institutions have steadily grown in scholarly qualities, in facilities for study, and in the application of the fundamental qualities that make for sound scholars and sound investigators. In the orderly process of development, the time will come when the degree-hunters will lessen in numbers and when the graduate and professional schools will represent essentially what the university represents in Europe—a school whose students have already had their undergraduate experience of sports and of class rivalries, as well as their grounding in fundamental subjects, and have now entered upon a life with the primary purpose to bend themselves intelligently and energetically toward study, toward research, toward professional attainment.

Whether the universities can ever become universities in this sense, as long as they are mingled with, and in the public mind overshadowed by, their highly populated undergraduate colleges, with their spectacular contests in athletics and with the manifold activities in which students compete, is a question which cannot be answered at this moment. It is impossible for the wisest man to say to-day whether the conglomerate institution which we call a university will develop gradually into a form under which its undergraduate activities are separated from

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its scholarly and professional work, or whether the popular interest in the by-products of undergraduate life will be so great as to keep the university side of the institution in that twilight zone of public interest in which it has hitherto lived. Can a true university, devoted to scholarship, to investigation, to high professional training, be developed out of a conglomerate institution whose undergraduate activities are mainly athletic, social, and competitive?

This is the fundamental question with which one is faced when he undertakes to answer the query as to whether our universities to-day are overpopulated.

It goes without saying that the solution of the question is not going to be found by taking up, as a purely academic question, the determination as to whether the college and the university shall be separated.

The weaknesses of the present arrangement are to be found not only in the enormous overcrowding in these institutions, but also in the cost, both in time and money, of a college and a university education. The student enters one of our undergraduate colleges well past eighteen. He graduates in his twenty-third year. If he expends three or four years more in a professional school, he has, as compared with the professional men of other countries, spent too many years in preparation. The medical candidate, who has perhaps the longest apprenticeship, is often thirty when he begins his practice. It is inexcusable that this situation should exist. Men can be, and ought to be, fitted for their professional work and ought to be embarked upon that work two or three years earlier than this programme provides. A German youth finishes his gymnasium when he is twenty, enters the university, better trained than our men, fully two years earlier, and comes into his profession, not only younger in point of time, but with a certain resilience which is likely to be lost by an excessive period in school. The process by which our pyramid of education has piled the university on top of the undergraduate college is an unjustifiable one and is due in large measure to the fact that the institutions that assumed the name university have been unwilling to let go of their undergraduate schools and have been slow to make any adjustment by which the standard of college scholarship should be maintained and men could still enter their professions at the age of twenty-four or twenty-five. The combined curriculum is an effort in this direction, but as yet gives but little relief.

It is little less than a national misfortune that the Johns Hopkins University, after having begun the experiment of a true university, did not carry on with it. It would have had fewer students for a time, but it might have helped to solve the most difficult question in the organization of American higher education. There still remains the opportunity for some institution to work out the experiment of a true university, dissociated from the spectacular undergraduate activities.

Having in view this situation and this history, it seems clear that the universities to-day are enrolling in their colleges a larger number of students than they can teach. This is due partly to an artificially stimulated demand for college training, to an overbidding for students, and to the admission of students ill-prepared to avail themselves of the college and university work. For twenty years there has been maintained what amounts to a propaganda in behalf of going to college. The tax-supported institutions have found it desirable from their point of view to have as large a body of students as possible as a basis for their claims for State support, and they have been fully seconded in this position by the endowed institutions which have sought, by the same means, to obtain both support and endowment from the public. Bigness has been the common aim. As a result many young men and young women are seeking college who are ill-prepared to avail themselves of the facilities that the college offers. The colleges themselves and particularly the tax-supported institutions, have been under such pressure to obtain a large enrolment that the conditions of admission have not only been lowered, but they have been administered with unsatisfactory tests of the character, personality, and fitness, as well as the attainment, of the candidate for admission. Thousands of young people every year en

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ter our colleges and universities who ought to be pointed by the colleges themselves to some other field of training as more appropriate for their endowments and their qualifications.

That this overcrowding has now come to a point where in a large number of institutions the teaching has become enormously diluted cannot be doubted. When an institution is confronted with a freshman class of four thousand, the best it can do under the present organization is to group these into such divisions as seem feasible, under such young teachers as can be caught in the highways and byways, and at the end of the freshman year to ease the problem by dropping from the roll a large proportion of those who were admitted. Indeed, the freshman year has become increasingly, not a year for fruitful training, but a year for elimination of the unfit.

Just how our composite universities and our larger colleges are to deal with this flood is not at the moment apparent. Few of them will have the courage to restrict their numbers to those whom they can teach in a sincere and honest fashion. Most will compromise between the ideal of the best teaching and the avoidance of the worst. A large proportion will struggle, by one means or another, to take all who apply presenting a high-school certificate, and will solve their difficulties by getting rid of a large proportion during the freshman year. At best this whole process is a makeshift which must come to an end in a few years, and the question is a pressing one as to what the universities and colleges are to do in respect to this enormous flood of students now setting toward both tax-supported and endowed universities and colleges. Institutions that are frankly colleges and do not pretend to call themselves universities can regulate their intake with less difficulty. Such institutions have only to apply sensible and fair methods to screen out the unfit and the unready, a process which will bring their student attendance ordinarily within their own ability to serve.

The problem of the great conglomerate universities, whether tax-supported or endowed, is more difficult. They have, for years, cultivated the notion that every young man and young woman should go to college. They have admitted, for many years, those manifestly unready for their work. How now to introduce standards that will bring this flood within feasible limits is, for such institutions, a difficult process. To deal with it will require courage and discretion. If the army of students, now pressing toward college, represented a genuine thirst for study, a real passion on the part of these thousands of young people for intellectual attainment and study, the situation would be a pathetic one indeed. As a matter of fact, a large proportion are attracted to the college by reasons that have little or nothing to do with scholarly ambition. If the universities and colleges will themselves stop their appeal on this basis, if they will control their intramural activities, particularly in the matter of athletics, within a field where they no longer appeal as an impelling reason for going to college, if they will discontinue the commercial and demoralizing régime of paid coaches and alumni graft, and if they will impose reasonable and fair entrance requirements upon those who actually apply, the mass of applicants can be honestly and fairly dealt with. This is a higher order of institutional sincerity than can be hoped for at once.

There is a phase of the question which must not be forgot. With all the weaknesses of the American college, it still remains true that the college life and that which the youth gets in college is the best entrance society has yet found for its youth into a larger and finer culture and into a loyal and patriotic citizenship. Perhaps this is true because of the fact that, notwithstanding the trivialities of the college life of to-day, and notwithstanding the subordination of matters of great moment to those which are spectacular, it still remains a fact that in college as nowhere else the youth finds himself in contact with an idealism which lifts him out of the commonplace and turns him toward a service of society of which he would otherwise never be capable. We cannot have too many men or too many women in our citizenship who are instinct with this idealism. There cannot be too many students in college so long as they get a taste of this spirit and

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an aspiration for this service. The difficulty lies in the fact that to-day many students are being drawn into the college who have neither the moral character nor the preparation to avail themselves of the opportunities the college ought to offer, who are attracted by certain other phases of college life less desirable and more demoralizing, and who are not touched by this spirit.

If, therefore, we are to do the best, both by our youth and by our institutions themselves, it is clear that something like the following must be done.

The colleges must themselves enforce standards of admission that are fair, reasonable, intelligently administered, and that will exclude the unfit by other means than the sacrifice of the freshman year.

Secondly, it is not too much to ask that these combinations of university and college should deliberately go to work to reduce their athletic activities to the point where they will figure in the public eye and in the eyes of the students less prominently as the reason why students should go to college.

In the third place, there must be made a more intelligent effort to point the student who is unfitted for college to some other vocation in which he may obtain both usefulness and happiness.

All of these things are, in a sense, palliatives. It may well be that in the long run we shall find it necessary, in order to take care of those who ought to go to college, to have more institutions and to provide larger facilities in proportion to population; and it is within the bounds of possibility that we may find it necessary to separate the undergraduate college from the graduate and professional university school. At one time the expense of this proposal seemed to put it out of the question; but as our American universities have developed, one may well question whether we are not paying a much higher price to keep our undergraduate colleges and our graduate universities in one organization than we should pay if we separated them and made clear the distinction. If this separation shall come it ought to be accompanied by a rearrangement of our elementary, secondary, and college education in such fashion that the student should be fitted to enter the university by his twentieth year. I am of the opinion that a university to-day that admitted to its graduate and professional schools men of twenty who were properly prepared, and many such could be found, would set an example that might have a most wholesome effect on the development of the next thirty years. This question of the relation of the university and the college has to be worked out so as to save two years of the student's time and to cut down the present enormous cost to society of maintaining our existing régime. Perhaps the first step toward such a reorganization of our higher education will be found in the success of a university that dropped its undergraduate school, admitted students at twenty who proved themselves well ready to enter, and graduated them into their scholarly and professional life at an age when they still had the full resiliency of young manhood and of young womanhood.

Thanksgiving

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

If God had willed, He could have made me meeker;
But God, my God, Who orders all things well,
Said: "You shall be a rebel and a seeker."
And, God be praised! I seek and I rebel.

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From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN
Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

IX.—END OF STUDIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DRAWING

I CONFESS that when I first arrived in Berlin I brought with me old prejudices, which were annoying, to say the least. The Teutonism in Prague, when I was a schoolboy there, had made lasting impressions upon my young mind; they were with me when I landed at Castle Garden. Early impressions are very persistent and cannot be obliterated by time alone. Christian's father, the innkeeper of West Street, and his friends, the hardy Friesland sailors who taught me how to handle the paint-brush, drew me closer to the German heart, and I found it much less grasping than I thought it was. But the Frieslander of those days had no great love for the Prussian. Bilharz, the idealist of Cortlandt Street, gave me a more intimate knowledge of the German temper, and helped much to dispel many of my early prejudices. But Bilharz displayed decided dislike for the Prussians. The few German friends whom I had during my "greenhorn" days were southern Germans, and they did not appear to be very friendly to the idea of a united Germany under Prussian hegemony. These early experiences encouraged me in the belief that the Prussians were probably responsible for the Teutonism which I disliked. This belief was strengthened by Bismarck's anti-Russian and anti-Serbian, but strongly pro-Austrian policy at the treaty of Berlin in 1878. He protested, I knew, that he would not sacrifice the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier for all the Balkans; but I did not believe him. Hence the uncomfortable feeling of being in an enemy country when I first came to and settled down in Berlin.

The Teutonism of Prague, more than anything else, was responsible for it. Racial antipathy is one of the saddest of psychic derangements; and, although it is a repulsive product of modern nationalism, the world does less than nothing to get rid of its insidious poisons. European civilization is being destroyed by it. I suffered from its evil effects during the early days of my life in Berlin. Helmholtz, Koenig, and all the officers in the Physical Institute showed me every kindness and consideration, and that prevented me from turning around and speeding back to Cambridge as soon as the first breath of the atmosphere of Berlin gave me an acute attack of anti-Teutonism. My German landlady and her friends, as well as the German students I met in the lecture-rooms, struck no responsive chord in my heart, because it was out of tune with my surroundings. I remained a stranger in a cold, strange land. A young Scotch friend of mine, a graduate of the University of Glasgow, appeared on the scene, some time after I had become settled in Berlin. He kept his promise, given me at Arran, to join me in Berlin. He stayed at the university for one semester only and heard lectures on Roman law. He looked like a northern Apollo: tall and erect, the pink of youth radiating from his handsome face, and the locks of purest gold adorning a lofty brow, which made you believe that you were looking at a young Sir Walter Scott. His deep-blue eyes knew of no suspicions, and his heart had never been touched by the poison of racial antipathy. He loved the world and the world loved him. His knowledge of German was very poor, and yet everybody loved to talk to him. Even the stern Schutzman (policeman), stirred up

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to white heat by too noisy a rendering of American and Scotch college songs in the slumbering streets of Berlin, was as gentle as a dove when the blue-eyed young Scot stood in front of him and greeted him with a honey-hearted smile. My landlady, quite an aged person, as well as her young boarders, begged me to bring him to dinner as often as possible. "Yes, do bring him," said a sarcastic young fräulein; "you look quite human and almost handsome when he is around." There was much truth in what she said; the poison of racial antipathy did not operate in me when he was present. He made friends on every side among the German students, and when I saw how he warmed up to them and how they warmed up to him I began to thaw out myself. Helmholtz and dear little Koenig were the first persons in Berlin who helped me to forget that Europe was made up of different races who lived in eternal suspicion of each other. After that, following the example of my Scotch friend, I began to rid myself of the poisonous infection which I received from the Teutonism in Prague; but it was a slow process. Helmholtz's address on Faraday was so warm and so generous to Faraday as well as to Maxwell, and so wonderfully just, that I began to question the justice of my anti-Teutonic prejudices.

The two volumes of Helmholtz's addresses and public speeches which I enjoyed so much during that summer in my mother's vineyard made me almost repentant. My mother knew of my anti-Teutonic sentiments and never approved of them. One day we drove to visit my younger sister, who lived about fifteen miles from Idvor. On the way we passed through a large village, Echka, having a mixed population of German, Roumanian, and Serb peasants. There was a striking contrast in the appearance of the houses, of the people, and of their methods of moving about in the pursuit of their daily work. The German peasants were far ahead of the Roumanians as well as of the Serbs. My mother called my attention to it, but I made no comment. Presently we passed the stately Roman Catholic church of the village, which looked like a cathedral. It was built, I was told, by the German peasants of Echka, and my mother told me that it was crowded on Sundays and holidays, and that the priest was a very learned and a very good man. When we passed the Orthodox church, which was quite small and insignificant-looking, my mother said: "Would you not feel ashamed if St. Sava came down to earth again and after seeing that splendid German church looked at this hut which is called the Orthodox church? But small as it is you will never find it filled except at some weddings or at memorial services for some departed rich person, when people expect much feasting."

Again I made no comment, because I was opposed to "alien intruders" myself, as some people called the German colonists; and my mother looked disappointed. Just then we saw two peasant girls carrying river water in shining copper vessels. These vessels were suspended at the ends of a long flexible staff which was nicely balanced on the shoulder of each young carrier, so that one vessel was in front and one behind her. The first girl was a blonde with slippers on her feet; a simple blue dress covered her youthful figure and displayed the successive phases of her rhythmical movement. It was synchronized with the swinging motion of the bright copper vessels, which moved up and down like a double pendulum, bending the flexible shaft around its point of support on the shoulder of the fair carrier. The copper vessels, although filled to the brim, did not spill a single drop of water; the perfect adjustment of the swinging motion of the carrier to that of the swinging shaft produced this admirable result. The girl, the staff, and the shining vessels stood in a beautiful harmonic relation to each other. They reminded one of the harmonics in a sweet musical chord. It was a beautiful sight, and I said so. My mother, noticing my sudden burst of enthusiasm, sounded a warning. "She is a German girl," she said, "and she certainly is lovely. Her heart and soul are in her job. But if you find one like her in Berlin, remember your promise; you must marry an American girl if you wish to remain an American, which I know you do."

She evidently had become a little alarmed at the thought that her praises

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of the Germans might cause my sentiments to swing too far the other way. The second water-carrier was a barefooted and gaudy-looking lassie, who stepped along any old way and marked her track with frequent splashes of water from the copper vessels. "She is a wild Roumanian," exclaimed my mother; "she can dance like a vila, but she hates her job of carrying water. You will never find one like her in Berlin. The Germans have no use for people who do not love their daily duties." My mother was a great admirer of the thrifty and industrious German colonists in Banat, whom she always recommended as models to the peasants of Idvor. When she heard my praises of Helmholtz and my confession of racial antipathy to the Germans she put up many powerful arguments which were most convincing. They had a wonderful effect.

When I returned to Berlin from Idvor things looked more inviting, and my landlady remarked that I looked much more cheerful than I did a year before, when I arrived from Scotland. In another year, she suggested jokingly, I might look as cheerful as a real Prussian, particularly if I should succumb to the charms of a Prussian beauty. Remembering the promise that I had given to my mother about marrying an American girl, I said to my landlady: "Never! I have already pledged my word to one who is nearer to my heart than any Prussian beauty could ever be." "Ach, Herr Pupin, you have changed most wonderfully," exclaimed the landlady, and then she added in a whisper: "Just think of it! To get a confession on the first day of your return which I could not get before in nearly a year! I understand now why you were always so distant to the young ladies in my pensionat." But the change of feeling, speeded up by my mother, and noticed by my landlady, was speeded up almost as effectively by another Serb.

A Bosnian Serb with the name of Nikola had a fine cigarette shop on Unter den Linden, the principal avenue of Berlin. It was within a stone's throw from the Imperial palace, and the highest aristocracy of Berlin patronized it. He was a rough diamond, and would stand no nonsense from any prince or count. If they found fault with his famous Turkish cigarettes he did not hesitate to tell them to buy them somewhere else. But he prospered, he said, because these German aristocrats never resented straight talk from man to man. He laughed at me, when I mentioned to him my suspicions and antipathies, and begged me to pass with him, from time to time, an hour or so in his store, and watch his German customers. I did and profited much. The Prussian aristocrats had no racial antipathy against a Serb, if their apparently genuine affection for Nikola had any meaning. Nikola never left them in any doubt as to his pride of being a Serb.

Half-way between Nikola's store and the Imperial palace was an old chop-house, called Habel, dating from the time of Frederick the Great. Frederick's generals always stopped there for a glass of wine, when they returned from an audience with the king. The custom persisted and was still in existence when I was a student in Berlin. Nikola often invited me to early luncheon at this chop-house, and there we saw the great generals and marshals of the German Empire, sitting around a long and separate table and taking a glass of wine after returning from the Imperial palace, from their daily audience with old Emperor William. It was a wonderful sight; those tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, brainy, and serious-minded Teuton warriors inspired tremendous respect. Nikola assured me that he knew many of them personally, they being his customers, and that as human beings they were as gentle as doves. "Many a time I called them down when they joked about my cigarettes, and they submitted without a murmur. Do you call that arrogance?" asked Nikola, throwing out his chest and trying to look as stern and as imposing as any of the generals present.

Once he took me to an avenue where Moltke used to walk and showed me the great field-marshal, who was then eighty-six years old, but still as straight as an arrow. "Did you ever see a more modest and thoughtful or a more spiritual-looking man anywhere?" asked Nikola, and I confessed that I had not. "Then stop your talk about Prussian pride!" exclaimed Nikola. On another occasion we

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walked to the park and he showed me Bismarck, riding on horseback, a friend and an adjutant accompanying him. Nikola saluted him and so did I, and Bismarck saluted back graciously. "Does he look like a brute, or like a fool who would try to convert by force all the Slavs into Germans?" asked Nikola, poking fun at my anti-Teutonic suspicions. "No," said I, "I do not think he does; in fact, I think he looks very much like Helmholtz, except that there is much less spirituality in his face than in that of the great scientist." "Helmholtz!" exclaimed Nikola, "even he would lose his saintly expression, if he had to carry the load of the whole empire upon his shoulders; the socialists on the top of his load pushing it one way, and the clericals at the bottom pushing it the other way."

Nikola was born in Bosnia when the Turks ruled supreme, and hence he was not much of a scholar; but he was a careful listener, and always thought through his own head; his judgment was remarkable, I thought. He knew who's who and what's what in Berlin better than many a foreign diplomat there. He used to joke about it, saying that his knowledge was expected of him, because he was the next-door neighbor of the great Kaiser. The Serbs of Banat did not seriously dislike the German colonists there, nor did the colonists dislike them, and they delighted in speaking the Serb language. They called each other "comshiya," neighbor. The Serbs, in general, use this word when they refer to a German in a friendly way. Nikola always referred to the great Kaiser as his "comshiya"; many of his customers knew that and enjoyed it hugely. They returned the compliment and often addressed Nikola with the Serbian word "comshiya." "Come and see my comshiya," said he one day to me, and there I stood for the first time in front of the Imperial palace and waited for the old emperor to show himself at the window. He did that almost every day about noontime when the guards marched by on their daily parade. Presenting arms and looking straight at the old emperor, they marched by like a single body animated by a single heart and a single soul, and they spanked the ground with their vigorous goose-step, the rhythmic strokes of which could be heard quite a distance away through the ringing cheers of the enthusiastic crowd. "Do you know what that means?" asked Nikola. I answered "No," and he said: "It means that every German looks up to his fatherland for orders, and the perfect rhythm of that goose-step means that every German will obey these orders and finish on time any job for the good of the fatherland that may be assigned to him. It is the symbol of German unity." That was Nikola's unique interpretation; I never heard anybody else interpret it that way. But Nikola had a lively imagination and he evidently wished me to get a favorable interpretation of everything the Germans did.

Between my young Scotch friend, my mother, Nikola, and my professors in the Physical Institute, I soon forgot the unpleasant memories of the Teutonism in Prague, and Berlin no longer looked to me like a Thraenenthal, a valley of tears, as my old friend Bilharz in Cortlandt Street would have called it. I soon found myself enjoying warm personal friendships of German fellow students and of the professors, and it was a very fortunate thing; it was providential. Nothing but the love of God and the friendship of man can give that spiritual power which one needs in moments of great sorrow. One day in the beginning of winter, of that year, a letter arrived from my sister, telling me that my saintly mother was no longer among the living. I vowed on that day that her blessed memory should be perpetuated as far as an humble mortal like myself could do it. Twenty-seven years later the Serbian Academy of Sciences announced that the income of a foundation in memory of Olympiada Pupin would be expended annually to assist a goodly number of poor schoolboys in Old Serbia and Macedonia.

The vanishing of a life which is an essential part of one's own life produces a mysterious shift of the direction of one's mental and spiritual vision. Instead of searching for light which will illuminate the meaning of things in the external physical world, as the vision of young people usually does, it begins to search for light which will illuminate the meaning of what is going on in the internal world,

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the spiritual world of our soul. The question "What is light?" was no longer the most important question of my thoughts after my mother's death. The question "What is life?" dominated for a long time my thoughts and feelings. I became introspective, and, being a somewhat temperamental person, like most Slavs, I might have lost my way forever in the labyrinth of all sorts of metaphysical structures of my own creation. Providence came to my rescue. Two American students with aspirations in science similar to mine joined the Physical Institute. One of them, a Harvard graduate, Arthur Gordon Webster, is now the very distinguished professor of physics at Clark University; the other, a Johns Hopkins man, Joseph Sweetman Ames, is now the director of the physical laboratory at Johns Hopkins and a worthy successor to the famous Henry Augustus Rowland. Their truly American enthusiasm and directness prevented me from relapsing into the drowsy indefiniteness, sometimes called idealism, of a temperamental and sentimental Slav. They told me many wonderful tales of the higher endeavor in science at Harvard and at Johns Hopkins. The new Ryerson physical laboratory at Harvard was a wonder, according to Webster; and Ames never grew weary of extolling the beauties of Rowland's wonderful researches in solar spectra, and I never grew weary of listening to them. At times, however, I wondered why these two men had ever come to Helmholtz when they were so well off at home. Ames wondered, too, and he returned to Rowland at the end of the year; but Webster stayed, although in my presence he never admitted unreservedly that the Physical Institute in Berlin was very much better than anything they had at Harvard. Webster's and Ames's testimony convinced me that the great movement in the United States for higher endeavor in science was making rapid progress, and I longed to finish up my studies in Berlin and return to the United States. After my mother's death Europe attracted me much less.

A new physical science was attracting much attention in Germany at that time, the science of physical chemistry. Helmholtz was very much interested in it. I had read his latest papers on the subject and they reminded me of what I had seen in Maxwell's book on heat about Willard Gibbs of Yale. I soon discovered that the alleged German fathers of the new science were anticipated by Gibbs by at least ten years. Remembering the charge of De Tocqueville that the American democracy had never done anything for abstract science I made a careful note of my find. It was a clean-cut little discovery, I thought, and Helmholtz admitted it. He suggested even that I might find material in it for a research, leading to a doctor dissertation. I embraced the suggestion and started an experimental research, at the same time studying the theories of Gibbs, Helmholtz, and other authorities, mostly German, on physical chemistry. The more one penetrates the depths of any problem the more he yields to the belief that this problem is the most important problem in the world. This happened to me; and the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory was shelved, temporarily, on account of my interest in physical chemistry, and particularly on account of the prospect of finding there a doctor dissertation which I finally did.

At the end of the first semester and at Webster's suggestion he and I, in the spring of 1887, went to Paris for a short visit. We wished to see what physical science was doing at the Sorbonne and at the Collège de France, and to compare the academic world of Paris with that of Berlin. We stayed there three weeks and learned quite a number of novel and interesting things. The architectural beauties of Paris as well as its art galleries and museums made a profound impression upon me. As a record of a magnificent old civilization Paris, I thought, was incomparably ahead of Berlin. The spirit of Laplace, Lagrange, Fourier, Ampère, Arago, Fresnel, Foucault, and Fizeau was very much alive in the ancient halls of the Sorbonne and of the Collège de France. The background of a former glorious period of physical science in France was much more impressive in Paris than the corresponding background in Berlin. But for every one of the great savants in physical and mathematical sciences, who were active in Paris at the time of my

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visit, like Poincaré, Hermite, Darboux, Appell, Lippmann, one could name several in Berlin. And there was nobody in Paris who, in my opinion, could measure up to Helmholtz, Kirchhoff, and DuBois Reymond. There was no statesman there of Bismarck's caliber, and no general like Moltke. I saw no warriors who looked like the magnificent fellows whom Nikola first exhibited to me at the long table in Habel's. General Boulanger was very much in the limelight. I saw him at a great official reception, and I would have felt very sorry if the destiny of France had been intrusted to him. The physical and chemical laboratories were rather poorly equipped and compared unfavorably with the corresponding laboratories in Berlin. The draped statues in the Place de la Concorde, testifying to France's grief for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, completed the picture of Paris in my mind, which was anything but cheerful. France, I thought, had not yet recovered completely from her wounds of 1870–1871, and I felt sorry. Two years earlier I passed through Paris on my way from Pornic to Idvor and carried away a much more cheerful picture. But at that time my observations, covering barely two days, did not see much, and besides, I did not know Berlin at that time and could make no comparisons. If Paris reflected the spirit of France and Berlin that of Germany, then France, I thought, was a falcon with broken wings and Germany was a young eagle that had just discovered the wonderful power of its pinions. The wonderful intellectual and physical vigor of the new empire impressed powerfully every foreign student at the University of Berlin when I was a student there. This gave me much food for thought and I searched for explanations.

There was one explanation which always appealed to me much on account of its simplicity. I heard it from a very learned German. This was his story: The German iron always contained phosphorus; including also the great deposits of iron which the Germans had found in Alsace-Lorraine. The only good iron that Germany had prior to 1880 was that in the Iron Chancellor. Hence, Germany could not build up a steel industry and without it no great industrial development is possible in any country. A miracle happened; a young Englishman, a clerk in a London police court, made a discovery which was destined to give Germany its great steel industry. This was Sidney Gilchrist Thomas, who discovered the so-called "basic Bessemer" process. It made iron containing phosphorus easily available for the manufacture of iron and steel products. This started the modern steel industry of Germany in the early eighties. Many a street in the towns of the German steel districts was named in honor of Gilchrist Thomas. "This," said my informant, "is the power which, as you express it, the young German eagle has discovered in its pinions." I suspected that the object of his story might have been to discourage an opinion on my part that the remarkable vigor of Germany was derived from the weakness of France. Hence I looked up the data of his story, but I found them correct. Years ago I told this story to the late Andrew Carnegie, and he agreed with my German informant. To-day I am convinced that neither the great works of Krupp, nor the great German navy, nor many other things which happened since my Berlin days, would have been possible without the start which was made with the aid of Gilchrist Thomas.

Another remarkable assertion from the same informant made a lasting impression. According to him, united Germany would not have endured very long, if it had not been for the rapid rise of the German steel industry and of other German industries which followed in its wake. The organization of Germany as an economic unit secured the organization of Germany as a political unit. He summed it up by saying that Bismarck and Moltke had raised the structure of the German Empire, but that Gilchrist Thomas had built a steel ring around it which prevented it from falling to pieces. He added then a corollary to this startling statement, and I repeat it here in the form of a question. If the scientific research of a young clerk in a London police court, who studied chemistry in a London evening school, could do so much for Germany, how much can one reasonably ex-

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pect from the great research laboratories of the German universities and technical schools? This, according to my informant, had become a national question in Germany. This information reminded me that the great movement in Great Britain and in the United States for higher scientific research was also present in Germany, but in a much more advanced form. My informant called my attention to Werner von Siemens's pioneer work in this German movement.

Werner von Siemens.
1816–1892.

Ernest Werner von Siemens was at that time, next to Helmholtz, the most admired scientist in the German Empire. He was the head of a great electrical plant in the heart of Berlin, and was known everywhere to possess a splendid combination of talents in abstract science and engineering. Men of that type were quite rare in those days, and they are very rare even today. I heard a great deal about him in a course of lectures on electrical engineering which I attended at the Polytechnic School of Berlin. I saw him several times, when he called at the Physical Institute on his friend and relative by marriage, Excellenz von Helmholtz. His remarkable appearance made a strong impression upon me, and I longed to see his great plant, where all kinds of electrical things were made, from the finest electrical precision instruments to the largest types of dynamos and motors, many of them his own inventions. As a sign of special favor Helmholtz gave me a note of introduction

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to his distinguished friend, who received me graciously and gave me to an official who took me around the great electrical plant, the first that I had ever seen. The impression which it made upon my mind was certainly wonderful, but not more wonderful than the impression which the great personality of Siemens made upon me. The more I learned about him the more I became convinced that no industrial organization ever had a presiding genius of greater attainments than Siemens. His attitude toward abstract science and its relation to the industries is best described by mentioning here a fact which is of great significance in the history of physical science. He founded in that year, 1887, the great Physical-Technical Institute, and presented it to the German nation; Helmholtz was its first president. The modern science of radiation rests upon a foundation first laid by Kirchhoff and greatly strengthened by additional experimental data obtained in this institute under the guidance of Helmholtz. Planck, the successor of Kirchhoff at the University of Berlin, already in office before I left Berlin, was undoubtedly inspired by these experiments when he formulated his great law of radiation which forms to-day the last word in the science of radiation, a great science which justly bears the mark "made in Germany," just as the electromagnetic theory bears the mark "made in England." The Physical-Technical Institute will always stand as a memorial to the man who preached in Germany the doctrine of the closest co-operation between abstract science and the industries. Germany adopted it first; the United States adopted it many years later. Helmholtz and Siemens always represented to me the highest symbol of this co-operation.

Bismarck and Moltke, Helmholtz and Siemens, were the great power which the young German eagle had discovered in his pinions, and he flew as he had never flown before, and his flight astonished me when I was a student in Berlin. He who wants to know the real Germany of the eighties should study the lives of Bismarck and Moltke, of Helmholtz and Siemens. They, I firmly believed at that time, were the leaders of the German constructive thought and action; they were the fathers of united Germany just as Washington and Hamilton, Franklin and Jefferson, were the fathers of this country. But would the spiritual influence of the fathers of united Germany produce a German Lincoln? I knew the historical background of the Declaration of Independence and also its historical foreground too well to answer this question in the affirmative. Extraordinary men can do extraordinary things, but the course of a nation's destiny will always be guided not by transient efforts of one or even of several extraordinary men of a given period but by the persistent power of the nation's traditions.

My visit to Paris was to supply me with more knowledge of the academic world of France, and also with some fresh food for thought relating to my problem in physical chemistry, and it did in a measure. But the current of thought which was started by some of the strongest mental stimuli which I received in Paris had nothing to do with either physical chemistry or with academic France; it ran into German channels which I described above. These were the channels which ran through the minds of most university men in Germany, and in these channels every problem in art, science, and literature was viewed at that time from the standpoint of German economic and political unity. My German scientific friends, particularly those in eastern Prussia, where I spent the summer vacation of 1887, would rather discuss those problems than the problems in physical chemistry or in the electromagnetic theory. It took me some time after my return from Paris to get back completely to my research in physical chemistry. But no sooner had I gone back to it than the irresistible power of the current of big events, following each other in quick succession, took me away from it again. I shall describe them in their historical order, but only in so far as they are related to the main thread of my narrative.

One of the many sources of inspiration at the University of Berlin was the Physical Society which met once a month at the Physical Institute. The research students of the institute were admitted

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to these meetings, and one can imagine what an inspiration it was to them to see and to hear the scientists like Kirchhoff, the great mathematical physicist, Du-Bois Reymond, the great physiologist, Hoffman, the great chemist, and Helmholtz, the greatest of them all. I often imagined while attending these meetings and listening to the learned remarks of these scientific giants, that I was a lucky mortal who by some strange accident had found himself suddenly among the great heroes in Walhalla. Helmholtz usually presided, and his impressive physiognomy suggested a Wotan presiding at a gathering of the Teuton gods in Walhalla. Whenever I hear Wagner's Walhalla motif I am reminded of those memorable scenes in the Physical Institute in Berlin, the scenes of victory of the immortal mind of man over mortal matter.

At one of those meetings, which took place toward the end of 1887, many scientific giants of the university were present and Helmholtz presided. There was an atmosphere of expectancy as if something unusual was going to happen. Helmholtz rose and looked more solemn than ever, but I noticed a light of triumph in his eyes; he looked like a Wotan gazing upon the completed form of heavenly Walhalla, and I felt intuitively that he was about to disclose an unusual announcement, and he did. Referring to Doctor Heinrich Hertz, a former pupil of his and at that time professor of physics

Heinrich Hertz.
1857–1894.

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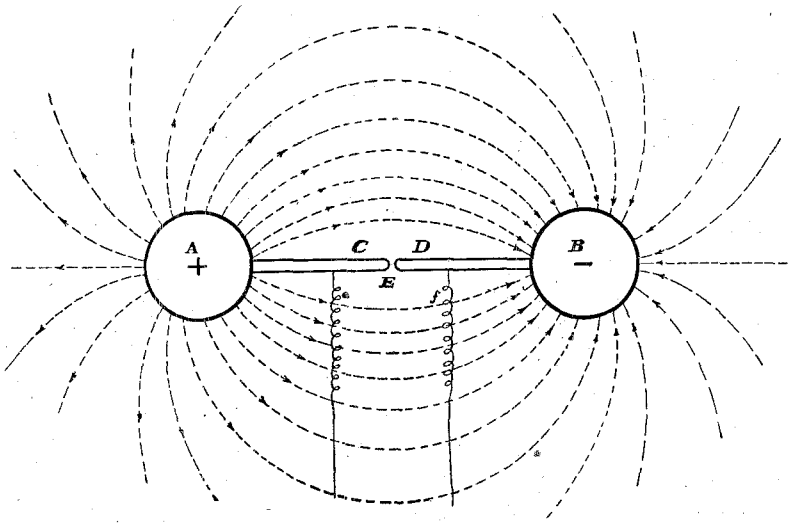
at the Technical High School in Karlsruhe, Helmholtz solemnly announced that he would describe some remarkable experimental results which Hertz had obtained by means of very rapid electrical oscillations. He then described in his inimitable way a preliminary report which Hertz had sent him, pointing out, in a most lucid manner, the bearing of these experiments upon the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory, and

netic theory can be described in very simple terms. The wonderful achievements of radio broadcasting alone, to say nothing of other much more important achievements, demand this description. That idea, like the tiny seed hidden in a beautiful flower, lay hidden in Faraday's visions and in Maxwell's wonderful, but to most ordinary mortals, enigmatic interpretation of them. Hertz, guided by his great teacher, Helmholtz, caught the



The Hertzian Oscillator.

affirming that these experiments furnished a complete experimental verification of that remarkable theory. Everybody present was thrilled, particularly when Helmholtz closed with a eulogy of his beloved pupil, Hertz, and with a congratulation to German science upon the good fortune of adding another "beautiful leaf to its laurel wreath." That thrill soon reached the physicists in every physical laboratory in the world, and for a number of years after that memorable announcement most investigators in physics were busy repeating the beautiful Hertzian experiments. The radio of today is an offshoot of those experiments.

This is no place to go into a detailed description of what Hertz did. The fundamental idea underlying his beautiful research and its relation to the Faraday-Maxwell far-reaching electromag-

hidden seed and out of it grew a physic embodiment of the Faraday-Maxwe theory, represented by ideally simple a paratus, operating in an ideally simp way. The apparatus and its operation a now the heart and soul of a new art, the r dio art, a beautiful daughter of the beau ful mother, the Faraday-Maxwell electr magnetic science. The following descri tion of Hertz's apparatus and of its oper tion was the theme of popular lectur and of many conversations which I h with my friends who were not physicis by profession. It represents quite close the simple picture which I carried aw in my mind from that memorable meeti of the Berlin Physical Society thirty-s years ago.

Two equal metal spheres *A* and *B*, each twel inches in diameter, and each carrying copper r *C* and *D*, are placed as indicated in the diagr

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given on page 570. At *E* is an opening of about three-tenths of an inch in length, the so-called *air-gap*. By means of two wires *e* and *f* connected to an electrical machine, the spheres are charged, one receiving a positive electrical charge denoted by the (+) sign, and the other a negative one, denoted by the (−) sign. The air-gap *E* insulates one sphere from the other, and its function is to make it possible for the electrical machine to increase the two charges until a very high electrical tension is reached. When the electrical tension between the two charges, acting through the air-gap *E*, is sufficiently high, then the insulating power of the air-gap is overstrained and suddenly it breaks down and becomes conductive and permits the two charges to rush toward each other. The conductivity of the air-gap suspends the action of the charging machine. A current passes then between the two spheres along the rods and through the air-gap *E* which is heated by the current to white heat. It becomes then a very good conductor and permits the charges to pass through it easily. The collapse of the air-gap is reported by the sharp crack of the electrical spark which is due to the very sudden heating and expansion of the air in the air-gap produced by the passage of the electrical current. It is a miniature lightning. The two charges reunite, the spheres are discharged, and after that the air-gap *E* recovers quickly from its breakdown and becomes an insulator again. The process is then repeated by the action of the machine and a rapid succession of sparks can be maintained, each one of them announcing by the crack of the spark the reunion of the charges that had been pulled apart and forced to the surfaces *A* and *B* by the action of the electrical generator.

All this was known long before Hertz. The first experiment of this kind I saw in Panchevo in my boyhood days, when my Slovenian teacher Kos explained to me the theory of lightning according to the views of Benjamin Franklin, a theory which clashed with the St. Elijah legend of Idvor and nearly proved me guilty of heresy. But there was something in these electrical discharges that Benjamin Franklin did not know, and that knowledge was first suggested by another great American scientist, a greater scientist even than Benjamin Franklin was in his day.

As far back as 1842 our own Joseph Henry performed experiments similar to those performed by Hertz, and he inferred, prophetically, that the discharge was oscillatory. Nobody ever suggested this idea before, but Henry's experiments permitted such an inference. Its oscillatory character was then demonstrated mathematically in 1853 by Professor William Thomson of Glasgow, and his calculation was proved to be correct by many experimental tests covering a period of over twenty-five years, and thus the electrical oscillator, similar to the one employed by Hertz, became a well-known apparatus.

What, then, was the novel element in the Hertzian work? It was, broadly speaking, his demonstration that the space surrounding the oscillator (the spheres with their rods) participates in the electrical oscillations in perfect agreement with the Faraday-Maxwell theory; a participation which was foreign to all previous electrical theories. In other words, he detected in the old electrical-oscillation experiments a new action, never detected nor even dreamed of before. He discovered the electrical waves in the space outside of the oscillator. Remembering the impression which Helmholtz's lecture on Faraday made upon my mind, I was certain at that time that nobody in Continental Europe but one of Helmholtz's pupils like Hertz could have predicted that there was in these well-known electrical oscillations a new action, an action demanded by the Faraday-Maxwell theory. A simple analogy will, I trust, help much to illustrate the new action which Hertz expected when he started out to search for an experimental test of the modern electromagnetic theory. No scientific expedition ever started out in search of scientific treasures and returned with a richer load.

Here is the analogy:

If by the force of our fingers we deflect the ends of the prongs of a tuning-fork and then let go, the prongs will return to their normal position after performing a number of vibrations of gradually diminishing amplitude. The state of rest is reached when the energy of bending, produced by the work of our fingers, has been expended, partly in overcoming the internal friction in the tuning-fork, partly in overcoming the reactions of the surrounding medium, the air; this last effect results in sound-waves which are radiated off into space. The stiffness and the mass of the prongs of the fork determine the period of vibration, that is, the pitch of the fork.

I confess that in the course of my life since my Berlin days I afforded considerable amusement to my friends whenever I tried to explain to them the Hertzian experiments by appealing to what I considered a well-known action of the tuning-fork. Some of them objected on the ground that this action is just as difficult to understand as the action of the Hertzian oscillator. I met this objection by describing to them the action of the reed in Serbian bagpipes which I watched when I was a boy, and understood sufficiently well to

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recognize later in the action of the tuning-fork a performance similar to that of the reed in the Serbian bagpipes. I understood the tuning-fork because I understood the reed. An educated American, I claimed, should find no difficulty in understanding the action of a simple mechanism which an uneducated Serbian peasant boy understood.

The Hertzian electrical oscillator, described above, acts like the tuning-fork. The process of pulling apart the two charges, the positive from the negative, and of forcing them to the surface of the spheres by the action of the electrical machine, is a parallel to the process of deflecting by the pressure of our fingers the prongs of the tuning-fork from their normal position. In one case the tuning-fork by its elastic stiffness reacts against the bending of the prongs. In the electrical case the electrical lines of force in the space surrounding the oscillator react against the action of the machine which crowds them into this space by stretching and compressing them. This is the picture of the action of the lines of force which Faraday gave me on the island of Arran, but I did not understand it. In the picture the dotted curves are the Faraday lines of force and the arrow-heads indicate the direction of the electrical force. The Hertzian oscillator, and what Helmholtz had told me before, made Faraday's language and thoughts much more intelligible. The work done by the machine is all expended upon the stretching and compressing of the lines of force into the space outside of the spheres, that is, upon the *electrification of that space.*

Compare now the motion of the tuning-fork, after the pressure of the fingers has been removed, to the electrical motion when the air-gap has broken down and the action of the electrical generator been suspended. The prongs are driven back to their normal position by the elastic reaction due to the bending; but when they reach that position they are moving with a certain velocity, and their momentum carries them beyond that position; they move on until the energy of the moving mass has been expended in the work of bending the prongs in the direction opposite to that of the original bending. The prongs begin then to move back in the opposite direction, starting the second cycle of motion. The same line of reasoning will carry us into the third and fourth and every succeeding cycle of motion. It is obvious that these cycles will follow each other during equal intervals of time, which gives a definite pitch to the tuning-fork. A periodic motion of this type is called an oscillation or vibration; and it is clear that it is a periodic transformation of the energy of elastic bending into energy of motion of the mass of the prongs including the surrounding air, and vice versa. The motion is finally reduced to rest when the energy of bending, produced at the start by the work of the fingers, has been used up. The question, what has become of that energy? is very important in this connection. The answer is: It is used up partly in overcoming internal friction and *partly in overcoming the reactions of the surrounding air, which result in sound-waves.* A sound-wave is a short name describing the physical fact that in the air there are compressions and dilatations alternating at periodically recurring intervals. The production of sound-waves in the air is a proof that the air in the space surrounding the tuning-fork participates in the motions of the tuning-fork.

A perfectly analogous experiment was performed by Hertz with his electrical oscillator, and his principal object was to find whether the electrical field, that is, the electrified space surrounding the oscillator, reacted as did the air driven by the vibrating tuning-fork; if it did it would develop electrical waves. If these electrical waves actually existed, what did Hertz expect them to be? In the description of the oscillator and of its action, given above, two things only were mentioned: the action of the electrical machine which charges the oscillator and the reaction of the lines of force against the tensions and pressures which crowd them into the surrounding space. The electrical waves can, therefore, be nothing else than periodic variations of the tensions and pressures in the lines of force, that is to say periodic variations in the density of the lines of force in the space surrounding the oscillator. This was what Hertz had found.

The breakdown of the air-gap in the electrical oscillator and the consequent suspension of the action of the electrical generator is analogous to the removing of the pressure of the fingers from the prongs of the tuning-fork. The electrical charges on the spheres with the lines of force attached to them, strained by tensions and compressions, are released, and they move toward each other through the conducting air-gap. Just as the prongs of the tuning-fork, after the pressure of the fingers has been removed, cannot remain in the strained position in which they have been bent, so the electrical lines of force, after the insulating air-gap has broken down and the action of the machine been suspended, cannot remain in the position to which they are stretched; they contract, and hence their positive terminals on one sphere and the negative on the other move toward each other. The motion of the strained lines of force with their terminals, the charges on the spheres, has a momentum. Maxwell was the first to show that the momentum of the moving electrical lines of force is equal to the number of magnetic lines of force which, according to Oersted's discovery, are produced by the motion of the electrical lines of force.

The motion of the electrical lines of force has not only momentum but also energy. Employing Faraday's mode of expression we can say that the electrical energy of the stretched electrical lines of force is thus transformed into energy of the electrical motions. This is perfectly analogous to the passage of the elastic energy of the bent prongs of the tuning-fork into the energy of motion of the moving mass of these prongs. Again, just as the momentum of the moving mass of the tuning-fork bends the prongs in the opposite direction and continues this bending until that motion has disappeared, so the momentum of the moving electrical lines of force will stretch again the electrical lines of force and continue this stretching until this energy of motion has disappeared, when the two spheres are charged again, but in the direction which is opposite to that in the beginning. A new cycle of electri-

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motion is then started again by the stretched electrical lines of force, repeating itself in an oscillatory fashion until the original electrical energy, produced by the charging electrical machine, has disappeared.

But where has the energy gone? This question is just as important in this case as it was in the case of the tuning-fork. The old electrical theories answered this question one way, and Maxwell, inspired by Faraday, answered it in another. The old theories maintained that there is no other electrical motion except the motion of the charge along the conducting surface of the spheres and the rods. They paid no attention to the motion of the lines of force, because they knew nothing about them. Their vision did not see the lines themselves but only their terminals, the charges. Hence, according to the old theories, all of the energy imparted by the machine is transformed into heat in the conducting parts of the oscillator.

Hertz was the first to prove that a part of the energy is radiated off into space, in a similar manner as the energy of a tuning fork is radiated off in the form of sound waves. He detected in the space surrounding the oscillator the presence of electrical waves, that is, periodically recurring variations of the density of the electrical lines of force; he measured their length, and, having calculated the period of his oscillator, he divided the wave-length by the period and obtained the velocity of propagation. It came out, in his earliest experiments, roughly equal to the velocity of light, as the Faraday-Maxwell theory had predicted. The waves were reflected and refracted by insulators denser than air, and all these and other effects Hertz demonstrated to follow the laws which hold good for light, supporting admirably Maxwell's theory that light is an electromagnetic disturbance. Even this preliminary report which Hertz had sent to Helmholtz convinced everybody that the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory had triumphed, and that our knowledge of electromagnetic phenomena had been wonderfully extended. Subsequent experiments by Hertz and others added more and more laurels to this first victory.

That meeting of the Physical Society in Berlin was what I always considered the inauguration day of the electromagnetic theory. Prior to that day the theory existed in all its beautiful completeness, but it dwelt on high in the celestial heights of Faraday and Maxwell. Continental physicists needed the guidance of a Helmholtz to reach these heights. After that day it came down to earth and lived among mortal men and became part of their mode of thought. It was a heavenly gift which Hertz brought down to earth. Everybody was convinced that the science of light had become a part of the science of electricity.

This new knowledge was the second great revelation of the nineteenth century. The wonderful things which followed in its wake, even before the nineteenth century had closed, testify to the greatness of that revelation.

I have often asked myself the question, Why did not our Joseph Henry, who discovered the oscillatory electrical motions and operated with apparatus similar to that employed by Hertz, pursue his studies further than he did in 1842? and why did not Maxwell, the formulator of the modern electromagnetic science, perform those ideally simple experiments which Hertz performed? The knowledge of the electrical oscillator was the same in 1865 as in 1887, and Maxwell undoubtedly had that knowledge. History offers an answer to these questions and this answer throws a splendid light upon the character of these two great scientists.

Soon after 1842 Joseph Henry resigned his professorship at Princeton College, and bade good-by to his laboratory where he had made several of his splendid discoveries, and where he had constructed and operated the first electromagnetic telegraph, one of the practical results of his great discoveries. This happened long before Morse had ever been heard of. Henry's fame among men of science was very great and promised to grow even greater if he continued his scientific researches. He was still in his prime, only a few years over forty. But a patriotic duty called him to Washington, where the Smithsonian Institution waited for his skilled hand to organize it and to defend it against the scheming politician. This duty tore him away from his be-

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loved laboratory, and he spent the rest of his life, over thirty years, in Washington as secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, as originator of most of the national scientific bureaus of which this country is proud to-day. He was also the first president of the National Academy of Sciences, chartered by Congress in 1865, thanks to the efforts of Joseph Henry. Physical science under his leadership had rendered valuable service to the country during the Civil War, and the congressional charter to the National Academy of Sciences was a graceful recognition of this service. I have already pointed out Joseph Henry's splendid efforts for the advancement of scientific research in this country and shall return to it later. He was a great scientist, but he was also a great patriot; his country stood first and his own scientific achievements and fame stood second in his heart. That, I am sure, was the reason why he did not pursue any further than he did his researches of electrical oscillations. I will mention here that one of the most gratifying results of my humble efforts was the naming of an electrical unit after his name. My colleague, the late Professor Francis Bacon Crocker of Columbia University, joined me most enthusiastically in these efforts, and the Electrical Congress in Chicago in 1893, at which Helmholtz presided, adopted the name Henry as the unit of electrical inductance; the unit Farad was named in honor of Faraday. No other electrical units are in more frequent use than the Farad and the Henry, particularly in the radio art. No other men contributed to this art as much as Faraday and Henry did.

Maxwell resigned his professorship at King's College, London, at the end of 1865, soon after he had communicated to the Royal Society his great *memoir* on the electromagnetic theory. The electromagnetic theory of light which, as I pointed out before, he had called "great guns" in a letter addressed to a friend, was the climax of it. He retired to his country place, Glenlair, in Scotland; and for five years he was free to devote his entire time to study and meditation. That was the highest joy of his life. But the Duke of Devonshire, a loyal Cambridge man, had presented the university with a goodly sum of money for the building and equipment of a physical laboratory. It was to be named the Cavendish laboratory, after Lord Cavendish, the Duke's illustrious ancestor, who had devoted his life to electrical science. This gift was the Duke's response to the Cambridge movement in favor of scientific research. Maxwell was called to Cambridge to become the director of the new laboratory, and he responded, knowing well that, from that moment on, most of his time would be devoted to organization and administration. Duty to his university, and to the cause of scientific research in Great Britain, stood higher in his heart than the experimental demonstration of his great theory; that was certainly one of the reasons why Maxwell did not perform those ideally simple experiments which Hertz performed. But as director of the Cavendish laboratory he had trained a number of men, in order to prepare them to push on the line of advance where he had left it, and one of them, in particular, was soon to take the leadership in the rapid development of the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory.

The examples of Henry and of Maxwell must have been in Andrew White's mind when in 1873 he spoke those memorable words which I quoted before and will quote here again:

> I will confine myself to the value, in our political progress, of the spirit and example of some of the scientific workers of our day and generation. What is the example which reveals that spirit? It is an example of *zeal*, . . . of *thoroughness*, of *bravery*, . . . of *devotion to duty* without which no scientific work can be accomplished, . . . of *faith* that truth and goodness are inseparable.

The Hertzian experiments created quite an upheaval in the research programme of the Physical Institute; everybody seemed anxious to drop his particular subject of research and try his hand at the Hertzian waves. Several candidates for the doctor's degree yielded, but I resisted and returned to my problem in physical chemistry and plodded along as if nothing had happened. I was very anxious to finish my research, get my doctor's degree, and return to the United States. But I soon found out that there are currents in human life which can influence the course of life of a

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young scientist much more powerfully even than a new and powerful current of thought in physical sciences.

During the first two months of 1888, Nikola, the Bosnian Serb, began to look worried. He informed me confidentially that he had received bad news about the health of his great "comshiya," the aged Kaiser. The audiences at the palace were separated by longer and longer intervals, and Habel's long table began to look deserted; the old generals with their splendid uniforms were conspicuously absent and the historic chop-house began to look commonplace. The daily parades of the guards were finally suspended, and there were no expectant crowds in front of the Imperial palace. The gay life of Unter den Linden became very much subdued. Finally the historic event occurred: the great emperor died on March 9, 1888. Berlin went into mourning and prepared for a funeral such as Germany had never seen before. "I have secured a balcony for you and your friends right over my store," said Nikola; "I want you and your friends to see the funeral procession as my guests." His grief over the death of the old emperor was really pathetic. He wanted me and my American friends to see the great procession which, according to his gloomy forebodings, was to mark the first step downward in the wonderful development of the German Empire. When, consoling him, I pointed out the well-known virtues of Crown Prince Frederick, he took hold of his larynx and his gesture indicated that he expected the death of the Crown Prince from his incurable malady. "What then?" I asked him. He answered: "Ask your Bismarck and Moltke, Helmholtz and Siemens; they are your oracles, perhaps they can answer your question; no ordinary mortal can."

Nikola had never met my American friends whom he mentioned in his invitation, but he had heard a great deal about them. My classmate at Columbia, A. V. Williams Jackson, now the distinguished Orientalist and professor at Columbia University, was at that time in the University of Halle, studying with the great Orientalist, Professor Geltner. He had visited me in Berlin and I returned his visit by spending with him a week-end at Halle. This was shortly before the great Kaiser's death. Jackson's mother and two sisters were there on a longer visit, and for two days I felt that I was back in New York again, and I was supremely happy. On the way back to Berlin I could not dismiss from my mind the memory of my mother's words: "You must marry an American girl if you wish to remain an American, which I know you do." Ever since my return from Halle, I could hear these words ringing in my ear no matter where I was; in my lodgings, in the laboratory, in the lecture-rooms, or even in Nikola's store. Nikola had read my thoughts, and when he mentioned my American friends he meant Jackson and his mother and sisters at Halle. Well, they came, they saw, and they conquered. One of Jackson's sisters went to Italy during that spring and I followed; she returned to Berlin to join her mother and I followed; she went to the island of Norderney, in the North Sea, to spend a part of the summer season, and I followed. The Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory and the Hertzian experiments, my research in physical chemistry, and the learned essays of Helmholtz and Willard Gibbs, and of all the other fathers of physical chemistry, disappeared from my mind as if they had never been there. The only problem that could find a place there was the question: Will she accept me? She finally did, and I made a bee-line for New York, in order to find out how soon I could get a job there.

The Columbia authorities were organizing at that time a new department in the School of Mines, the Department of Electrical Engineering, and they were glad to see me and consult me about it. It was to start its work a year from that time, that is, the end of September, 1889. I was offered a position in it as "Teacher of Mathematical Physics in the Department of Electrical Engineering." A very long title, indeed, but such it was and an interesting bit of history is attached to it. I accepted gladly and hurried back to Europe proud as a peacock. My fiancée and her family met me in London and I was married in the Greek church, according to the rites of the Orthodox faith, the faith of my mother and of all my ancestors.

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"Marriage gives that fulness to life which nothing else can give," said Helmholtz when I saw him again in Berlin and informed him that I was married and that I had been promised an academic position at Columbia College. He approved my dropping the experimental research and substituting in its place a mathematical research in physical chemistry. This research was finished in the early spring and I sent it to Helmholtz who was then in Baden-Baden. He telegraphed: "Your successful effort approved and accepted." Never before nor since did I ever receive a telegram which made me more happy. The examinations gave me no serious trouble, and in the late spring of that year I had my doctor's degree and became a citizen in the world of science. The three theses which, according to old German custom, every candidate seeking promotion to the dignity of a doctor of philosophy must frame and defend publicly are given here, in order to show my final mental attitude which was formulated by my scientific studies in Europe.

I. Instruction in Physics in the preparatory schools should be as much as possible a practical one.

II. The Thermodynamic methods of Gibbs, von Helmholtz, and Planck, form the most reliable foundation for the study of those physical processes which we cannot analyze by ordinary dynamics.

III. The Electromagnetic Theory of Light deserves more attention than it has received so far in university lectures.

Usually these theses, appended to German doctor dissertations, are not taken very seriously either by the candidate, who is to be promoted, or by anybody else. But I took my theses very seriously. The first summed up President Barnard's doctrine relating to scientific instruction, which I described before in connection with my description of the American movement favoring scientific research in American colleges and universities; the second summed up my admiration for the new science of physical chemistry first started by our own Josiah Willard Gibbs; and the third summed up my love for the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic science. On these three questions in physical science I had, I thought, quite clear and definite ideas; and that gave me much confidence that I was about to return to the United States sufficiently equipped to render service in return for some of the many favors which I had received.

As the ship which carried me back to the United States entered New York Harbor I saw on my right Castle Garden; it looked the same as it did fifteen years before, when I first entered on the immigrant ship, and it reminded me of that earlier day. I said to my bride, who was standing by my side, that I did not carry much more money into New York Harbor than I did fifteen years before, when I first looked upon Castle Garden, and yet I felt as rich as a Crœsus. I felt, I told her, that I owned the whole of the United States, because I was sure that the United States owned me; that I had an ideal American bride, who had assured me that I had lived up to the standards of an ideal American bridegroom; and that I had a fine position in a great American institution and strong hopes of filling it to everybody's satisfaction. I enumerated all these and other things to my bride and wound up by saying, jokingly: "I have also some prospects which modesty prevents me from mentioning," and then added: "These are the only worldly goods with which I thee endow."

(To be continued.)

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"Pierrot, Rêveur"

BY STANLEY OLMSTED

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE AVISON

BOBBSON'S PROLOGUE

THERE is a little verse, known in the original to many thousand German Americans, and touched off by a poet-chief in some interim of his work on a meandering dithyrambic known as "Faust." It is a quatrain and it upholds a comforting theory. You must, says or implies the verse, eat your bread with tears. You must sit all the long night weeping upon your bed. These things must you do before you can know anything particular about a non-commercial asset of dreamers and ne'er-do-wells, sometimes called the divine afflatus. "Heavenly powers," the quatrain terms it, at the same time intimating that it is only to be wooed with infinite sighing.

I hugged this verse to my heart. It soothed my conscience. Upon my hall-room bed I sat and wept and the hour was two-thirty. Already I had wept a quarter of an hour, but the night was getting longer than it had set out to be. There was good and steady work ahead.

Exceeding sadness had made me careless. I had not taken the precaution of closing my door. Moreover, the night was sultry, and in West Forty-as-happeneth Street ventilation is apt to be bad unless you get the straight draft from your single window. All-night tears have surely the right to be shed as comfortably as possible.

My costume for this occasion was nondescript. I had removed my collar, half removed my necktie, and drawn on the striped top piece of my pajamas with the pompon buttons of Pierrot. I believe I had taken off one shoe and replaced it by a bedroom slipper. This shoe, if I remember rightly, had pulled hard. I had rolled high the trousers leg just above it. At exactly this point disrobing had suddenly appeared a useless, an inconsequential, even an irreverential, act. At the slipper, therefore, I had stopped short to surrender myself to meditation and ennobling sobs.

Out in the hallway the single gas-jet had been automatically regulated by a careful landlady to a blue pin-point picked out in blackest obscurity. You could turn it out, but you could not turn it up. The blazing light from my hall-room burner must have flooded through my door, half ajar as it was. To one ascending the final flight of stairs leading directly to me, I was doubtless as a symbolic figure in high relief under the glare of a calcium.

"Well, Bobbs," I heard some one say. "In bad again!"

I may state here that my name is Herkomer Bobbson; invariably shortened to Bobbs by friendships transient or otherwise.

"Leave me alone," I insisted, as Tupton stepped inside to me and closed the door. "Oh, just leave me alone!"

Tupton occupied the large front room, from which at some time or other my alcove had been boarded off. He spoke with his usual deliberation and, as often these evenings, he was in evening dress.

"Leave you alone? I don't think so. Too much loose lubrication. Here's as fine a cigar as a theatrical producer ever buys for anybody when he wants something done for nothing. Smoke it up, Bobbs—smoke it up! And do try to look more at the dark side of things. You see things too rosily. That's why you so enjoy your despair. Don't. You can't afford it.

"This evening," I said between choking sobs—"this evening I saw th' first highball I've seen in six weeks! Think of it, Tup! Six weeks, and never a h-h-highball until thish mortal e-e-venin'! And I

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was taken to th' opera—you know what that means to me! I wash tak'n to th' opera—understand? Yesh," I blubbered, conscious but heedless that my enunciation was gradually getting worse, "opera, —highballsh—everything! And I tell you, Tup, I can't stand it. I jesh c-c-an't stand it."

Once more I was overcome. The cuddled child makes utmost of its hurt.

"I was treated white," I went on to explain, at the same time feeling a gentle tug at the unremoved shoe the while Tupton held my foot between his knees. "It's jesh too much for any poor devil like me to hear great music and at the same time be treated white. . . ."

"And the trousers!" Tupton directed; "here—I'll help you about them, too."

He had planted the cigar between my teeth and applied the match. Its aroma came lavingly through my nostrils. To what he was saying I gave flattering absorbed attention.

"Neat striped pajamas these! All nicely starched, too—glad you could get your laundry out this week—life is never all bad so long as a man can get his laundry. Yes, Bobbs—I've been supping with a Broadway producer—thought he'd talk all night too, trying to make his little game look to me like mine. By the way —malapropos rather—how goes it with your peerless Margaret?"

I perceived his satire all at once. The fellow was trying to insult me. Being now seated on the edge of my own cot, neatly and decently rearranged for my repose, I went reckless. I let my eye flash fire. My thoughts were preternaturally clear. I could feel my enunciation improving. "Tupton," I told him, "life's jesh a wanton glimmerin'—but you can't feaze me. I know you're playwright who's had his firsht play tak'n. I know you're a cub-reporter like I was, only instead of drifting out like me into th' advertisin' for a mushroom sheet published weekly for non-s'bscribing millionaires of th' four hundred—n-n-nothin' like that! N-n-nothin'! You've jesh fastened y'r right forefinger in the gill of the great Broadway graft. But you can't feaze me. Th' embassy of th' elect 's ordained t' suffer. If 't wasn't up to me t' suffer I'd jesh be all I ought t' be! I'd jesh be O. K. number one like anybody else—and Margaret Eden 'd be——"

"Behave!" interrupted Tupton. "Of course, I hope you would be."

"Be what?" I challenged.

"Behaving," said he.

I subsided, losing the thread. I gathered myself in a near horizontal posture with a zigzag tendency. I clutched the cover with both hands so that it fell in heavy folds direct from my neck to the floor. "Go way," I said. "Jesh please g' 'way and lem-me—sleep."

I have no further recollection.

I—TUPTON'S ACCOUNT

Alack for the misfortune that stifles a man's purposes in his lethargies, making him see himself as something betwixt a joke, a fantasy, and a tragic symbol; a Pierrot shivering on the threshold of Columbine, thrumming his guitar by raucous moonlight.

Take now the case of Herkomer Bobbson. I was about to say *young* Herkomer Bobbson, but that he has no age. He depersonalizes age, just as he depersonalizes vice; just as his very face is a paradigm of upward slants and downward shadows and fleeting focusses, to confound you whether his expression be heavenly, or impish, or distraught. In point of actual years, he is doubtless two or three of them short of thirty.

I recall the Bobbson who was two or three of them short of twenty-five. He came up to town with poetry of a very untidily typewritten nature in his inner and outer coat-pockets. I call it poetry; without distinction, without equivocation. Some of it was verse and some of it was prose. But to me it was all a revelation of the kind of thing that may sometimes be done with no why or wherefore in the doing; the kind of thing that, having no justification, yet seems to justify itself; the kind of thing that, at all odds for the world's neglect, somehow proclaims itself as greater than the fame which may never touch it.

That may have been because I was an enthusiast. Perhaps I was no judge of anything five years ago. A play of mine had at last been accepted and produced, after years I had much rather forget than remember. Moreover, this play had been

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Drawn by George Avison.

"I wash tak'n to th' opera—understand?"—Page 578.

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a go. When that sort of thing has just happened to a man, his steadiness of judgment may be fundamentally shaken. The milk of his kindness having failed to pass the turning-point for bluish bitterness, may be saccharine and condensed. I believed in Bobbson. I believed in him to the degree where I foresaw failure for him.

He brought me a letter from a teacher, a professor and dean, indeed, in his college, who had been a classmate in mine. Also our colleges were one and the same, which farther bridged the gap, the while it emphasized the difference. I concealed the fatherly nature of my interest. I concealed my terror that Bobbson was a genius.

A productive power, as inspirational and capricious as his, labors under two enormous disadvantages. First, it is liable to be out of the spirit of the great public market, where such work is purchased according to laws of demand and supply as rigorous as fashions for women. But that is not the main difficulty. I have known men of Bobbson's stamp actually to create fashions in literature. The point is that their singleness of desire, to say nothing of their stolidity of endurance, was put to a pretty long and liberal test before they succeeded in doing it. And thus we come to the second and perhaps insuperable defect in Bobbson's make-up: his malleability; more, his fluidity. At will he could pour his faculty for expression into any mould. It could hold the force of none.

Most of us, for that matter, are but poor moths beating at a window-pane between ourselves and some little self-sought candle-flame. Bobbson fed, darkling, on his own light like a firefly, and felt himself afield. Around and rearward, we creep upon yet another of his bewilderments. To be mistrustful, nowadays, even though it be through unresolved loneliness of selfhood, is to be interpretable as misanthropic; and to be misanthropic is once again to fail of being marketable. Latter-day fashions of mind and morals have about settled it that you must see stars (stars of candle-flame, glass-protected) if you would see a square meal. Schopenhauer and his ilk have gone ringing down the abysses. Behind them echoes the cackling taunt of Billiken. It will be held, then, that Bobbson grew misanthropic and took it out in the harshest sort of cynic laughter.

In his case I will concede, in lieu of this, a sort of fatalistic defiance. He let it keep echoing through his soul that it *didn't matter;* and so it must have mattered a great deal. The only man to whom it will not is the man who will grind, day by day, as though the hinged universe must go rusty but for his oiling. For he is the only man with enough contempt for his soul to ignore its claim on his personal hospitality. On the whole, Bobbson failed utterly to grin and begin to win, because he kept laughing out loud, and loafing in the high and secret places of his thoughts. All this and more I misgave in prophetic fathoming, when Bobbson came up to New York with his poems, prose and verse, in his waistcoat pocket.

For the new and hopeful arrival in New York there is a great open road known as Newspaper Row. Whoever can, or thinks he can, may try. Bobbson did, of course, and, equally of course, he went wrong. It was a thing for which he had neither nostrils nor knockouts. Once in six weeks or so he could produce a special story which was a real work of art. Every real work of art presupposes at least one connoisseur who knows it for that. Somewhere in utopian realms may be that city editor who is a connoisseur. I happen to know that Bobbson's dismissal eventually came through *his* city editor's progressive psychic irritation. The man has admitted that he never knew whether Bobbson's "occasional Sunday" stuff belonged to the dry rot of the dead past, or to the higher sophistication of future generations. Assuredly it did not fit a defined and rather arbitrary cosmic plan regarded by the city editor in question as sufficiently up to date and elastic. According to this man's account, even unto this day, Bobbson is a sort of misadjustment between a dope diabolist and an all-round loafer. Yet I know a half dozen good Broadway philosophers, among whom I count myself, who clipped the "Blue Wine Dinner" story and carried it about; carried it, just as you might carry a purple amethyst you'd picked up somewhere in a gutter. To this day I cherish a form-

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less notion of turning it, somehow, into a play.

Let us make a long story short. Bobbson's newspaper career lasted two years. For two years more his life was semi-starvation, if his inherent habit of too little food and far, far too much drink may be so described. He would have described himself, conventionally, as a professional free-lance. And by that he would have meant that under a half dozen different names he tried to whip his delicately fluid gift into the prevalent office taste of a half dozen literary markets. When the frenzy was upon him—when the firefly drank its own light—he would write the thing he knew he could never sell, and later try to cheapen it in cold blood. Had he been a Frenchman scribbling in some café on Montmartre, even a Bavarian scrolling his secessionisms in the shadow of the Münchner Pinakothek, there would have been little cults to hail him as spokesman or prophet. Poverty would at least have worn Tyrian rags, their colors chrismed in the freedom of the city. But Manhattan! Manhattan feeds on its universality, which is of all mankind, if indeed it encompass not the heavens; Manhattan feeds ceaselessly, and fattens its provincialism forever! In Manhattan he was simply miscast.

It were comparatively well, alas, if that alone had failed him. For his Nemesis lay within as well as without. I have mentioned it already—Drink: in him a telltale grotesqueness, so commonplace as to compromise all dignity in his isolation. Drink: in him a bizarre accountant, tallying his riches to the zero of his jeering poverty.

And yet, so far as I can make out, no drop has passed his lips for six months past. I recall his last break with particular vividness; for I found him at two-thirty in the morning, maudlinly weeping and quoting Goethe: an abject bedside clown. Even in this condition, however, he seemed towed on a singular undercurrent which I should have defined as namelessly conscious and satirical. Absurd as he was to me, I could have sworn that the humor of his absurdity penetrated some detached half-somnolent view-point of his own. I could have sworn that he laughed at himself, as he wept with himself.

Van Allstyne was to blame. For over a month Bobbs had been steady. It appears that Van Allstyne (by Margaret Eden's advice, as I conjecture and believe) had given Bobbs a post with a small regular salary on the *advertising* (and not editorial) end of Van Allstyne's new weekly. To the career of advertising agent Bobbs was about as fitted as is, inversely, the average actor to the rôle of playwright or play critic. I cannot make it stronger.

Yet for more than a month Bobbs had kept sober under it. Who shall say why? It may have been his pride of employment with the one acknowledged suitor of Margaret Eden: poor Bobbson! Or it may have been new resolution, the sort of thing that comes to every man not wholly lost. At all events, he went about the thing with that sort of futile industry which writes its torture in grim lines under a quivering smile. I repeat Van Allstyne's is the brunt. It appears that he suddenly stooped from his social and editorial impeccability. To Bobbson, impoverished and negligible advertising agent, he extended a prentice hand of friendship. He was Bobbson's host at the opera, and at the wine-feast, thus adding exaltation to excitement in combustible material.

As the direct result I firmly expected Bobbson's next and probably final slump. I have been side-tracked with pleasurable surprise. In his present position he actually appears to have made good at last, and Van Allstyne has done much more than merely that. Indeed, Van Allstyne's success in a new and difficult field of semi-social, semi-æsthetic journalism has been the talk, well-nigh the sensation, of current magazine data.

I cannot quite forget the oddity. When Bobbson, plain down-and-outer, joined his advertising force, Van Allstyne was making his final stand. His venture looked like another *de mortibus*. Into it he was sinking the third and last small fortune that would be left him. His rumored prospective marriage with Margaret Eden had been indefinitely but manifestly set aside. This marriage is now announced for June. Vaguely my wonder grows with theorizing.

Of Bobbson, this half-year I have seen

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little or nothing until his present illness; and of that there is much, and little, to relate; much in little to deduce.

At ten o'clock, then, on Tuesday morning of this week, I tapped with some misgiving on the very thin wall dividing our rooms. He had not gone out. I could hear him intermittently talking to himself. That looked bad. Remembering his regularity of late, his half-year's habit of rising early and being off, I jumped at my conclusions; his good conduct had merely reached another of its foreordained halts. Moreover — though I heard him muttering—to my sharp rap on his door he still made no reply. I had had no breakfast. I decided to leave him with his recovery.

Later I returned to my room, my typemachine, and my work. At about one-thirty I arose from a first instalment of the day's fallow inspiration and made bold to open Bobbson's door and pry in upon him. He seemed to be lying wide-awake, staring at the ceiling. When I spoke he made no answer. But when I touched his forehead the fever scorched my finger-tips, and he spoke slow words which I recognized as delirious, though he said them calmly, uttering them into the untidy closeness of the room in a sort of dead monotone.

"*Pierrot, rêveur—il chante toujours—avec la crainte—crainte et terreur——*"

There was something uncanny in the sing-song swing he gave this little improvisation in a language not his own. He uttered it like a prelude. Then he began:

"Music and poetry, and guttural laughter, warred within me and made of my soul a devastation. Neither would that the other should live. But in Margaret lived only music, and so her soul blossomed like a votive garden, urging its prayer of color and perfume toward the sun."

It was but the raving of a sick man. Yet I knew what it might be interpreted as meaning and to whom he alluded. Miss Eden's image on my mind was vivid at his mention: vague, lissome Margaret, with eyes of so pale a purple they seemed lavender, and hair that oddly suggested gilt. My theory of her has always been that she consciously accentuates the note of lyric mediævalism in herself, imparting the notion that she has slipped slimly out of some illuminated lettering blazoning a Gregorian chant on parchment. The idea may have come from Bobbson, who once said she made him think of a G-clef signature affixed to some hymn by Monteverde. Bearing out the symbol, it has always been his habit to allude to those characteristic fantasies from her brush or pencil as "music," declaring that her intuition found not only the effects of harmonized sound, but the very science of counterpoint, to echo it back in color and line.

Miss Eden painted "Barcarolles," and "Nocturnes," and "Sonatas," and even "Symphonies." She did them for a living and, being protégéd of society (Van Allstyne's society), did very well with them. Personally I have always resented such foisted kinship, despite all the poetic delicacy of her carven and curved smudges of color. She had preceded Bobbson to New York by a duo of years, from their home city of Louisville. Their friendship, he was always careful to inform me, though dating back to their very early youth, had never been a love-affair. In the olden days it appears she had given him inspiration and encouragement: encouragement of that sisterly type nourishing to poets from Petrarch down and involving little emotional expenditure from anybody save the poet in question. I am inclined to think it was her presence, very possibly her advice, that brought him first to New York.

Yet by what devices has she ever sought to save him—what purpose strengthened for him, or even defined? It may have been prejudice on my part, but I could not but feel this girl's direct share in the havoc prone before me: in Bobbson lying thus, wandering, on his cot in this lodging-house bedroom, littered with tobacco-cans, cigarette stumps, wildernesses of old letters exhaling the odor of nicotine, odds and ends of typewriting! Sometime, offhandedly no doubt, she had given him a pastel of herself, by herself. It hung now upon his wall, framed in the deep mat of gold he had given it. I opened the upper blind of his one window, perceiving as I did so, for the thousandth time, how it cried aloud with deliberation of personality.

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Standing, as in this picture, simply upright, with the swaying stiffness of a flower stalk, her high white brow curled about with the softness of pale primroses, she had, I was convinced, projected herself on her inner vanity, and so accomplished the objective vision. It had been a technical feat. Again I remind myself of my prejudice. Admiration for Miss Eden seems to be universal. Few, I fancy, will be thus harsh——

Bobbson's fever being what it was, I summoned the nearest doctor.

This doctor inclined to the belief that Bobbson's rather serious condition might be due to an unusually prolonged lack of artificial stimulation on a nervous system thoroughly habituated. "Particularly," he added, "if he was working hard."

"I feel quite sure he was working hard," I said, "though I haven't been able to make out just what he's been working at. I have odd doubts on the subject, but I couldn't swear I've seen anything. He would have me think he's abandoned that sort of thing."

The doctor advised more light and air; so, with the assistance of good Mrs. Finckel, our rainy-day landlady, I moved Bobbs into my own room, and during this brief illness slept in his. It was in some attempt to bring his chaos to order, for my greater comfort, that Mrs. Finckel came upon and brought to me the revealing manuscript: thirty or forty poems, atrociously typed on thin paper, with Bobbson's corrections and interlineations. She had rescued them from the débris as something of possible value.

But I had every right to read them. For they were published already. They were yet warm with the sensation of their recent appearance in a thin anonymous volume, widely and openly attributed to Van Allstyne. And from neither Van Allstyne nor from Margaret Eden, whose name carried their dedication and who must have known, had come either explanation or denial.

As I conned through this little sheaf of verse again, and yet once again, there swept over me a great humility, a great remorse. I had not been the friend I might have been. Bobbson might fling himself to naught. He might tread the road to nowhere until the final overpowering. Let that be as it would. He had sounded a cry mingling all human anguish and exultance, to echo ringingly in the ears of mankind, gathering force along the ages.

The world knows these songs now; or begins to know them: for great inspirations like that must surge far and long, like a distant half-discovered sea, ere the ships of men find full sail upon them. Penetrant symbolism, limned with such innocence of intent in those lines, "Sleek Shadows by the Sun Made Bold"; love rapture caught netwise, shimmering in such sonnets as "The Air Hath Presage of My Lady's Way"; greatest of all, those bursts of pure improvisation, in strophes that well-nigh brawl, yet fill the night-tide and daylight with harmony rugged, and windy, and aromatic . . . *Pierrot, Rêveur! Pierrot, Rêveur!* . . . And through every syllable and line a lyric renunciation of the One Thing which might never be: a purposeless, hopeless passion for the One Woman, justifying the man as only he might be justified in a rite of tuneful crucifixion.

Meanwhile, however, I have phoned Van Allstyne, who, much to my surprise, has come in person. From him and the famous specialist he brings with him I learn that Bobbson has at best but a few fighting weeks to live. Diseased kidneys, cirrhosis of the liver, everything possible, apparently! It appears that Bobbson has been under the care of this specialist for months past. In Van Allstyne's anxious interest light breaks upon me touching the meteoric success of his weekly. But Bobbson shall tell me. Bobbson is rallying.

II—BOBBSON'S ACCOUNT

I write on, following Tupton's whim and my own obligation. He does Van Allstyne all injustice, and I must make that clear. Van Allstyne could not do otherwise. My will encompassed him, making of his great and requited love for Margaret Eden my easy implement. Only Tupton knows to what degree, in writing this for Tupton's eye alone, I rely upon his discretion permeating that mighty loyalty in his nature which gives him claim upon me.

To begin with, my very employment

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with Van Allstyne was an indirect result of Margaret Eden's friendship. I first met him at her studio. His club was within five minutes of Margaret's place, and when we both left at the same time (Sunday afternoon was her "day") we walked together as far as the corner.

He was a clean-looking lad, so blond and close-shorn as to suggest some daily and facile renewal of the process. In fact, he was, and is, a fine, glowingly pinkish specimen of manhood, in the later twenties, with an atmosphere distinctively of Manhattan when Manhattan has gotten into the blood as a tonic property. We talked commonplaces, but he mentioned *The Parasite*. It was his own nickname for the weekly he had founded, and we both laughed. Among ourselves we have never called it anything else. The result has been enormously beneficial. It has prevented our taking ourselves overseriously.

On that Sunday afternoon I had long been out of employment other than the production of generally unsalable rhyme and prose, and no doubt looked it, with realistic literalness. But Miss Eden has an amiable way of always justifying her friends for each other. Thus, I was not surprised to detect in the young editor that note of cordial tolerance which yet is not quite patronage. He did very well by me. Though he did not invite me inside his club, he suggested that I call on him sometime, socially, at his office. On the whole, he showed a far lesser degree of snobbishness than life, as misinterpreted by me, had trained me to expect.

Hardly a week later some intermittence of desperation directed my impulse toward *The Parasite* and Van Allstyne. My fetish was a job; his manner was of course several shades more distant. There was no editorial work. The scope of his paper was small, and he himself, he frankly admitted, had set out to be the Editorial Idea, with two capitals. He employed one assistant, Miss Pidgely, who did the weekly Paris letter, and held guard at the typewriter in the outer office. If I wanted to try the advertising, he had two men already, but was willing to take on a third at the same figure—twelve dollars a week guaranteed on the usual commission.

I accepted. I climbed to the locally figurative altitude known as the "water-wagon"—for me a vertiginous height—and kept steady for more than a month. Miss Pidgely became my confidential friend—within limitations. Sometimes I helped her with her Paris letter. Of Van Allstyne I saw increasingly less. His aloofness was delicate. *The Parasite* was not doing very well. Advertisements came hard. Every new one secured was like the pulling of a tooth to destroy an ache. The parallel is imperfect. The ache was not in the tooth. It was in the stomach, which save for its presence was occasionally quite empty, and never, or rarely, the reverse. For, within a fortnight after my advent, the weekly guarantee had been abandoned—supplanted by an arrangement allowing us a more liberal percentage on all the advertisements we could secure. It was obvious economy—for Van Allstyne. But I could not blame him. In more than one sense he was backing ever closer to a wall. I ascertained that much from Miss Pidgely.

Then one night, entirely to my surprise, Van Allstyne invited me to the opera. Hunger for great music is a ceaseless craving with too many of us who must listen to the canned article or not at all. Indeed, attempts at poetic speech in some of us are but the mandolin jangle of peak-capped nomads-of-the-moon—with nothing better. Van Allstyne suggested supper, or drinks, or both. Thirst in me had become an acute abstraction. A drink took the form of sinuous and irresistible beckoning. A drink was music, reduced to liquid definiteness.

Tupton put me to bed, with scant encouragement for my seismic languors. It was not his first samaritanism—I am sorry to have to confess it.

Next morning, at ten, I appeared gloomily enough at the office of *The Parasite*. Van Allstyne had not yet arrived. For that matter, he rarely came down before eleven, and generally speaking I saw him not oftener than once or twice a week, along toward six. The music had left no afterglow. Sitting at Van Allstyne's desk I began my day's itinerary. At the top of my list I annotated those places where my chance of being kicked out at first mention of *The Parasite* was strongest.

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Below these I jotted the names of potential advertisers who would show me the door with courtesy. The thing must get easier as my vitality and courage ebbed lower. For the wane of the day I reserved certain vicinities where was chance of meeting Tupton or some friend, acquaintance, or enemy, who might invite one to a twilight luncheon.

Planning my campaign thus, I looked up to see Van Allstyne regarding me with thoughtful, worried visage. He had softly closed the door leading out to Miss Pidgely.

"Bobbson," he began, drawing up a chair as though he were my visitor, "I took you to the opera last night."

"You did," I admitted. "I shall never know why, but you did!"

"And you had the acute delight of getting—well—er—many men seem to enjoy getting that way sometimes.

"It didn't cost me much," he added meditatively. "The music seemed to do half, and then——"

"Six black-and-whites," I repeated mechanically, "and four long beers."

Van Allstyne nodded. "They're excellent chasers. I say, Bobbson—you oughtn't to be getting ads! Plenty of material lies around loose, always ready to take a try at that. Didn't I understand from Miss Eden that you used to be a newspaper man?"

"Don't call it that," I protested. "A cub reporter who wrote poetry isn't——"

"Too much talent doubtless." Van Allstyne swept me aside. "There's a kind of thing certain people seem to fail at. Bobbson—I believe you could do the kind of thing I'm trying to do. I believe you could easily find the ideal I'm puzzling at. I've run every word of anonymous stuff you've sent in here—oh, don't start. And don't expect Pidgely to keep *that* kind of sensational secret. You'll recall I featured the poem. I've run it all and wished there were more. I wish it might be you editing this sheet instead of me."

I shook my head. "It would be a voodoo," I assured him with fidelity. "Anonymously speaking, I'm sometimes better, thank you. But my name's under some mystic curse. Things I touch fall apart."

"I know," he nodded. "But there's sometimes a kind of alchemy in failure; I mean there's a kind of thing that may be extracted like fine grains of gold when a man has let himself fall to pieces, or when his Nemesis has ground him to powder. I need that kind of gold. I need it badly just now. This magazine's not going as it ought. It's got to go. It's got to, I say!"

Van Allstyne had risen. His faultless exterior betrayed surprising intensity. As he talked on, he would walk three paces, and pause, and retrace his steps. "I'm the exact converse," he pursued, "of what you'll be before you're through—or at least before the world is through with you. You're going to succeed—on your tombstone anyhow!—because you've failed. I'm the kind of failure that floats naturally on the surface of success. Success has dogged my footsteps. My father got rich quick and died soon. When I ran through with that—or climbed beyond it (putting it socially)—a small piece of property out West—something I'd forgotten!—turned out to be big game. And so I kept on socially climbing. Now I'm at rock-bottom."

"Did you climb to that?" I ventured.

"It's odd"—he smiled wanly—"but you do—socially speaking. Then my grandaunt left me some more, in a spirit of Christian charity, and in the nick of time, and Margaret—Miss Eden, I mean—planned my career for me as a sort of distinctive species of editor with a new start. Now once again I'm nearly broke. *The Parasite's* got to pick up. It's got to, I say! It's got to—*now, by God!*"

"Van Allstyne," I finally allowed myself, "play an open hand. It's not society or being broke that's bothering you. Rock-bottom's better than Jack Beanstalk any day, and you talked last night, if you're not talking now, like a man who'd begun to see that much. I'm on to you, you see, but I want it from your lips. What's the thing you're afraid you'll lose?"

He looked at me keenly. "You know her," he capitulated. "Her mark's high. No vacillation. No compromise. She's made that plain. This thing might be legally worked on a graft basis and be made to pay. Or it might be worked by

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proxy, if I hired the brains and paid for 'em. I couldn't afford that, and anyhow she wouldn't stand for it, either. It's up to me to win out, and to win out in a way to keep her love intact with her pride."

I, in turn, had arisen. He took the seat I had just occupied, and began arranging the papers on his desk with mechanical neatness. He had a really remarkable sense of order.

"Van Allstyne," I hesitated—"rent me a little office-room somewhere on the East Side, far away from your Fifth Avenue. Say nothing to anybody—least of all to Margaret—I shall exact your oath on that or we don't budge. To her, as to our friends and acquaintances at large, I'm still your advertising agent. But between us we'll frame up a little gift for Miss Eden. We'll frame up a little wedding gift of the success of the man she loves!" . . .

There is little further for recounting. He for whom I here record our story exclusively will grant that I elided Van Allstyne's protestations; his gradual, reluctant consent to my exaction—more, my demand—of inviolate secrecy. His was the far greater, subtler share of the work before us. His was the business of developing a particular phase of taste amid social types artificially intellectualized, without whom we had been powerless. In claiming, as he so constantly does, all the glory for me; in deploring, as he deplores ceaselessly, my refusal to absolve him from that guarantee—he quite forgets his own proportions. Clear, clean, and decent, he epitomized the only type our hypothetical following could or would take for granted in its acceptance of the thing we were doing. From our hidden East Side office our bizarreries welled up and touched the moment he had made psychological. We became a fad. We have passed on and become a cult. One suspicion of the nomad in our midst, one moon-glimpse of Pierrot, with toppling cap and drooping pompons, and we had been assigned that oblivion which is oftimes as personal as the dream it nurtures.

Let me hasten. It was thus at last, well knowing my days were brief before me, that Margaret Eden arose in irresistible floods of song to my lips. Van Allstyne has seen to it that they should be published with all the prestige that he alone could give them. At my insistence he has let his difficult silence stand between me and their authorship. Once again, too, he fulfils my dying wish that they should have the value to *her* of coming from him.

And he thinks them but fancies; abstractions; in the direct line of my idiosyncrasy for a rout of motley words. Or, if other suspicion exist within him, he has the generosity to forefend intuition of its existence in me.

Margaret I have seen just once since the Sunday afternoon when she brought us together, laying thus the foundation for the one thing it was granted me to accomplish—in her name. Just once, by accident, I encountered her in Van Allstyne's office, and so received my reward. Her purply eyes were dewy and starlit with pride in his victory. . . .

Margaret Eden . . . Margaret Eden . . . I write it down as something holy. On my lips, as they silence, her name must be my absolution. . . .

EPILOGUE (BY TUPTON)

Across the dust of a poet rose-leaves ar an idle scattering. Yet I, Tupton, hi friend, must add my little embassage o petals, now that he is gone, doing the jus tice I once withheld from those he de fended. I have learned to know Van All styne and his wife. I retract. I her solicit their pardon.

And now I know from them both ho well they both understood the mar Margaret Eden was only at fault in tha she could not love him: not love hin that is, as a woman loves a lover. Tha she was his friend, however—that sh knew, understood, appreciated—that he bid was for the song-message harryin utterance within him: these things her a count to me and my nearer knowledge c her have made plain.

She it was who planned the whole dt plicity. She it was whose intuition, fo lowing all the subtlety of poor Bobbson caprice, realized that thus, and thus onl could that dream-wisdom, summoned love for her, be made to fructify. In suc understanding, as I now see it, was som thing rare and heroic. It involved th

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Drawn by George Avison.

"Say nothing to anybody—least of all to Margaret—I shall exact your oath on that or we don't budge."—Page 586.

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renouncing of overwhelming impulses toward sympathy, encouragement, applause. In her path hung the cobwebby filament of an artist's will toward expression. She must tread lightly that it break not.

At his death, however, she was with him, hand clasping hand, in friendship's triumphant recognition.

And so he died content. . . .

Van Allstyne has helped me prepare the introduction to the second edition of the poems, with the poet's full name attached. Van Allstyne has grown immeasurably. Aided of his wife he will continue to succeed. For he has sat at the feet of a master. He has learned.

As for me—ceaselessly before me drift the little lines out of memory, altered—and now unalterable:

"*Pierrot, rêveur,*
Il chante toujours
Avec la joie—
Joie sans erreur."

The Poet's Holiday

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

DAWN-LILIES redden into rose of day-time,
As, bent on play-time now, his footsteps stride
Far where the river runs with silvery wimpling,
Or glad pools dimpling when the low winds glide.

A month, he deems it, or a year's dividing,
Lies 'twixt the griding roar of yesterday
Down his home highways, and this dim land seeming
Asleep, and dreaming dreams a world away.

Still at the water's edge a while he lingers,
Ere his deft fingers reeve the silken skein,
Town-tired eyes feeding on the gray mists breaking,
And dark wolds waking into dawn again.

An envious eagle o'er him wheels and watches,
The winds bring snatches of the starling's song,
And startled halcyon, with mocking laughter
Quick-coming after, loops the pools along.

But now the lure he knots with hands that tremble
And half dissemble thus their hard-earned skill,
Then to the water moves with footstep steady,
And lithe rod ready to his instant will.

By the half sunken ledge, the willows bending
With shadows blending on the pool, he tries,
And circling eddies where the rapid ceases
In foamy fleeces, yield him many a prize.

Far, far, his office-walls, and shrill type-writer!
His reel sings brighter airs, and haunting tunes,
Mute or forgotten in the wake of trouble,
On his lips bubble of long-vanished Junes.

Unhindered heaven on him shines, and blowing
Sweet winds and flowing waters past him steal—
But the chief trophies of his golden play-time
And ripe June day-time, are not in his creel.

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Spring Festival

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Author of "The Dingbat of Arcady," "The Great Dream," etc.

NEW YEAR'S DAY ought to be a movable feast. Conservative people are content with it where it is, but if a change were made they would soon think the new way right, for they always like things just as they are. Jim and I have long wanted to move New Year's Day out of the winter where, obviously, it does not belong, that we might put it into spring where it surely ought to be. We would have the new year begin when Swinburne's hounds are on the winter's traces, when the blue lilacs are like smoke upon the sierras of California, when trillium sanctifies the woodlands of Illinois, when arbutus or fruit blossoms glorify our Eastern homeland. Consider the effect of such a beginning on New Year's resolutions. They might be less respectable than they are now, but they would be more effective. They might even be kept!

Because it is our bad habit to begin the new year when it is not new our resolutions are negative and dull. In the dead winter we reluctantly promise ourselves that we will try to do without certain of our cherished and lamented sins. We say little about what we will do with our possible and problematical virtues. But how could a person look at a violet and be content to stop resolving with the phrase "I won't"? Every candid petal would challenge his "I will." When we say "I will" we are positive and imaginative. When we are positive and imaginative miracles can be wrought (without the aid of M. Coué), for the imagination is always translating prosy inhibitions into valorous poems. And when miracles can be wrought——

This is only one reason why Jim and I keep our own New Year's Day in the season of initiation, when life is ardent and affirmative. Our spring festival in the open has divers and diverse meanings for us, but we begin it with a resolution. We resolve to drink deep of the wine spring decants into flowers. We resolve to share the fine intoxication of Emerson's BACCHUS that suffers no savor of the earth to escape. The new world of spring drips with the sweetness of many saps. Such liquors we have tasted many times.

I remember a time when we drove north from New York into Connecticut in Bobbie Fliv. Bobbie looks as if he were blind in one eye where the lamp lining has rusted, but he sees well enough to keep to the road even at night. When we climbed into him in the morning the town was a fever in our minds. We drove silently away from it into shiny, bewildering weather.

On our way we collected materials for our first evening feast. We bought a pound of steak, onions, bread, butter, and fruit. We stopped for a few minutes of gossip with an old friend in Norwalk and she gave us a quart of cider in a mason jar. We drove on and on quietly through the cool, vivid day until, at about sundown, we bumped over a dirt road near New Boston and saw a farm that was unoccupied save in summer. Everything about it seemed lonesome. We had permission to camp there.

An old barn near a broad brook stood open to the elements and to us. We entered with the wind. On the floor was dark, musty hay that may have been old when we were young. The night bade fair to be sharp and blustery. We spread our blankets on the stale hay, thereby securing the shelter of roof and walls. As the sky darkened and the stars pricked through it, the wind quickened; and, by the time we were ready to get supper, we were cold enough to want a fire. We had our primus lamp for cooking, but how good it would be to toast our tired selves over a real blaze before turning in! Of course we could not build a fire in the

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barn and it would have been difficult to cook over a wind-scattered flame in the open fields, so Jim went out to seek a natural fireplace.

The one he found, however, was made by hands. It was at the top of the nearest hill in a sugar-house that stood wide open like the barn. The hearth was safely built beneath a brick chimney. Slowly we carried our provisions and cooking utensils across a hummocky field covered with stubble and soggy with the spring. Stiffly we climbed the hill. There, out of ancient chips and bits of mouldy shingle, ready as if to meet our need, we built a marvellous fire. It burned the fever of the city out of our minds. There Jim sat at one end of a plank, in a brown flannel shirt, making toast and thinking of nothing more important. I sat at the other end in a gray flannel shirt, and all there is of my intellect was in the frying-pan with the steak and onions.

How good they tasted! We ate in the deep relaxation of silence, realizing that food is a friendly thing, as important to the mind and heart as to the body. The brown flannel shirt took a place beside the gray flannel shirt. We opened the mason jar, for we had no drinking water, and sipped our cider.

It was old to the point of veneration, that cider, but it was exhilarating, not bitter. We drank it bravely and innocently at the end of our meal, accompanied by Gargantuan slices of toast. Our tongues grew warm with the friction of good conversation. We talked of things that we had wanted to discuss all winter. We laughed and chatted merrily while the good fire flared before us, a focus for our mirth in the darkness of the night. Then, suddenly, we realized that we were not alone. Serious masculine faces looked in on us from the door and window of the sugar-house. They stared as only countrymen and cows can stare.

"Good evening," said Jim without a moment's hesitation and without any of the appearance of guilt that rightly belongs to trespassers. "Good evening! Glad to see you!"

One of them, a man with a thatch of reddish hair, found his voice and spoke diffidently, somewhat abashed, I suppose, by Jim's air of confidence.

"Good evenin'," he said. "We come to see if everything was all right. We seen the fire up here——"

Jim explained that the owner had given us permission to camp on the property.

"Campin'—this time o' year?" queried Red Head.

Jim explained cheerfully that we liked to camp in the spring. Red Head looked at his companions doubtfully.

"You'll get *pneu*monia," he said to us.

Jim explained with a jovial air of conviction that we had done this many times before without getting pneumonia. The serious men looked at each other. Perhaps they wanted to tap their foreheads lightly with their fingers, but they refrained.

"You're city folks," said Red Head. "You don't know what it's like up here this time o' year. You'll get *pneu*monia, sure."

He hesitated, and then, with the clumsy, lovable kindness of the country, he added:

"Come right along home with me. I got an extry bed at the house and you'll be more'n welcome. The lady'll catch cold here, or *pneu*monia, sure."

We thanked him warmly, wondering whether we would have been as hospitable under the same circumstances to two queer strangers from the city in brown and gray flannel shirts. We explained that it was our custom to take a spring vacation out of doors. They did not understand. Red Head looked at his silent comrades again inquiringly, but found no answer in their eyes. He gave up.

"Well, I live right over there, second house across the brook," he said. "I reckon you'll get tired of this by midnight. If you do, come right over any time, even if it's two in the morning, and I'll let you in. I wouldn't like for you to get the *pneu*monia on your vacation with a house so handy and all."

We thanked him once more, warmed by his kindly solicitude as much as by our fire. Then he and his comrades disappeared, going down the hill together as quietly as they had come up.

If there be anything dire and dreadful in the power of suggestion, we should have begun to sicken with pneumonia righ

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away. But we did nothing of the sort. Perhaps the curse was lifted by the good-will that went into what Red Head said. However that may be, when we were left alone to finish our cider and toast, we were happier than ever. While our fire grew old we grew young. The years of our middle-age flew up the chimney after the fever of the city. We said young, extravagant things and hailed the world with superlatives. Never had there been such a fire, such a supper. Washing the dishes was a merry rite. Then came the joy of running down-hill!

Not in years had we found it amusing to run down-hill. But now! Our feet were as light as the feet of the Sidhe. It was as if we leaped over puffy clouds, scarcely touching the rough hummocks of that hill. Our stubby calfskin boots, made water-tight with viscol oil, were as fleet and gay as the slippers of Cinderella, or as those other frisky slippers of which we sing

> "Oh, dem golden slippers,
> Oh, dem golden slippers,
> Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear
> To walk de golden streets."

In spite of our exquisite hilarity we reached the barn safely and found our blankets on the musty hay. We were not troubled by its mustiness, for clean winds came in at the door. The broad brook, running away from us into lower and warmer country, played a lazy piano accompaniment to the violin tones of the breeze. Without more ado, suddenly, we were in the land of Nod.

I woke early when the stars were just beginning to be uncertain of their places in the sky. The cold wind had gone to visit elsewhere—probably to see a poor relation—and the air was much warmer. The sugar-house on the hill was hidden from sight by a gigantic ball of downy cloud that was rolling slowly, slowly, through the valley. Earth was quiet with the numb quietness known only in the early morning. Our revel of the night before seemed as remote as if it had been years ago. So had sleep changed my mood. I put on a sweater and entered deliberately into the great ball of mist.

On the other side of it, I knew, were the solid rock and earth of the hill that held the sugar-house. But through the damp white veil I could see only a few feet ahead. Beyond the hill, I knew, were other hills that I could see by climbing it. Beyond those hills were rivers and plains and cities, even to the edge of the world and around again, but I could see them only by my imagination. And beyond the world's edge were ethereal rivers and the multitudinous planes of the firmament and millions of whirling suns and riotous comets that I could not adequately imagine. And beyond them, through them, in them all, was one life and that life even in me. . . . I stood there a long time, dumb and wondering, until the stars had faded out, until the red dawn came.

Dawn reminded me of the wifely duty of waking Jim. I accomplished this pleasantly persuasive feat by a brief discourse on coffee and fried eggs. After breakfast we packed quickly and climbed into Bobbie. We lurched out of the barn and into a clear morning.

At first roads unwound themselves before us like great reels of brown ribbon let down from the hills, roads clear of snow, now, but darkened by the moisture dripping from rocks, crossed by small runnels from brooks too full for their channels. On the hills the trees were still bare, but they burned with life to the very finger-tips. In the valleys the catkins delighted us, large yellow ones heavy with pollen, dangling green ones, downy gray ones. In marshy places stiff brown reeds, the children of the dead year, shuddered against clumps of living brushwood, and the skunk-cabbage was there, cheery green. When we stopped to water Bobbie I saw a patch of bloodroot snowy-white against the dark loam by the side of the road. I picked a single flower. Then I remembered that purity of heart and life is a red-blooded thing, that anæmia is not the fire that burns whitest. We went on. Then came a stretch of driving through mire so deep that branches of trees had to be laid across it so that cars would not sink into it and be lost. We went slowly.

We wanted to travel far that day, so we did not cook our own luncheon as

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usual. We stopped for coffee and pie at a cheap restaurant in a small town. We chose it because we were not looking our very best and did not care to be conspicuous in a larger place. Our faces were burned red with wind and sun and our hair was distraught. Like the late King Perneb of Egypt, who slumbers in the Metropolitan Museum, we were wrapped in so many layers of old clothing that no pin could have scratched, even in the hand of a dear enemy. Our humility was rewarded. Such pie!

Such crust!—flaky, brown, sweet. Such fillings of cream, apple, mince, and with the heartiest good humor we sampled several kinds. Ten cents a cut! And each cup of coffee was browner, clearer, more fragrant than its predecessor. Man has never really savored any experience until he has known it at its best. This stands out in our minds as our great experience with pie—the superlative work of the fairy pie-cook. "Mince pie," murmured Jim as we climbed into Bobbie. "Cream pie," said I gently, meditatively, "cream pie."

The afternoon was like the morning. We drove gaily over brown roads wrapped in heavy clothing and a treasured Navajo blanket. At sundown we were in low, level country. We came upon a small cottage, isolated and humble, and decided to ask the owner if we might spend the night on his land. We went in together and found a decrepit old German couple, a gnarled and weather-beaten Baucis and Philemon, rheumatic and well-nigh toothless. They looked out at us through a dingy window. Then the old woman came to the door, listened to our request, stared at us solemnly, and shrieked at the old man.

"They wanta campen, poppa; they wanta campen."

The old man came to the door, grunted, looked us over carefully and then led us across his field to a bit of wood-lot where he said we might camp if we were not afraid of freezing. It was obvious that he was very poor and had few comforts, but he offered to do anything he could for us. Then he hobbled painfully back to his old mate. He was a figure for a Millet to paint. There was a dumb docility in his kindness that only a hard life can teach.

There must have been a pool in the wood-lot, for, when we turned in after a supper of hot canned beans, we could hear frogs singing their inimitable spring song.

"Listen," said Jim, "they say life is deep, deep, deep, deep."

I listened. I remembered what we tell babies about it:

"What does the little frog say?"

(In a high squeaky voice) "Pepmint!"

"What does the big frog say?"

(In a low, throaty voice) "Choclit ice-cream!"

But the frogs said other things to me. I tried to comprehend and define a music steadier and cooler than bird song. It seemed to me to be an intense serenity. Over and over again it trilled:

"We know the law . . . the law is good . . . we keep the law, O Pan!"

And from time to time one of the chorus would croak a truculent "Amen." The frogs were singing of the tree of life and their song meant love and worship and obedience. As I listened, it was borne in upon me that the roots of the tree of life are all interwoven. Perhaps that is one convincing message of the spring.

If we go deep enough into the subsoil wherein ourselves are planted, we shall learn that this is true. If we seek in ourselves the root of truth, we shall find it enmeshed in the root of beauty. If we look for the root of the love of mankind we shall find it bound about by the root of the love of God. All of the living roots are filled with the sap of love; else they could not work well enough to sustain us they could not strike deep enough to life us. Without love there is no growth. If we do not understand this, it may be because we have profaned the word in our minds as Shelley would not profane it in his song. It may be because we have profaned it in fact.

Love is even more than the sap of life that feeds us; it is the light in which the sap is made. To scatter it like sunshine is to be eased of its burden. To give it gladly, freely, constantly, to world visible and invisible, is to be saved from the bitter desire of it and from the more bitter desire of counterfeits. Such eternally scattered love has its own highest ranges and deepest sanctities that nobody knows; it claims for one life one only

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mate, one only God; but it never centres itself exclusively on one object, nor does it hold any one joy so hard against the heart that it must wither in life's heat. It is both thrifty and extravagant; both generous and pure. . . . While the frogs sang the shadows of sleep darkened my mind.

We were awakened early in the morning by a pattering, scratching, slithering noise on the front flap of our tent. A ruffed grouse slid to the ground just a yard away from us. He stood there a moment, shaking ruffled plumage and looking as if he liked us immensely.

We travelled far up-hill that day on the west shore of the Hudson. Slowly we creaked and rattled into the mountains near Phœnicia, making our way over hard ruts that had once been deep mud and would be again when they thawed. An occasional flurry of light snow blew past our ears and tingled against our cheeks. It was cold in the mountains. Finally, near the edge of a roaring brook at the end of the day, we found a lean-to, evidently placed there for summer campers, and decided to remain for the night. Not until we had pitched camp did I remember that I had bought nothing for dinner. Under such circumstances it is well that negligent wives of hungry chauffeurs explore the larder alone. I tactfully suggested that Jim fish until dinner-time. He is always willing to fish. With chattering teeth he got out his tackle and went to try the brook.

Then I investigated our provision box. In it I found three dilapidated strips of bacon, the stubby end of a stale loaf, one large onion, and several small cans of evaporated milk. Out of them I had to make a dinner. I had to think of breakfast, too. No. On second thoughts, I decided to eliminate breakfast. It would not be needed for twelve hours. Sufficient unto the day are the meals thereof!

I sat with three strips of bacon in one hand and an onion in the other, wondering what to do. Nothing could be done without fire, so I built a good one against a big backlog. Then my years of experience as chef in a humble household stood me in good stead and, in the firelight, inspiration flashed in upon me. Bacon, onion, bread, and milk! Out of them I could concoct a dinner fit for—Jim—if I could only find a little flour to thicken a milk sauce. I found no ordinary flour, but in the bottom of a carton was a spoonful of self-raising pancake flour mingled with sand. It would do.

I cut my bacon into small bits and browned them in a pan. Then I took them out and browned my onion slices in the fat. Then I took them out and thickened the fat with the flour, adding two small cans of evaporated milk and a cup of brook water. When my sauce was ready I put bacon and onion back into it and called Jim. Out of the loaf-end we made four slices of good toast on which we served the feast. Jim did not guess that my impromptu dish was not the carefully planned culinary event of the day. While we ate slowly, thankfully, with the scented smoke of our fire smarting in our eyes, we watched the light snow flurries come and go. First, for a few minutes, winter would blow delicate flakes through the ravine. Then, for a few minutes at a time, the wind would stop and fading spring sunshine would glisten on the dark water of the brook. Jim forgot that he had caught no fish. He took out his familiar corn-cob pipe and walked up and down under the trees. I sat still by the fire, dreamy and content.

It is my moods of acquiescence that are rewarded. Perhaps that is because I am of a militant nature. Perhaps for others the secret crown that rewards every victory is given on the battle-field. But for me good things come out of quietness. After that impromptu dinner, while I was resting on a log, as quiet as the log, a little wild brown bird flew out of the dusk and, like a winged blessing, rested on my head!

It was only for an instant that he stayed, for in quick feminine fear I put up my hand. He must have been disappointed in me, thinking that if he had shown such trust I should have been more trustful. Or perhaps he had made a mistake, taking me for the stump of an old apple-tree. However it was, he did not fly far. He fluttered into a bush near by where I could see him clearly, noting the bill of a seed-eater and knowing him for

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one of the dear wild sparrows. When Heaven sends birds why need we fear bats? When Jim returned I was still pondering on the strange necessity of animal life called "fear." It is fear that makes us cruel. Will the time ever come when we can greet all living things with the mystical salutation of Kipling's jungle people, "We be of one blood, ye and I"?

The next morning was clear and much warmer, without even the memory of snow. Under a mild spring sun the dead leaves of the old year glistened like curled brown shells, holding drops of water left in them by the snow. Sufficient unto the day are the meals thereof. My policy of the night before was justified by the morning weather. It was so pleasant that we enjoyed breakfasting modestly on coffee and dry prunes. We bathed in the roaring brook. We romped through the clearing like giddy children. We danced the cramps out of our bones. Then Jim took rod and reel to try for trout again—a hopeless quest—and I went seeking flowers.

Perhaps the delicately audacious blossoms that begin nature's new year put on the fairies' cloaks of invisibility for protection when the spring nights are cold. I had seen no flowers in camp in the evening. But in the morning what a lot of them there were within about ten yards of the lean-to!

I looked for arbutus and found violets—tiny yellow ones with a russet tinge, as if they were tanned already by the year's new sun, timid little blue ones, the prophetic forerunners of greater blue ones yet to come, and pearly-white ones, loveliest of all, with kind, tufty, golden hearts. Then I looked for more violets and found arbutus—full pink where winds had blown the leaves away, whitish where they still covered the woody sprigs of bloom. I found dogtooth violets, the most demure of golden blossoms. I found bloodroot in thick clumps. I found hepaticas with dangling, silky leaves, soft as the dangling ears of a spaniel puppy, on a slope, under a stark old oak. I found red trillium near the roaring brook. I found ferns and spring beauties wherever I looked. And one lovable dandelion! What was it doing there on the mountainside? It was the only flower I picked.

I have made a great garland in my mind of the flowers I have seen and passed. In it are warm bundles of sage from the mesas of California, the whitish sage, putting out her fragrant gray-green leaves after the rains that bring the spring, opening her small indefinite blossoms beloved by the bees. In it are handfuls of the popcorn flower that make white patches in the California canyons and flaming sprays of the monkey-flower that grows upon the canyon's sides. For this garland I have stolen great branches of almond bloom from the orchards of the Golden State, almond bloom whose color is more lovely than the rose of peach blossoms. Into my garland I have woven bits of holly and hawthorn taken from the hedges of England and much dark ivy. Through it all I have threaded streamers of ground-pine from Delaware Water Gap, and fastened to them are small bits of wintergreen wearing last year's berries. Where blossoms are thickest and brighest I have put the glorious wild azalea from the warm, sandy fields of New Jersey. And every wreathed thorn in my garland is covered with downy leaves of the mullein, or blanket-plant, my friend in all the pasture-lands of spring.

But I never weave dogwood into my garland. The dogwood must be remembered all alone. It is a vanishing tree. Most trees stay with us all the year, but somehow, in the strangest possible way, the dogwood seems to disappear when its season of bloom is over. I do not know where it goes. I have sometimes thought that it follows the Pied Piper through the rebukeful mountain or slips over the edge of the world after Lord Dunsany's marvellous thief, Slith. I would affirm this unconditionally were it not for the fact that those who follow the Piper never return and Slith is still falling through the "unreverberate blackness of the abyss." Not so the dogwood-tree. It comes back. So it must be simply that it grows upwardly, toward heaven, through eleven months of the year, so that in one month there may be an epiphany of perfect loveliness.

I am never conscious of the dogwood

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tree until it appears with firm trunk and low outline and lifted crown of dazzling white against the taller trees that spend the whole year in our hearts and minds. The dogwood is a vanishing tree and a tree of vision. The lifted disks of firm ivory were carven for a purpose. Under them we should not stand or sit until we have discovered why and what they are.

Discoverers have learned what they can scarcely tell. But I heard an explanation once that pleased me as well as any. Once upon a time, the story goes, the little cherubs were having a tea-party in heaven, and came near to forgetting themselves and behaving as little cherubs behave on earth. Lest they should really forget, the wise elder angels took away the saucers from their celestial teacups so that they could not play tea-party again for a month. The cups were left to remind them of their lost privilege. So, for a while every year, the dogwood bears upon its branches the saucers that the cherubs need for their tea-parties. No tree on earth has ever held the cups.

Every spring festival comes to an end. One night in spring when we were driving home from one of ours we saw the great aurora. We had been rolling through a dark valley where cherry-trees were in bloom, singing Housman's lines:

"Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide."

The tune was our own, but the meaning was universal. At a turn of the road we looked up and saw that something was happening in the heavens. Reverently Jim stopped Bobbie Fliv.

At first we saw shafts of white light like great candles reaching to the zenith. For a while they stood quite still, as if they were waiting. Then they disappeared, or were blotted out by waves of shimmering, veering colors that melted into one another. The waves of light became more luminous. They were wings, radiant wings incalculably shifting above us, rosy and golden wings, amber and green plumes of glory, terrible pinions of violet and orange. The angels were at play. They swept the sky with celestial dignity as if it were the door-step of God. They danced with celestial caprice as if they were touching the topmost pinnacles of man's vision. Deep into the deepening sky I looked until I thought the varicolored wings were singing, though it was a soundless song—until I thought that countless eyes from heaven were peering into me, passing through my body to the very quick of my spirit, going too deep for wonder. I gave back look for look as long as I could, gazing, gazing into intolerable brightness, until I was suddenly lost in it. . . . I leaned close to Jim's thick sweater, shivering, and heard him say:

"Cheer up, Peggy; the aurora never hurt anybody yet."

So be it. The unco guid have a horrid way of reminding us of the danger of beauty. Saints and poets, inspired sinners, and Jim and I believe in the beauty of danger. Nothing in the world is more perilous than the life that seems to be absolutely safe.

So do we keep our spring festival, our New Year's Day, singing in our hearts as our folk used to sing long ago:

"Here we bring new water from the well so clear
For to worship God with this happy new year;
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew, the water and the wine,
With seven bright gold wires and bugles that do shine;
Sing reign of fair maid with gold upon her toe—
Open you the west door and turn the old year go.
Sing reign of fair maid with gold upon her chin—
Open you the east door and turn the new year in."

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The men struggled barefacedly for the favor of her bewitching baby smiles.—Page 600.

The Maverick Princess

BY RANDOLPH ELLIOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM A. ROGERS

"BOYS," said my father, "how would you like a little sister?"

"What's a little sister?" Pat, spokesman for the pair of us, made cautious rejoinder.

"A little sister is somebody like Bill here, only he's a boy, and she would be a little girl." My father's explanation, begun glibly, petered out beneath the quizzical gleam in my mother's eyes.

Pat still refused to commit himself. "What's a little girl?" he queried further.

"A little girl—" My father stopped abruptly. "Is the kid trying to be funny? Or doesn't he really know?"

"He's heard of girls, of course," said my mother laughing; "but I don't believe he's ever seen one. How should he! Sixty miles from the nearest town, and old Della and I the only things on the ranch who wear skirts! Not that I w them often," she added with a glance her trim knickers and high boots.

"But, good Lord," exclaimed my fath appalled by a sudden realization of facts, "think of Bill here, eight years and as ignorant of girls as the day was born! No wonder he's such a yo roughneck. How do you suppose he'll have when he first sees one?"

"Probably like all the rest of his se rejoined my mother. "He'll first s her, then pity, then embrace. But had you best finish your very lucid expla tion?" She was clearly enjoying her h band's discomfiture.

So my father told us that a girl somebody like mother, only little, that one of them, the daughter of an friend, was coming from across the oc to live on the ranch with us and be sister.

Pat allowed himself a gleam of inter "If she belongs across the ocean, t

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he'll have to ride on a ship to get here, won't she?"

My father said yes, and Pat condescended to pleased approval. "I guess 'll like her all right if she'll tell me about he ship."

Strange that a child of the inland country, born and brought up on a huge ranch, hould have developed a passion for the reat unseen, unknown, mysterious sea. Iow it first began we never knew. But or Pat the wide stretches of his Wyoming ome held no allure. The golden mesas, ising and falling in their sweep toward he distant mountains, the cow-punchers ashing across them in pursuit of stameding cattle, the thrilling gray dawns of he round-ups, when, mounted on well-entled ponies, we were allowed to ride ith the men—these things, which filled ıy childish soul with unrealized, inarticlate joy, were to Pat merely the humrum events of every-day life. But the nding in an old magazine of the picture f a ship would set his eyes to sparkling. le would pore over it by the hour, studyıg every rope and sail, expounding the ieaning of every part. And at night, hen our tomboy mother returned from er varied outdoor activities and settled erself for the accustomed story-telling, at's unfailing demand would be: "Tell e about Columbus and those little boats e rode in!"

Looking back after the passage of ears, I realize that part of Betty's good rtune was the fact that she had "ridden a ship" to get to us. Pat was a difficult oy, high-tempered, unruly, resentful of ıy encroaching on his privileges; and etty, the outsider, would have been put it to hold her own with him had there ot lingered always about her childish ad the halo of one who "had gone down the sea in ships."

But on the spring morning of our ther's announcement, all this was hidn in the future. Pat, having given his different consent to the coming of the ranger, went about his business. I, owever, was older, and the statement at the newcomer would be like mother, ly little, intrigued me. I adored my other. Slim, beautiful in her boyish gs, recklessly flinging herself on any lf-broken horse that came to hand, and dashing through the corral gates amidst the protesting admiration of the "wranglers"—it was a picture that always fired my imagination. Accordingly, I lingered to hear more of this promised small edition of her grace and daring.

My father looked worried. "I wonder if Adrian realizes what a rough life we live—sixty miles from nowhere and only men on the place! If you ask me, it's not the sort of thing for a little girl brought up in the conventional order of a European kingdom!"

But my mother was airily unconcerned. "Prince Adrian spent six weeks hunting big game with you in the Hole-in-the Wall country. He must know that Wyoming has none of the luxury and formal régime of a palace. Probably it's to get her away from such things that he's sending the child here. Anyway it's too late for you to stop it. He counted on the friendship between you and started her off without waiting for your reply. She'll be here any day now."

It was a wild afternoon of scudding clouds and howling winds when the girl arrived. A buckboard with two rangy horses driven by a wide-hatted cowboy came to a spectacular halt in front of the corral, and from it alighted three persons. A square-bearded man with iron-gray hair descended first, followed by a stout woman arrayed in layer upon layer of gay shawls, her round, dark face blanched by terror of the unknown. Once safe on the ground, she turned and lifted down a child.

It was many years ago, but I can still see Betty as she appeared in that first glimpse. She wore a white fur coat and cap (for March in Wyoming holds the tang of winter), and between the two layers of snowy, luxurious fur there shone out her little face, richly colored as a September peach, all creamy-gold and vivid carmine, with brown eyes starlike in their shining excitement. Her hair, heavy and black and straight, hung to her waist, except when the riotous wind caught it and flung it, a rippling black banner, into her face, whence she brushed it impatiently with small, fur-gloved hands.

Pat and I, before their arrival, had been practising with our miniature ropes tricks learned from the ranch hands—spinning

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them in wide circles; jumping into the centre of the revolving coils and out again without touching the strands; lassoing fence posts; tripping each other with deft twists of writhing loops. The child, on approaching, had witnessed one of Pat's grasped the other. Between them the boy was like to be torn in half. Meanwhile I, outraged by Pat's daring to lay impious hands on this newly visioned angel, broke into a bellow of noisy weeping, and my mother leaned against the

It was many years ago, but I can still see Betty as she appeared in that first glimpse.—Page 597.

most spectacular feats, and now, freeing herself from her nurse, she fell upon him, clutching the rope with both hands, jabbering an unintelligible jargon.

Pat's response was immediate. "Leggo! Leggo, I say!" he yelled, and on her failure to obey, he proceeded to pummel her with small, bony fists.

The resulting uproar was deafening. The fat nurse sprang forward with unbelievable swiftness and a torrent of vituperation in an unknown language. She seized Pat by one arm just as my father, shouting "Stop that, you little devil!" bars of the corral, adding her pretty, ga laughter to the variegated din.

The square-bearded man quieted th tumult. A command to the nurse mad her release Pat's shoulder, and, gatherin up the child in her arms, she marched o in wrathful silence. In like silence m father shoved Pat ahead of him down th trail to the wood-shed and the bunch c switches which always awaited us ther My mother, trying in vain to repress h little ripples of amusement, greeted h guest in formal fashion, and the tw walked up to the house together. I wa

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eft alone to mop my eyes with the back
f my hand, and gazed malevolently at
'at's rope lying abandoned on the
round.

If any man thinks that children do not
all in love, just refer him to me! Only a
ew minutes had passed since the arrival
f the dilapidated buckboard, but in that
rief time into my eight-year-old heart
ad slipped a fairy-tale princess, snow-
hite, rose-red, raven-black!

Later, sitting unobtrusively in the liv-
ng-room, I listened to the conversation
f my elders. The Count, as my father
nd mother called him, was allaying some
f my father's fears.

"On the contrary, Mr. Farrell," he
aid. "Prince Adrian knows perfectly
ne manner of life you lead here, and it is
ecause that life offers exactly what he
ants that he has ventured to ask this
oon of you, trusting to that friendship
rmed so many years ago during your
ustrian student days. He foresees bad
mes for our unfortunate little country.
is mother, the Grand Duchess, has had
happy and peaceful reign, but his, he
inks, will be stormy. The world is
anging, and he wishes this child, his
eiress, to be trained in the most ultra-
odern fashion so that she may be able
meet the new conditions. She is to be
eated in every respect as are your sons,
ith body and character and self-reliance
rengthened by a vigorous, simple, out-
-door life. She is no longer to be Elisa-
ta Maria Vittoria Yolanda, with a
ring of half a dozen titles after her
mes. You are to call her what you
ll——"

"I think Betty is an awful nice name!"
broke in suddenly, forgetting my cau-
n and stepping forward eagerly.

The Count adjusted his glass and looked
me keenly. His eyes were very black
d piercing, and seemed to take in the
ole of me, from my flaming red head
my shuffling embarrassed feet.

"Betty it is!" he said finally. "And
ce you have acted as godfather to her
nerican christening, let me ask you one
estion, young man. Do you like this
dchild of yours?"

"I—I think she's great!" I stammered
an agony of confusion.

The Count smiled with satisfaction.
"That is good!" he remarked. "I here-
by appoint you her unofficial guardian
with orders to teach her everything you
know, from riding wild horses to twisting
the rope which was the cause of our some-
what turbulent entrance."

A week later no one in the country of
her birth would have recognized the
Princess Elisabeta Maria Vittoria Yolan-
da. Under the supervision of the Count
her hair had been clipped; and, clad in
what he called "all overs" (the blue over-
alls which form the uniform of the West-
ern ranch child), "Betty" had emerged
and was turned loose with Pat and me.
I welcomed her joyfully, but in secret I
suffered over the loss of her floating black
banner of hair, for with it went some part
of the fairy-princess guise. Unknown to
any one I stole a long, glossy, fragrant
lock, and hid it away for private gloating.
Parents seldom know what fool romantic
notions their little boys often cherish!

The Count stayed a month and a por-
tion of each day he spent with me, telling
me of Betty's home; of the old grand-
mother who lived in a castle and ruled
over her people with kindly severity; of
Betty's father—"once the bosom friend
of your own father, my lad"—so hand-
some and dashing, like an old-time
knight; of how he, too, would reign some
day; and how, after him, the power would
pass into Betty's little hands. Of why,
loving her dearly, he yet had decided to
send her away, in order that she might
never know the littleness and meanness of
court life, never be the centre of intrigue
and false flattery.

"By the time she is called upon to
reign," said the Count, "her father thinks
the people, the common people, will be in
control all over the world. Therefore, he
wants her to grow up with them, be one
of them. Then, at the appointed hour,
she will be able to rule as one of them,
and they will accept her and love her as
such."

Wily old Count, always building for
the future! He had sensed my instant
surrender to his little charge, and since
Betty was to be trained in accordance
with a unique plan, he was deliberately
fitting me, her adoring boy companion,
into the pattern of that plan.

It was heady stuff for a youngster—all

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this vaguely comprehended talk of kingdoms and dynasties and of reins of government to be held by small, dimpled, baby hands. The one thing I clearly realized was that this child, gobbling down her oatmeal beside me, was a real, live princess, and that I had been appointed her unofficial guardian. I swaggered and strutted abominably, until Pat, least patient of youths, flew into sudden rage, and there followed a battle of such gigantic proportions that the bunk house was emptied of men and the corral bars were festooned with delighted spectators.

Pat was no mean fighter, but I was a year older and correspondingly heavier. I downed him finally and was pounding his nose in the dirt when Betty swooped unexpectedly upon us, like an avenging fury, clawing me away and shrieking in her funny baby English (learned from a governess in her far-distant home) "Beel, Beel, you wicked boy! I hate you, oh, how I hate you!"

My strength turned to water beneath her touch. I slunk aside and watched her cuddling and comforting Pat, my soul bitter at the sound of her soft pitying crooning.

The ring of interested cow-punchers had fallen silent in face of her onslaught, but when Pat, flinging off his ministering angel, had staggered groggily to his feet, the men let out a yell of approval and bore them away to the crude consolations of the mess house.

I stood alone on the field of battle, winner of a hard-fought fight, yet conscious that, after all, it had been an empty victory.

That episode marked the beginning of changed relations between Pat and me. Heretofore, though of naturally unsympathetic temperaments and given to violent personal altercations, we had yet managed to present an unbroken front to a common foe. Now, however, we quarrelled incessantly, with insolent openness. At last my father rose in his wrath and swept us both off to the wood-house and a rendezvous with the switches, declaring as he strode along:

"I thought the presence of a lovely little girl would teach you young roughnecks some manners, but you seem to grow more outrageous every day!"

Poor father, serenely unaware that our new unruliness was directly due to that same lovely little girl!

I worshipped her, and, being fool enough to show it openly, was rewarded by an attitude of careless unconcern, interspersed with brief, sweetly torturing tyrannies. But on Pat, who was just as openly indifferent to her, she lavished all the wiles of a born coquette, fighting his battles even as I fought hers.

At first he had been disgusted at her ignorance of the ship in which she had crossed, regarding her as a very religious person might regard an angel who professed forgetfulness of the ground plan of heaven. However, she soon divined the intensity of his sea love and thenceforth used it as a leash to bring him to heel. When he was being particularly obnoxious to her, so that my very fingers itched to fly at his throat, the little witch would remark dreamily: "When I rode on the ship"—following it by some childish anecdote. It never failed to work. Though her ignorance of technical details was abysmal, for Pat she would be again imbued with the glory of one who had seen and known the thing for which his soul longed.

In spite of minor frictions, that first year of her stay was a time of rare delight. Betty, it seemed, had but exchanged one kingdom for another, for she became at once the pet of the whole ranch. The cow-punchers adored her, and if her father had wished to keep her from flattery he had chosen the wrong place. The men struggled barefacedly for the favor of her bewitching baby smiles, and my father took her at once into his heart in place of the little daughter he had always desired.

That she was not egregiously spoiled was doubtless due to the healthy outdoor life she lived. She took to it like the proverbial duck, and being absolutely without fear, was soon almost as skilled with pony and rope and small rifle as were Pat and I.

Bela, her fat nurse, proved infinitely less adaptable. From the very first she had been in a state of revolt. To my father and mother, it is true, she rendered a kind of sullen homage, but with Della, our old Irish cook, it was war to the knife, and the fact that neither could understand a word the other was saying

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in no wise mitigated the fury of their conflicts. Pat and I, with the facility of childhood, soon picked up a fair amount of her (and Betty's) native tongue, but we had not needed this knowledge of her language to comprehend her scorn of our small, turbulent, democratic world.

Betty soon outgrew the woman's would-be tender ministrations, and, aping Pat and me, the child learned to hustle into her somewhat scant apparel with record speed, and would race us to the swimming hole for our morning dip, returning thence with her short black hair plastered to the small beautiful head and an appetite for breakfast which caused Bela to register unmitigated horror. Evidently, in all her long years of service in the reigning house, no princess had ever eaten in so gross a manner.

Those same short locks were another source of anguish to the devoted nurse, and with every fresh cropping there was an emotional storm which ended only when my mother uttered a few curt words of command. These, delightedly translated by malicious Pat, would send Bela muttering to her sanctuary, the little room next Betty's in the eastern wing of the ranch-house.

When Pat and Betty were eight years old and I nine, regular lessons began under the guidance of a young man imported for the purpose. My mother, a man's woman with small liking for her own sex, vetoed the suggestion of a governess put forward by my father, who had begun to wonder whether Betty might not be the better for a little strictly feminine influence.

"I'll have no old maid lolling about the place!" my mother declared, and the Count, who had come for a visit of inspection, seconded her ably.

"Prince Adrian, too, prefers a tutor," he said. "The child will have more need of the valor of a man than of the graces of a woman if her life develops as we foresee."

So the tutor came, the first of many as it turned out. For as Betty grew into her teens, passing, with no interlude of an awkward age, from the charm of childhood into the winsomeness of girlhood, each young tutor in turn fell victim of her budding loveliness, and sighed and suffered through many gloomy weeks until he had to be dismissed and his successor installed.

But in spite of these interruptions, our education went on apace. A real education it was, too, I may say, and equally strict for the three of us. With this one exception—that, whereas Pat and I were held firmly to task in the matter of mathematics and sciences, Betty's strictest discipline came in the study of governments. All governments, I mean, ancient and modern, oligarchies, tyrannies, kingdoms, limited monarchies, republics, governments practical and theoretical, utopian and anarchical.

All this bored Pat inexpressibly. He had a good mind but was intellectually lazy, and this delving into matters which he felt would never concern him brought him often to the point of open rebellion. I, knowing why this particular study was being stressed for Betty, was intensely interested and would often gibe at him for his narrow-minded obtuseness.

Whenever I did so Betty would immediately fly to his defense.

"It is you, Beel, who show stupidity," she would declare. "These things are all very well for you and me. We are land people and they will be necessary for us. But Pat is different. He is of the sea. The quarter-deck will be his home. Why should he bother his brains about parliaments and the affairs of the laborer!"

She was still his ardent champion, you see. And, indeed, the relative positions assumed by us as children had been little modified with the passage of the years. I still worshipped Betty; Betty still sought out Pat, and Pat was still gaily indifferent to the two of us.

He was a handsome lad, with something of my mother's beauty of slender form. Like hers, too, his dark hair and gentian-blue eyes and wide, mocking smile. No one, I think, quite approved of Pat. He was too callous in his unconcealed selfishness, too brutally direct in gaining his own ends. But when he chose to exert himself, he had an all-conquering charm.

I was of the rugged type of my father—tall and big-boned with red hair and gray eyes. I looked at myself in the glass one day after Betty had chanced to flay me more mercilessly than usual, and grinned at the rough-hewn visage I saw there.

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"You big boob!" I apostrophized myself. "She'll go on treating you like a yellow cur as long as you let her. Why don't you stop it? After all, even if she is a princess she's only a girl and almost two years younger than you."

There was no psychoanalysis about my sudden determination. I was too young for that—only seventeen. It was simply a matter of realizing that I was the under dog of our trio, when by right of seniority and size I should be on top. I resolved to make myself boss of my juniors. And I did it!

It was no easy job. Pat had grown so accustomed to my mooning around in a kind of fatuous princess-worship that he did not readily relinquish his cynical superiority. But there came a day when, holding him by both wrists in an unbreakable grip, I made him apologize for some particularly outrageous rudeness to Betty.

"Oh, I'll apologize, you big bully!" Pat yelled, white with fury.

Grinning happily, I released him. "Big bully," was not an especially desirable title, but at least it was better than "big boob."

Betty's surrender came more slowly. She was clearly surprised by my right-about-face attitude, from adoring adulation to a kind of jolly comradeship, but it was only little by little that she allowed a new respect to creep into her own manner. I think the happiest moment of my life up to that time was when she deliberately sought me out to ask for my help in one of her projects. It was a small matter, but when she stood before me, a little embarrassed, the long black lashes shading her shy eyes, I knew that, once for all, I was cock of the walk among the ranch's younger set.

The next autumn, when I was eighteen and the other two seventeen, was the time set for our separation—Betty and I to go to our respective colleges, Pat to the Naval Academy. But in August of that year the world flamed into war.

To all of us, in our remote, isolated life, it came as a crushing surprise. Pat was the first to react. He disappeared one day and when he turned up again, a week later, it was in the uniform of a "gob."

My father and mother were horror-struck. "If you had only waited," they cried; "you could have gone as an officer."

But Pat was superlatively content. "This way I get to sea at once," he declared; "without having four more years of school."

Of course, I wanted to enlist, too, in the army, as did most of the younger cowpunchers; but my father held us in leash.

"America will be in soon," he said; "that will be your time. As for you, my boy (to me) a little taste of college will do you no harm."

So Betty and I stood with the others on the morning that Pat left us. It is curious to realize how little part the elders of the ranch played in our inner lives. For ten years we three had lived in a world of our own making—quarrelling, fighting, playing, loving. So it was to Betty and me that Pat said his real farewell.

When he took her hand and saw her before him, lovely, tremulous, eyes shining with unshed tears, I thought that even his armor of self-sufficiency was going to crack. He hesitated a second, made as though he would take her in his arms, then whirled about and jumped into the waiting automobile, and the gentian-blue eyes and wide, mocking smile vanished in a cloud of Wyoming dust. Pat, at seventeen, had known but one love, the sea, and he went off gaily to the tryst.

A few weeks later Betty and I also travelled down the long road to the station and across the continent.

Her college was only a few miles distant from mine, and I went over often to offer her moral first aid in her new experiences. It's no use denying that she and the college were equal sufferers in the contact. No one knew who she was, not even the authorities. It had been her father's wish that she should slip into place there, inconspicuous, object of no favors. But it was utterly impossible for Betty to be inconspicuous. Her great beauty alone rendered that a vain hope. Then the manner of her upbringing made her impatient of rules, written or conventional. Her life on a big ranch among men, riding stirrup to stirrup with them on many a long day's jaunt; sharing the night watches of the round-up; eating the rough food; sleeping in a blanket beneath the stars; having for her only woman com-

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panion my tomboy mother, who was as good a "cowman" as any of the punchers —from surroundings such as these imagine the untamed Betty flung into the activities of an Eastern woman's college!

"Oh, Beel, it is dreadful!" she would groan, waving a scornful hand at the

I was there when I heard of Pat's death. He had been assigned to a mine-sweeper, and was one of the first of that small company of American sailors who died in the Great War.

Pat, the sea-lover, drowned at twenty-one! His first sweetheart had been a

When he turned up again, a week later, it was in the uniform of a "gob."—Page 602.

sleek trimness of the campus. "Girls, hundreds and hundreds of them, living together in this stuffy place, doing the same things, thinking the same little thoughts, wearing the same stupid clothes! I don't belong here, Beel. I'm an outlaw, a maverick in this herd. I want to go back home."

But orders were orders and she had to stick. My own college career, scarcely less irksome than hers, was cut short by America's entrance into the war, and in due course I found myself in France, in the thick of the fighting.

jealous mistress, withholding from him even the chance of supplanting her by another.

I felt a strange new tenderness in the thought of my younger brother. Temperamentally we could never have been friends, and since Betty's coming there had always been bitterness between us, often barely concealed. But after all there was the tie of blood, and that tie grows stronger with death.

Also my heart ached for Betty. How she had loved him! It was an instinctive love, with no foundation of respect or

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admiration. She saw him, I knew, as clearly as did the rest of us—was just as surely conscious of his iron-plate selfishness and self-centredness. But for her his careless, natural charm outweighed his equally natural defects. She never reasoned about her love for him, never followed it out to the logical conclusion, as I had done—that there could not possibly be any permanent relation between her life and ours. She had simply loved him!

"Betty is inconsolable," my mother wrote. "I wish you were here to back up your father and the Count in their efforts at distraction. I was never any good at dealing with women in feminine fashion, and Pat's death has turned me more strongly than ever to the panacea of hard work and hard riding—a cure which Betty refuses to share with me."

Poor mother! Her self-imposed cure came to a sudden end. She rode one wild horse too many, and was brought home dead, with a blue-black mark on her temple as the only disfigurement of her strange, boyish beauty.

Betty wrote me the dreadful news in a letter so filled with sympathy and tenderness that I treasure it to this day. There had never been anything maternal or filial in their relations, but soon after Betty's coming, when the child first began to show the self-reliance of a good sport, my mother had adopted her as a "pal," and such they remained until the terrible day when the old "horse-wrangler's" oft-repeated prophecy had been realized, and the punchers gathered to mourn the mistress they adored.

Thus it was that I returned home, after the armistice, to a sadly diminished family. Bela, the fat nurse, had died years before, and was buried on a wind-swept Wyoming hill, far from the beloved land of her birth; so my father, Betty, and raucous-voiced old Della were alone in the big sun-drenched ranch-house.

My father and Della received me with open arms. Betty was more restrained in her greeting, but there was a new light in her dark eyes, a new note in her lovely voice, which set my heart to beating wildly.

I can't describe Betty—no one could, I think. There was something so young about her vivid face and shining, starry eyes; something so gallant in her slim, graceful body; something so royal in the carriage of her white throat and beautiful small head, with the heavy black hair close coiled about it. And withal there was such sweetness and gay tenderness and impish charm. My father, saddened and aged, clung to her piteously; the men, drifting back in diminished numbers from their overseas service, came to her for orders; I, worn out with the agonies of war and personal sorrow, found in her my only solace.

We took up again some semblance of the old life. The ranch, long undermanned, was in bad shape; and we began to gather together the scattered cattle. Betty and I rode herd with the cow-punchers, slept once more beneath the stars.

One night, after a long day in the saddle, Betty and I sat by a small camp-fire and watched the moonlight lying in white sheets across the rolling Wyoming hills. My father and the men would join us later, but for the moment we were alone.

Betty gazed thoughtfully into the radiant night. "Beel," she said; "it is all so lovely, so peaceful, and out yonder the world is still in tumult! I feel that this is too good to last." She shivered suddenly and turned to me with something like fear in her wide eyes. "Oh, Beel, you are closer to me than any one else on earth. Tell me, what shall I do when I have to leave this, my real home?"

It was so unusual, this mood of weakness, that my heart jumped achingly. I reached out and took both her hands in mine.

"Betty, darling!" I cried. But just then there came a clatter of horse's feet and my father rode up, alone. When he flung himself out of the saddle I saw that his face was unwontedly grave. Shot through with fear, I sprang up and confronted him, a question in my eyes.

He nodded, strained with grief. "Yes, it has come! The Grand Duke Adrian is dead, shot down by the revolutionists. The Count is on his way and wants Betty to meet him in New York a week from to-day."

The moon-drenched hills and plains danced giddily before me. Betty cried out sharply and clutched my shoulder.

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"Oh, Beel, Beel! I can't go! Don't let them take me!"

I held her, sobbing, in my arms, and looked at my father over her bent head. His lips were twitching and his voice shaking, but he spoke with stern tenderness.

"Little dearest," he said; "you can't fail your people now. It was for a time like this that you were trained. You must go and save them from their own madness."

Much moved, my father gave his consent. He had loved her as a daughter for the greater part of her life and to give her up broke his heart. With both of us gone his home would be left desolate, indeed.

Of that strange journey of ours I retain only a few vivid pictures: Betty sitting beside me in the pullman, white-faced, silent, watching the swift miles speed past; our meeting with the Count in New York, when he kissed her hand and greeted her as his sovereign; Betty standing by the ship's rail gazing into the blue depths of the ocean which had stolen the boy she loved.

"What shall I do when I have to leave this, my real home?"—Page 604.

Betty straightened, slim and gallant in her boyish riding clothes. As she stood in the mingled light of moon and campfire, her whole figure seemed to glow with an unreal radiance.

"I know it," she said simply. "It was for this my father sent me to you. I am ashamed of my weakness. I will go, but Beel must go with me. You will permit that, won't you? I can't be cut adrift from every one I love."

"It was only a child's love I felt for him," she said. "He was charming and gay and ruthless, and a child instinctively wants the thing beyond its reach. He would never have cared for me, and I, as a woman, could never have loved him. I

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am a woman now, and I know the difference."

Again that new note in her voice stirred my blood. Oh, Betty, my fairy-tale princess, why did the Lord make you so lovely and desirable, and then put you so far beyond my reach!

But perhaps the most vivid memory of all is of that gloomy winter afternoon when the Grand Duchess Elisabeta Maria Vittoria Yolanda drove in state through the rain-swept streets of her grim little capital.

The Count had managed the whole affair and, the revolutionists being in a blue funk over the unplanned-for death of the Grand Duke, there sounded only loyal huzzas of welcome as the young ruler passed through the crowds of her subjects.

I, watching from the curb, was not surprised that they cheered her. Seated in a shabby old gilt coach, wrapped in furs, a charming shy smile touching her lovely lips, she looked every inch a princess. But suddenly, for me, the grimy gray streets vanished and in their stead I saw a wind-tossed March day in Wyoming, a battered buckboard driven by a wide-hatted cowboy, and a small child descending in a fury of eagerness, her black banner of hair whipping against her vivid little face. That was *my* princess—snow-white, rose-red, raven-black!

There followed weeks of confusion, through which I moved in a daze, knowing nothing of the political intrigues, caring nothing for the gossip of the court. That there was abundance of both I did not doubt. My boyhood's knowledge of Betty's native tongue stood me in good stead for the picking up of chance remarks, and thus I learned that my relations to the Grand Duchess were the subject of much comment. "The American Adventurer," they dubbed me, and they wondered what post I was destined to occupy. Hearing this, I smiled grimly and strode on. *I*, occupy a post in this dinky little country, the whole of it smaller than the smallest of Wyoming's counties! I was homesick for my own land and the wide stretches of sunlit plain. Several times I tried to break loose, but Betty's pleas, her frantic clinging to the comfort of my presence, held me fast.

I saw her but seldom, however. The court was in mourning and social functions there were none, but long, tedious ceremonies of state filled her days. The Grand Duchess opened her toy parliament. Robed in black, the Grand Duchess took part in gorgeous religious services, praying for the repose of the Grand Duke's soul. The Grand Duchess received delegations of her faithful subjects, and granted endless petitions.

Meanwhile, the political wheels revolved about us. I was utterly ignorant of the various machinations—Betty, I suspected, scarcely less so. But the Count, her prime minister, was always on the watch. He was an old man now; his hair and square-cut beard were snowy white. But the fierce black eyes were as piercingly alert as ever and little escaped them.

After a while I began to realize that affairs were not progressing as he liked. He grew restless, and I occasionally came upon him in remote corners of the bleak old castle, in conversation with strange-appearing men. The coronation of the Grand Duchess would not take place until after the prescribed period of mourning, but in the meantime something was evidently stirring. Now and then, in passing groups of people on the street, disjointed bits of conversation floated back to me, and more and more often did the word "republic" figure in those fragments. Once I encountered the Grand Duchess at the door of her audience hall, and as I bowed and stepped aside she shot a glance at me from beneath her long black lashes. I puzzled over that glance. It was a regular, old-time, "Betty" look, filled with delight and malice and (yes, I was sure) with triumph. What was she up to, I wondered!

Oh, but I was bored! If I seem to give only a vague account of my brief experience of court life, it is because the whole thing seemed to me so unspeakably uninteresting. They were all like children playing at a game, and I sickened of the silly pretense. I grew to loathe that battered old castle, in the rain-sodden little city, the centre of that make-believe duchy. I resolved that, in spite of Betty's pleas, the coming of spring should find me at home again, astride of my horse, leading the March round-up.

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The slow weeks dragged past. Christmas came and went, unutterably gloomy. This country of Betty's, I decided, must hold the world's record for annual rainfall. I marvelled that all the inhabitants had not metamorphosed into ducks. There was nothing left in me of the ardent, romantic knight. I was edgy with nerves and in my isolated position had no one on whom I could vent my bad temper. If this state of affairs continued, I would soon be starting a revolution on my own initiative in order to get some action.

Then, late one evening, a footman appeared before me with a summons from the Grand Duchess.

I was surprised. I had not seen her for days and, before that, our infrequent meetings had taken place always in the afternoon in the company of the old Count.

I followed the servant in silence, heard him announce my name, and passed before him into Betty's private sitting-room. It was empty, but her voice called to me from the balcony outside.

"See, Beel, it is going to be fine weather," she said when I joined her.

There was, perhaps, an unconvincing thinning of the ever-present clouds, but I scoffed at her unwarranted optimism.

She laughed. "Poor Beel, he is homesick for his own sunny country! Couldn't you be happy here, Beel, as captain of my armies?"

"Not on your life!" I growled.

The laughter died out of her voice as she turned to the little city stretching dimly below us. An occasional light shone on moisture-soaked walls, an occasional tower lifted toward the black sky.

"Look at it, Beel," she said softly. "The city of my ancestors! Down there are my people, and they want me as little as I want them. Life is strange, isn't it, Beel! My father was hated by his brother rulers because he granted too much power to his subjects. His subjects hated and killed him because he granted too little. He was an outlaw from both camps. He had me educated as a commoner so that I could come back here and rule in peace over the common people. Poor father, he didn't know the thing he was fashioning! For I have gone him one better and have grown to feel that this whole business of kings and rulers is absurd. What do those people down there want with a Grand Duchess! I could do nothing for them that they couldn't do better for themselves. I know and they know that I, too, am an outlaw, a maverick from the herd."

I stared at her in amazement.

"Do you realize what you are saying!" I exclaimed.

"Of course I do!" she asserted calmly. "The day of sovereigns is ended. This is the era of the people, just as my father long ago foresaw it would be. But it is more so than he ever dreamed of. The world has swept past the need of even limited monarchies. This is the age of democracies, when the people will govern themselves."

She flung wide her arms, a glorious, free gesture. "And I am glad that it is so!" she exclaimed and turned and looked at me, her eyes shining in the dim light.

"I have not told you before, Beel, lest something should happen. But now the wheels within wheels have stopped revolving and everything is arranged. In three days there will be another revolution, a bloodless one this time." She caught her breath in sudden memory of her father, dying so gallantly. Then she went on again steadily.

"As a result of this prearranged revolution, I shall abdicate. Then there will be a plebiscite, and the people will declare themselves a republic. Thus it has been arranged."

She laughed softly. "And every one will be happy except the Count! Poor old Count, he has spent his life propping up a dynasty which, in the person of its last representative, is so glad to fall. Beel, do you realize that I shall be free?"

I stared at her dumbly. Deep inside me something was thumping, thumping. My brain whirled at the undreamed-of possibilities suddenly opening before me. I wanted to speak, but my lips were stiff and dry.

At last I managed to stammer: "But what about you, Betty? What will you do when you are free?"

The look Betty gave me was a mixture of scorn and mischief. "Beel, you stu-

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pid!" she cried, and the next moment I had her in my arms.

"I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" I whispered. Her head lay against my heart. I kissed her again and again, on her lips, her lovely, long-lashed eyes.

The white lids fluttered, then opened to a mocking gleam of laughter.

"Shall I propose to you, Beel? Or would you rather wait till I am no longer a princess and do it yourself?"

Later, in reply to my half-fearful question, she said simply: "It was Pat's death made me know that you were the one I really loved. I grieved for him, truly, but I realized then that if it had been you —oh, Beel, if it had been you, I think I too would have died!"

She shivered, and, sobbing, crept closer into the shelter of my arms.

A sudden downpour of the unfailing rain drove us indoors, and there we found the Count awaiting us.

He glanced at our radiant faces and smiled. "So you have roped her at last, young man!"

In spite of the jesting words there was a look of utter weariness in his keen old eyes.

"Ah, well," he sighed; "you are young. Your lives have not been spent fighting for a lost cause!"

We moved impulsively toward him, but he drew himself up, a valiant old figure, rejecting our sympathy.

"Paris, at least, is left to me," he remarked dryly. "I will journey there with you and see you safely married. It is a city of lost causes and deposed prime ministers, a fitting place in which to relinquish my last vestige of control over your maverick princess."

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Library Experiences Among the Children of the Russian Jews

BY MARGARET MUNGER STOKES

NOTE.—THIS ARTICLE IS BASED ON THE WRITER'S BRIEF EXPERIENCE AS A SUBSTITUTE ASSISTANT IN THE CHILDREN'S ROOM OF ONE OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE BRANCHES OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"PLEASE, teacher, I want a operation."

"A what?"

"A operation. I want that I should give myself up."

It was my first day in the children's room f a lower East Side branch of the New ork Public Library, so one of the other brarians had to explain that the child as neither ill nor an outlaw. He merely ished to make application for member- ip in the library. Whether they express as "giving themselves up," "putting emselves in," or merely laconically state at they "want the library," the coveted ader's card is an object very much de- ed by these youthful Russian Jews. To em the library is more than a mere difice" to which the local citizens point th pride. It is a real, integral part of eir lives.

"Would *you* like to join the library o?" I asked the young lady who had quested application blanks for her two unger brothers, newly arrived from ssia.

"I? Oh, I have lived here a year al- dy," she answered. "The library is other home. Down-town, it is to rk; at home, it is to eat and sleep; but the library, it is to live."

And the longer I was connected with library, the more impressed I was with s feeling on the part of the people.

'It will really be a most interesting ex- ience for you," the head librarian had d me when she gave me my appoint- nt. At the close of that first day, how- r, I wondered if I could ever get used it. The dirt, the noise, and the unfamiliar odors nauseated me. This was not the slums as I had imagined them. There were no pale, hungry children whose evident poverty tugged at one's heart-strings. These youngsters were rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, evidently well nourished, and their parents had the same well-fed air. Yet they seemed quite content to live under the worst housing conditions in the city. In the streets swarms of children, playing with balls or marbles, scattered to let the mud-splashing trucks pass. Good housewives nonchalantly swept the trash from their houses out into the street. Beside each door-step stood an overflowing garbage can. Along the curb the omnipresent push-carts extended in an interminable line. Fish, fruit, shoe-strings, vegetables, ribbons, trinkets, furs, great wooden buckets of red and green peppers and pickles, dried herring, prickly-pears, and chewing-gum—everything, it seemed, could be bought from a push-cart. Grimy men noisily screamed their wares or haggled with equally grimy women over the price of the head or the tail of a fish. Young mothers tirelessly pushed baby-carriages up and down the sidewalk. Others sat nursing their latest offspring. Old women with wrinkled faces and stitched brown wigs sat gossiping on the door-steps, their knitting or crochet needles barely able to keep pace with their tongues.

These were the people I had come to serve. Not poverty-stricken people unable to live more decently, but prosperous folks who evidently enjoyed the noise and crowds and confusion. And, if they did not particularly relish the filth, they were at least quite oblivious to it. The thought of passing through these streets every day

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sickened me. Then I remembered those hungry crowds in the library—hungry, not physically, but starved mentally. I began to wonder about this eagerness for books, about their Old World background, and why they were as they were. There is no decrease in the birth-rate down here. Statistics of the increasing number of children in this one neighborhood are staggering. And because of their aggressiveness, their personal ambition to succeed, and their mental alertness, these same people, I felt, were destined to play a more and more important part in the development of these United States of ours.

The library is one important agency in giving to these foreigners a truer conception of our American ideals. There is tremendous mental power here, but it must be directed into the right channels. The East Side librarian does not have to seek for readers. The children are waiting when she arrives. The doors of the library open at nine o'clock in the morning. At eight o'clock, and even much earlier, the janitor tells me, one finds the children sitting on the library steps, and standing or sitting on the curb near by, often with a roll in each hand, finishing their breakfasts as they wait in line, in order to have first chance at the books. On Saturdays and holidays particularly this line will extend half-way down the block. As they file past the discharge desk up-stairs in the children's room and leave the books to be returned, the children are greeted with the familiar phrase, "Hands, please?" Each pair of hands must be held up for inspection. There are always those that have to drop out.

"I am so sorry, but, you know, it would ruin the books to use them with hands like that. I'll keep your card here and you may come back to-morrow."

"Oh," answered one little girl, "since six-thirty I have waited for the doors to open, and such a nice book I want! Of course, it will not be here when I come back. Oh!" and with a last look of disgust at the offending hands and not a murmur of objection, she hurried out of line and down the stairs. This always causes quite a bit of action in the line itself. There is much examining of hands, surreptitious wetting from the corners of the mouth and a vigorous rubbing against skirts and trousers. Often, when the owner of the dirty hands is not an old offender and the crowd is not too large, the young culprit is allowed to return after he has washed his hands in the neighboring park. It is rather amusing or sometimes disheartening if one has hopes of encouraging general cleanliness in the children by this method, to see them return with hands scrubbed until they are pink and shining, but with arms and faces quite as smeared as ever.

As the books are returned they are carefully revised, and those with large tears and loose bindings are sent to the mending-room. The others are placed on the open shelves every half hour. Then again there are three long lines of waiting children extending across the room. In fact, the children's librarian almost comes to think in terms of lines. There is one of these in front of the fiction shelf, another before the fairy-stories, and a third before the "easy books." Ordinary persistence would avail little here, where the supply of books falls so far short of the demand. Teachers in other less crowded sections of the city complain that the children cannot secure the books required for outside school reading. Here they can get them for they are willing to stand in line over and over again, for hours at a time if need be, until a copy of the book they are seeking is returned. Nor is this true only of the required reading. They do the same thing during the summer holidays for books simply for their own pleasure. They are very independent also. The "teacher" is rarely asked simply for "a nice book." They know what they want, and, for the most part, they know where to look for it. Sometimes Dickens and Mark Twain are confused in their minds and they look in vain for "Tom Sawyer by David Cop," but it is only after they have looked themselves that they ask for help.

In supervising the children in line, I was impressed by their complete lack of any spirit of co-operation or fair play. Each one thinks solely of his own selfish ends. The desire to get ahead personally, regardless of the desires or rights of others or the good of the whole, is always uppermost in their minds. By having them wait their turn in line, the librarian foster

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a spirit of fairness, and the children rarely push ahead out of their turn before the charging and discharging desks. In the lines awaiting access to the books, however, it is different. A "teacher" must always stand at the head of each line and, with outstretched arm, hold back the others as each in turn looks over the books. Otherwise there is inevitably a free-for-all scramble for the popular books. It is for this reason that we are glad that football and baseball, and other sport books like those of Barbour's, are in demand. If from them these little foreigners can acquire American ideals of fair play and sportsmanship, the library will have accomplished something eminently worth while.

Another means the librarian has of combating this excessive aggressiveness and other no more desirable traits, is through the library reading clubs and story hours. There are the big boys' clubs and the little boys' clubs, and similar ones for girls. Here the librarian in charge can help them discover for themselves something about American life outside of New York City. Without any trace of preachiness, she can emphasize the good qualities of their favorite characters, real and fictional. It is at first rather discouraging. Unlike the Latin races, they are such sober little beings, reserved, undemonstrative, and apparently devoid of a sense of humor. One fears they do not understand what is being said. I remember my first story hour with the boys. I told them of ranch life and of the cowboys of my native West Texas. They were very attentive, but showed no enthusiasm whatever—not even for the cowboy songs and yells. As they filed out of the story-room, I felt that the hour had been a complete failure. However, just as they reached the main reading-room, where they had been cautioned to be very quiet, they "broke loose" in a wild cowboy yell that would have startled a native Westerner. The next day there was an unprecedented demand for Buffalo Bill, Roosevelt, and other books of the West. It was a demand that lasted for weeks, and necessitated our borrowing all the books of the kind possible from the other branches and arranging a special "cowboy shelf."

The librarian in charge of the story hour is always very careful of her diction, as the telling and retelling and dramatization of these stories afford a splendid opportunity to stimulate the use of good English. The results are often gratifying and often disconcerting. These children possess an unusually strong sense of the dramatic. The story for the afternoon had been "Cinderella," and now one of the six-year-olds was "telling it back" to the "teacher." She started out beautifully, but as she became more and more interested in her tale, she reverted to her accustomed speech. Finally, in the third scene, where Cinderella while dancing with the prince suddenly discovers that the clock is striking twelve, Rose, no longer a mere story-teller but Cinderella herself, looked up at the clock, dramatically clapped her hand to her forehead and in a tense, emotional little voice, cried:

"My Gawd! Lookut the clock. I gotta beat it!"

There are story hours for the grown girls who have been in this country less than a year. Starting out as very simple picture-book hours, these gradually evolve into literary reading clubs. It was interesting to note, in telling the story of "The Pipes and the Dryad" to these girls, that although there was not one among them who knew what a shepherd was, or a shepherd dog, they all knew what a dryad was. Fairy-stories have the most universal appeal for all ages in the children's room, perhaps because many are already familiar with some form of the tales in their native tongue. The children's room is sometimes used by adults for this same reason. It is not at all unusual to see a man leaving the library with huge volumes of Dostoievsky, Turgenev, and Tolstoi (books which are always in great demand here) printed in Russian, and along with these a book of fairy-tales and of history in very simple English. The children, in turn, sometimes ask for Russian and Yiddish books for their parents. They are allowed to do this for a time or two, and then are told to bring mother or father to the library with them so that they may join for themselves.

On Saturday afternoons there is a picture-book hour for the tiniest tots, who

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have not yet learned to read. At other times they may come with older brothers and sisters who could not come without them. And such paragons of virtue these babies are, to hear the "little mothers," girls or boys, tell it. They seem surprised that the teacher should even remind them to keep the baby quiet, and not let him run around or hurt the books. "My baby! My baby never cries. Always just like gold he is. He just sits with me and never in his life does he tear no books."

And the mothers are just as sure of the perfection of their older children. Perhaps it is because they have suffered persecution for generations, and felt lying to be a necessity that it is almost impossible to depend on the word of these children. Little curly-haired tots with angelic faces will lie like troopers to escape paying a small fine. When evasion is impossible, the little fists open and drop the exact number of pennies due—all counted out before they left home. Payment, though, is deferred as long as possible. The attitude of the parents makes this trait more difficult to overcome. Abie seemed incorrigible. Finally, we decided to keep his card and not let him have any more books for a week. He appealed to his mother, who came down to see the librarian. She explained the situation to the irate parent as tactfully as possible.

"Why, Abie, for shame!" said the mother. "Always haven't I told you that you are never to lie except in business?"

Unless one is careful, it is easy to take an honest mistake for an untruth. The children are not permitted to use another's card, and to guard against this in a neighborhood where there is a multiplicity of Isaac Cohens and Rose Goldsteins, the child fills out on his application blank not only his own name and address but that of both father and mother and his father's business, which often reads "by herrings" or "by pants," and one child answered "by bootlegging." When a child asked for his card that had been left at the library for safekeeping and could not spell his own name correctly, I thought, at first, this was a sure sign that the card was not his own. But their names mean very little to them. "Do you spell your name with an 's' or a 'z'"? I would ask. In neither place could I find the card. After three or four other attempts—for these long Russian names may be spelled in a variety of ways—perhaps I would find it, as it had been spelled but was no longer. Often, too, the name is changed outright from one year to the next. Exhaustive search fails to reveal Irving Berg's card. Oh, yes, suddenly he remembers that when he was in Public School No. 2 he used to sign it Isador Bergowitski. He furnishes sufficient proof that Isadore Bergowitski and Irving Berg are really one and the same person and receives a card.

And, so, as I worked among them I came to know other difficulties and other privileges of library work with the children in this particular neighborhood. Every day brought new visions of usefulness. The library is only one of many agencies, good and bad, that are daily affecting these lives. But the librarian is peculiarly fortunate because of their innate and intense love of books. Like any other children, most of them prefer fiction, but as they are allowed to take home two books at a time and only one of them may be fiction, fairy-story, or easy book they read omnivorously. The classification of the daily circulation of books shows that many works on religion, philosophy, science, history, and biography are being read. Reading is not likely to change all of one's habits and native characteristics, but constant association with good books is sure to leave a very definite impression on these alert little minds and lives.

Somehow the noise and dirt and confusion disturb me far less than before. They are objectionable, to be sure, but I am more interested in the children playing in the streets, many of whom are familiar to me now. Here is the little girl who is always looking for books about dolls. And here is the one who "just loves Pinocchio." The boy in spectacles over there is the one who haunts the biographical and scientific shelves. I find myself wondering about the others. What kind of books would they like? What kind of books do they most need? And which ones, not yet members, will be coming in soon to "give themselves up" to the library?

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Peter Wing

BY JANE MANN

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY GERRIT A. BENEKER

WHY should Bella care for Lyddy Ann's child? Bella had been Captain Wing's woman in the West Indies long before he married Lyddy Ann. Whenever Wing's schooner dropped anchor in Havana harbor, Bella met the captain. No trash was she. Little hands and feet, black hair down her back like a horse's tail, thick lips—a Spanish woman with a drop of negro blood.

More than other women on the face of the earth, a Spanish woman will make of a man. That every sailor knows. But let the man stay right there! Let him never be seen with another woman!

One day Wing walked on the street in Havana and Lyddy Ann was with him—a pale girl from the North. Captain Wing's wife! Soon to be mother of his child! Bella saw and her hand itched to put a knife into that wan girl. She stood her own child in Lyddy Ann's path.

"What is your name, bub?" asked Lyddy Ann.

"My name," said the boy, "is John Wing."

And I who write know that story is true, for my grandfather, a sea-captain, was standing by and saw and heard.

Lyddy Ann turned as white as chalk, for the boy had Wing's head on his shoulders. She screamed out at Wing, "Liar! Liar!"

Bella came, smiling, swinging insolently in her hips, dark and rich-colored as a pomegranate. She took her boy by the hand, and, as she passed Lyddy Ann, she spat on the ground. But at Wing she glanced aslant.

Captain John Wing lifted neither hand nor voice for his wife. Not a muscle of his face moved. His little pig eyes lit from the spark Bella's eyes flashed.

That long voyage!

Thirty-three months Lyddy Ann sailed with her husband, whaling. Before her child was born, as she pitched and tossed and rolled in the heavy breezes, did she murmur the verses Luke Freem had written for her? When she came on deck like an uneasy ghost in the dead of night, and, staring over the water, saw the happy fish people bobbing up their heads and looking around and bobbing down again, or sporting like children in their phosphorescent paths—when she saw the stars lit up above her like villages by the sea, did she play games with herself? Did she fancy, there beneath the lighted windows of the sky, that she was sitting, free, on the steps of her aunt's house, beneath the lighted windows, waiting for Luke Freem? Did she hear again Captain John Wing telling his sly tales?

There stands Lyddy Ann, the captain's wife, wet with spray, clinging to the shrouds in the dead of night, harking to Luke Freem singing beside her. "You get below!" roars the captain, coming up behind and dropping a heavy fist on her shoulder. "Liar!" screams Lyddy Ann, struggling against the rigid grip which is drawing her below.

If you take notice, you will see, whatever a mother's disposition is when she is carrying the child, that will be the child's disposition. And if the mother is tossing on that broad ocean before the child is born, the ocean will call to that child. He will hanker for the motion, and not for a smooth motion; he must be out where it is rough.

Lyddy Ann's child was born at sea in a gale of wind—a delicate child. The first time he laughed was when his mother held him at the rail, and a wild billow leaped and baptized him—Peter Wing.

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His first steps were taken on a heaving deck.

When I was young, the old folks used to exorcise the demon of anger from children with tales of Captain John Wing. "Now you're a-sailing with Captain John Wing. Oh, what black looks!"

Wing's anger grew and grew on that voyage, against his wife, against the sailors, until he sailed into the pit of a maelstrom. Round and round went his vessel. Round and round the black walls. No stars, no sun; no pleasant breezes fanned Wing's cheek. From the sailors' faces and from his wife's face devils leered at him. Wherever Wing sailed, there moved the black vortex of Hate, the schooner within it.

At last the voyage was ending. The driven vessel rounded the Cape. She was almost home. But was Charybdis passed? Gun in hand, the captain ordered all below. He took the wheel. He was bound for the bottom.

Faster—faster drove the vessel, all sail set. Crack! go her bones on the bottom. Crack! go her bones on Peaked Hill Bar. So hard she struck that all three of her masts plunged over her bow.

From that wreck three only escaped with their lives—the mate, lashed to a spar, with the child in his arms, and Captain John Wing.

As Wing had driven his vessel, so he was now driven by spirits that came out of the ocean. He drank like a fish; he appeared and disappeared. Up and down the land he went without rest. One autumn he brought Bella, the Spanish woman, to the town. He fitted up his house and put her—Mis' Wing—in it; and he put his boy there.

But why should Bella care for Lyddy Ann's child? Her own child had died.

One fine day in March Luke Freem and his crew moved their fishing gear to the fish house which stood between Wing's house and the water. Freem with his bright brown eyes and his curly black hair, Luke Freem, the singer, was a weir-fisherman this year. He had been mate on a whaler, cook on an oysterman, life-saver, teamster for the smugglers, beach-comber. If he drove a horse, his cart would be full of children; if he walked the street, little girls ran and leaped into his arms. The children were liveliest, the women prettiest, and the fighting hottest where Luke Freem went.

Freem passed Wing's kitchen door, and he saw Bella spreading salt-pork fat on bread for the child.

"Woman! what you doing? Spreading salt-pork fat on that child's bread?"

"Well, he seems to eat it, all right, and it's better than lard."

"Lard! Ain't butter good enough?"

"Butter!" cried Bella, with arching brows. "No butter have I seen in this house all winter."

"You ain't! Well, before I'd spread salt-pork fat on bread and give it to children to eat, I'd give 'em *molasses*. I'd do something. What's the matter with you, man? If he can't get another vessel, why don't he get out here and catch fish and make his sixty dollars a month? He ain't lazy. He's way beyond lazy."

"Phoo!" Bella shrugged her shoulders. She lifted her fingers to her lips and blew contemptuously. "He's afraid of the water. He ain't like you—so bold." Bella laughed, her half-closed eyes lingering on Freem's face.

Freem gave her a steady look. Those long, black-fringed, sleepy eyes with the flecked whites, lurking under brows so heavy they seemed to have been pasted on, dominated the woman. They were Bella. The rest of her was but the setting—mottled, sagging cheeks, hoop earrings chin upon chin, and a barbaric necklace, shoulders draped in a red, embroidered shawl, feet thrust into sailor's boots.

"Fat and lazy and a liar," Freem thought. "Too lazy to be one or the other—good or bad. She thinks she's sitting under a banana-tree in this town."

The child had been furtively watching the bread. His mouth watered, his hollow little stomach ached for it. Love bread and salt-pork fat! The instant Bella's hands lifted, the bread vanished from the table. When Bella's eyes dropped, Peter was outdoors, rods away, cramming down the bread with both hands, as he scuttled around a boat like a wild thing to its hole.

Peter knew beautiful hiding-places for a distance of six wharfs along the beach

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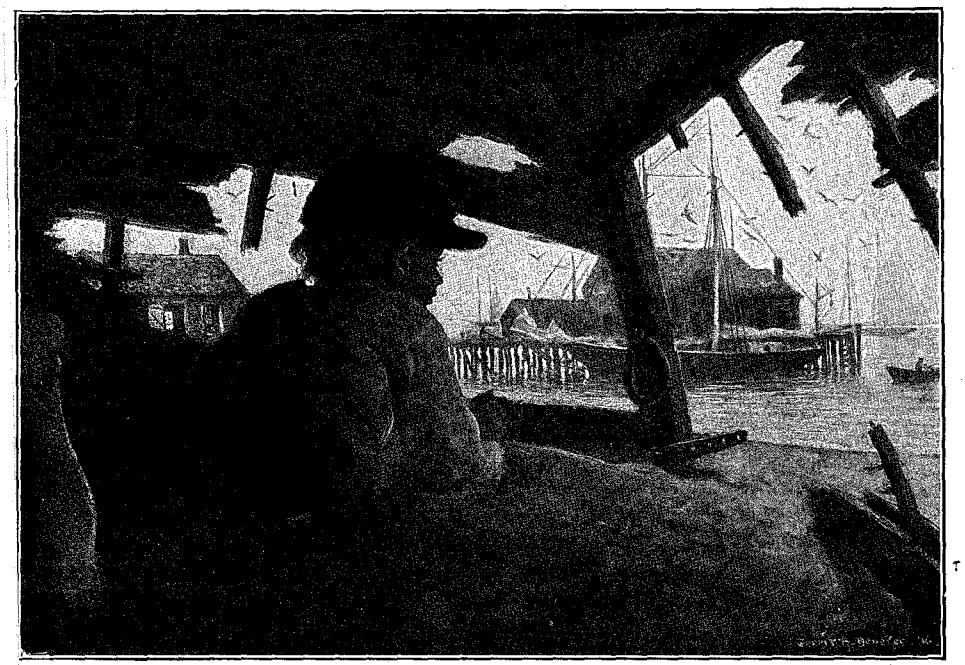
Best of them all was an overturned whale-boat whose stoven bow faced the water. You could lie beneath that, and there you were, snug in the cabin of your ship, not so very cold, and you could watch everything through the port-holes.

Now at mid-morning, hoary veils still hang from the sky. Torn ends trail across the wharfs. The wharfs are thousand-legged serpents crawling out there into silver! *They* are there, slapping the water——

Peter has rheumatism from sitting on the cold sand. His bones ache from being out in all weathers. But when it begins to breeze up and the clouds fly across the sky like puffs of white smoke, and papers and ashes from the slough of the beach whirl clear over the houses, and the white waves toss the dories and grind the little



Peter knew beautiful hiding-places . . . Best of them all was an overturned whale-boat whose stoven bow faced the water.

he ocean. You can hardly see their blue ieads.

Ping! A million points of pure gold lash in the water at one spot between two vharfs. Sea gold! The points unite, orm a linked chain, a sparkling, golden hain like Bella's necklace. It twists long the belly of a snaky little wave al-most—almost till the wave hisses and flat-ens on the beach. Almost. Then white ands dart and catch that gold back. 'eter sees the hands as plain as day—*heir* hands. Ha! The golden links run long a following wave. One, two, three, our waves wear that glittering jewelry ı turn. But see! Far off, where the har-or meets the bay—a dazzling streak of flounder catchers against the wharfs and pound the schooners on the bottom—oh, who could be indoors? Then, then, I bet the ocean can do any old thing. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Look at the men on the wharf running with boat-hooks!

Once when it was rough Peter climbed down from the end of the wharf, got into a dory, and cast the painter off. Joy unspeakable as the rollers plunged him! Up—down. He straddled the thwart and rode. He faced the wind and licked the brine from his lips. Oh, the long, still white line of *them* across the harbor at low-water mark! Oh, the merry ones coming on from there, each with his white coat tossed over his shoulders! Oh!—

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Oh!—chant, little Born-at-Sea, strange syllables which only the ocean understands! Lift tiny arms and dance to the stately rhythm!

It was Luke Freem who plucked the dripping boy from the dory as it smashed against the wharf. He lay in Freem's arms, still as a squirrel caught at the height of a mad carouse. His dark eyes looked warily from under his lids. He hated to be touched. An alien touch started a revolt and tremor in his vitals that was like a horrible inward tickling.

Freem stared at the pale little face, covered with drops of brine. So had Lyddy Ann's fragile face looked in the early dawn, after her reckless night, when she sat and wept many hours beneath Freem's window. And he had known she was there. He set his teeth again. She had cast him over for John Wing; let her stick to her choice; there's loads o' women.

But here were her shiny, yellow curls, "like glowworms hanging down," come out of the ocean to twist, wet, around his arm. Ugh! Freem shook them off, and he held the boy off as he strode toward the Wing house. But he couldn't keep his eyes from Peter's face. The blue shadows under the watchful eyes, the blue veins showing through the transparent skin of the upper lip, the stubborn mouth, the cold, hostile look—Lyddy Ann and John Wing.

Peter's head buzzed. The intolerable touch! And he was being carried indoors! Captive's teeth and captor's hand came together with a snap. Peter bit frantically, with all his might. Freem could hardly pull away. Yet, all of a sudden, his heart was full of pity. "Little wild sea-bird," he thought, "that sails on the water and picks on the sand, neglected and alone, will you ever ride on strong wings and breast the gale above that ocean?"

Freem set the boy down in Bella's kitchen—"Bella, this boy will certainly be drownded."

"Oh, no, he won't never be drownded. He's too bad to be drownded."

"He hadn't ought to be allowed out there in all weathers," said Freem earnestly. "He ain't like others. He was born at sea."

"What can I do?" said Bella, spreading her hands. "That's right, he ain't like others. He runs away. I call and he hides. All right. He goes his ways and I go mine."

One morning, when Peter was hunting treasure in the slough of the beach, Freem's big dog trotted up. He was big as a calf, black as a porpoise, only the tip of his tail was white, and he knew as much as a man. He lay down in front of Peter and began scratching with his powerful hind legs at a great bunch of feathers that dangled on his chest. The feathers flew. He looked at Peter—"How this vile creature has fastened herself to my neck! Get her off! Get her off!"

Peter leaned over and investigated. It was a white hen. It was *dead*. It was *wired* to the dog's collar.

Peter could not know that the dead hen was the dog's badge of shame. Nor that Freem had surprised the dog that very morning playing ball with one of Bella's white hens—toss it up—catch it—heave it up again—and as Freem appeared—under the wood-shed with it! Seventeen dead hens had Rover under that wood shed. Seventeen hens that Freem must pay Bella for. So Rover was wearing one of them.

"Ah!" insinuated the dog, pretending mighty effort, "if I but had your hands!

"I'll get it off," responded Peter, eagerly. He tugged and twisted and untwisted for a whole hour, until the incubus dropped.

"Thanks!" Rover capered madly about, flinging the despicable object this way and that. "I'll do as much for you."

Next day the same thing happened. The third time, Freem watched and saw the little comedy played. There lay the big dog flat on his side, his legs straight and rigid, his melancholy head thrust out like a dying horse, and over him bent the little boy, a blob of sympathy, tugging and working. Freem burst out laughing. "That old play-actor! That old pirate." Half an hour passed, and still the boy twisted and untwisted with patient determination. "Smart little divil! He put his foot down!"

A day or two after, Peter and Rover were together under the whale-boat, when Freem walked past. Out bounded Rover

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to fawn on his master. He put his paws on Freem's shoulders and stood up like a man. He licked Freem's hands and kissed his face. He acted as if Freem were the only person in the world.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful protégé! Never had the dog so fawned on Peter. Peter's face grew stiff and white. He emerged from the boat, a Nemesis, and rushed at dog and man, and kicked and tore at the dog's hair. He struck with his fists those unresponsive windbags. He scooped up handfuls of sand and hurled it. He did not know what he was doing. His poor heart was black with resentment and anger. He wore himself out; he was strangling; he crept back under the boat and threw himself on his face.

"Down!" said Freem to the dog. "Watch!" Then Freem began to recite in a chanting voice. He had a lovely voice. Whether it rollicked low up and down, or whether it rushed and roared like the surf, man, woman, or child who heard it was enthralled.

"Rover! You're to go a-sailing with Captain Peter Wing, from this day.

"He's the captain and you the mate. Boat and boat you'll stand by when he hunts sperm whales off Africa. For he's the captain and you the mate.

"He's the Old Man and you the crew——"

Freem's voice dropped to a whisper——

> "I think I heard the Old Man say,
> 'I'll treat my men in a decent way.
> I'll treat my men in a decent way—
> I'll grog them all three times a day.'"

Peter lifted his head—"More!"—and dropped it.

"He's the captain; steward are you. And every morning you'll fetch his grub and yours from my galley over there, to the capt'n's cabin——"

"More! More!"

"For I'm the cook," sang Freem. He hauled a paper bag from his pocket and handed it to the dog. "Take that to the capt'n."

And in the paper bag were doughnuts and—and——

"Sing! Sing it again!" nodded Peter, his mouth full.

Peter and Rover were almost always together after that, a sight to tickle the fishermen.

"What's your cargo this trip, capt'n?" Freem would hail, when he met boy and dog on the beach. "Five-fingered jacks? Them you got is little ones. I've seen 'em in the West Indies as big round as my hat. And where is the West Indies?"

Peter shrugs his shoulders.

"Down in the southern part of the world," says Freem. "Mp!" says Peter, glancing up, round-eyed. "It ain't just one island," says Freem, "it's a good many islands. . . . Them things that looks like jelly in the water, they're sun-squalls. And why are they sun-squalls?" "Why?" says Peter. "Because the sun makes them. There's an egg in the water and the sun fetches it to maturity. They got legs stretching out, and if one o' them legs gets on you, look out! It'll burn like fire."

Freem had no boy of his own; he set out to "make a man" of Peter. The boy learned to box the compass, to tell at a glance if a vessel in the harbor were full or in ballast. "She's got oysters," Freem would say. "Now how do I know?" Or, "How's the wind to-day, capt'n?" And Peter would look out to see which way the vessels pointed. A sailor must study the tides and the winds. "If you hear the surf roaring on the Back Side, at Peaked Hill, where will it breeze up to-morrow?"

"To the sou'west," says Peter promptly. "Just opposite."

But when Freem told Peter stories of the ocean, on a stormy day in the fish-house, then the child's breath came fast, and his imagination leaped, and his eyes looked where Freem's eyes looked, through a luminous mist away out to the rim of the world.

"In all the years that men have sailed that ocean, they've never yet come to the end of it. And the further north you go, the colder it gets, and the further south you go, the warmer it gets; and when you cross the Stream, you take off your shoes and stockings and go barefoot—you're in another country.

"Oh, that ocean is a big piece of ground! Nobody knows the half of what's in it and under it. On the Grand Banks or most any bank, your trawl will

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fetch up lemons just as perfect now; if you put one beside them in the store, you wouldn't know which was to eat. And beets and punkins and strawb'ries and ears o' corn, all colored just as nice—only they're in the form of a fish.

"Fruits and vegetables and animals of all kinds is there, just the same as them on the land—only in the form of a fish. And why does everything grow in the ocean that grows on the land?

"Ah, boy, now we're gettin' it! Once there wasn't no ocean out there. Once you could walk all over out there without wettin' your foot. Then come the flood."

"Could you walk way, way out where the ships sail—way, way out to the Grand Banks without wettin' your foot?" marvelled the child.

"No more wet would it be than if you was walkin' on Town Hill. 'Twas all dry land. *Then come the flood.* And where that water of the flood come from, I don't know; but I don't think it come out of the heavens. And whether it was salt or fresh, I don't know. But it covered up all them low places, and it made that ocean that we see to-day. And whatever was growing on the dry land before the waters come kept on growing after, but it come *alive.* It's *alive.* It turned to a kind of *fish.*"

"And—and if there was dogs on the dry land, did they turn to a kind of fish?"

"Ay! And pigs and horses. I've got a sea-horse here"—Freem took one from a shelf. "Would you want to see anything more perfect than that horse's head is?—eyes and ears and nostrils all exact."

"And did *boys* turn to a kind of fish?"

Freem's thoughts were none of your stolid, heavy louts which move nowhere but in a straight line. They flung up their heels and darted off the path anywhere, like children playing in the woods. Now Freem smiled. He heard the beat of words, "like a flock of sheep a-coming."

"Ay, and boys. Didn't you never hear of that Whistle-ing Boy out there in the ocean?" Freem sang:

"Thick weather——
Down by the sea strolled a whistle-ing lad.
Hey, whistle-ing lad!
Sailormen caught him and painted him green—
Queerest colors they had;
Towed him out ever and ever so far;
Anchored him fast by the surf-beaten bar.
"Oh, he rolls and he kicks
When the porpoises bite;
And he whistles and whistles
By day and by night."

"More! Sing! Sing it!" cried Peter.

"Thick weather——
So now when the fishermen past him deploy—
Whoo! whistle-ing boy!
Hark to the lookout—at the cathead—
'All hands ahoy!
Hard a-starboard the helm!
There's that whistle-ing boy!'

"Now, holler out that chorus like a rascal:

"Oh, he rolls and he kicks
When the porpoises bite;
And he whistles and whistles
By day and by night."

The little boy puckered his lips—"Hoo! I can whistle."

"Mm, maybe. I been waiting to hear you say, 'I know! That's that whistling buoy off High Head and he's made of wood.'"

But of course there are real people living in the ocean. If all those other things of the land—fruits and vegetables and animals—are there, certainly people live there. Freem told Peter about them. "Heads and arms and chests they've got like us, but they're fish from here down."

Children see things that we do not see. A child will wake up, screaming, in its cradle, or perhaps it will laugh. It has seen something that we have not seen. Peter saw Faces. And the Faces had no legs. These Faces, so strange, like and yet unlike the people who moved across Peter's stage in the daytime, had always vaguely worried the child. Here was their explanation. Peter's hands twisted and untwisted, his eyes burned with the ardor of cognition.

"I don't know," said Freem, "if I have seen them or not. Many a time, in my whaling days, I've seen a head bob up and look round to see what was going on, and bob down again. That might have been them. I had an uncle—he sailed around the Cape of Good Hope—he see one. She come up by the side of the ship—she swum along by the side of the ship and looked at the sailors. He said she was just like a woman—head and arms

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and bust. She had long, black hair streaming out——

"Oh," broke out Freem, "I'd like to see one! I'd look her over! I wouldn't waste no time. And I'd stand on the fo'c'sle head and I'd sing to her like a chantey-man:

"'Fish woman, ho!
With thine eyes upon me now;
Thy leaping body like a prow
Divides the foam.
Joy! to feel the breezes flow!
Joy! to watch the billows grow!
Wild face and streaming hair,
Boist'rous go!'"

"I've seen them!" quivered Peter. "Yes! Yes! And they come up on the beach, and they come up-stairs where I sleep——"

"What!" cried Freem, startled at the boy's conclusions. "A lot they do! There ain't none in these waters. If there was, I'd seen them. They got to have the right climate, like the East Indies, maybe. You been dreaming, my boy."

"No, I wasn't," said Peter.

There are things which must always remain secret. Did you ever tell of those wild flights of yours (father's dinner-pail sailing at arm's end behind) through the Dark Place in Jacob's Woods, where folk lurk behind every tree? Does any one but you know how you covered up your ears each night, because They might come and cut them off? Neither did Peter tell about the Faces. Oh, a shy elf is a child's cognition! It crept out of Peter's burning eyes and slipped back into his mind and sat down there.

Up-stairs, where Peter slept, was an enormous chamber, the whole bigness of the house. All sorts of gear was stowed up there. And away at the other end was a window, and at this end, by the stair, was another window, and Peter's bed stood at the head of the stair, an island in a haunted sea.

If the old ship's lantern in the entry at the foot of the stair were lighted, Peter kept his eyes on that while he undressed. If he had to go in the dark, he fixed his eyes on the square of the window where Highland Light came winking in and out, until in one mad scramble he buried himself in the bedcover. What—what if the Faces should come before you are safe in bed!

Now from the bedcover he can look through his peep-hole, and—here come the Faces. Just as the waves come, so come the Faces—one and another behind that one, and then another and another—they come toward the bed and pass. Each Face is distinct and individual, but the same expression runs through them all. "Laugh!" yells the ocean, and that night all the Faces laugh. "Cry!" it moans, and all the Faces mourn. When the wind begins to blow around the corner at night and stirs everything up, and beats on the house like a big drum, and gets the ocean all a-moving so it roars like a hundred cataracts; when the sea-gulls, driven ashore, scream past the window—then furious mirth takes those Faces. Then they clamor with open mouths, as they come; then they have bodies and they wildly leap and tumble as they come; then they seize the bed with their hands and rock it like a cradle.

No sleep now! Toss the covers from your head! Drink the exultant atmosphere as a drunkard drinks wine!

So it had been with Peter, always. Where did the Faces come from? Where did they go? In the daytime, they hid in the waves. Why did they come up-stairs? What did they want?

Fish people! Fish people!

A little Fear woke somewhere away back in Peter's mind. It woke and stretched itself and came forward—Look out! *What if they should cut your legs off and make a fish boy of you!*

Bella's fat knees shook as she sat by her kitchen window, watching for Freem to pass on his way home to supper. She couldn't keep her heels on the floor; they trotted up and down incessantly. And Bella's eyes kept darting glances behind, first over one shoulder, then over the other, though Bella had shoved the back of her chair tight against the wall. Each time Bella glanced behind or through the sitting-room door to the closed front-entry door, she crossed herself and mumbled. Her hair was untidy, her gay silk shawl was slipping to her feet.

She jumped to the door and called to Freem, and she shut the door behind him.

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No use to tell the neighbors that you are haunted.

"Mr. Freem—oh, Mr. Freem—there are spirits in this house——"

"Ha!" said Freem soberly, but his eyes twinkled. "Do you have them fellows around you, too?" Many a time had Freem been concerned in the pranks of the Old Boy himself, who chases beach-combers on the Back Side.

Bella leaned forward; her arms shook and gestured as she poured out her tale in jumpy undertones. Every night for more than a week after she got into bed—hark! the front door cr-reaks!—the front door that she had bolted inside. There's a step — Something — going up-stairs — it walks overhead— The first night Bella had put her ear at the keyhole of the door between the sitting-room and the front entry. Jesu! It *flew* down the stair! Oh, how it groaned in the entry! Bella ran, shrieking, to her chamber. Ever since, as soon as Peter went to bed, Bella locked the sitting-room door behind him.

"What!" ejaculated Freem, clinching his fist.

"It comes to see him," shivered Bella. "He ain't afraid." But last night, as Bella slept, she heard this Thing—this awful Thing—pat—pat—coming to her. Poom! It jumped over the foot of the bed and sank in the feathers. It had Bella by the throat, by the nose. "Mm! Mm!" moaned Bella. And then the spirit pushed. It pushed and pushed until Bella was on the very edge of the bed and toppling. Then the spirit left and blood came from Bella's nose and throat.

Freem laughed. He couldn't help it. The idea of Bella, who weighed two hundred pounds, being pushed out of bed by a tenuous ghost——

"I've seen ghosts," he stated, "but they was live ones."

"Live or dead," retorted Bella angrily, "they might do damage. She wants to drive me out of my house. She can take her child. I'm glad to see him go and mad to see him come. He slipped out of the devil's fingers and the black come off on him, like it did on that haddock fish. Black eyes, black eyebrows, with *yellow* hair! Right across his face is the devil's mark. What do I care for her or her boy?" Higher and higher shrilled Bella's voice. She forgot that she was afraid. She screeched defiance at that spirit. "He was mine—mine. He saw me dancing with a red rose in my hair—I could call him here—there—with my little finger—that fine young captain. I was a belle, his red rose, his pomegranate."

Bella was up off her chair. Hark to the castanets! She tried to pirouette, to bend, to beckon. But where have youth and rioting life gone? She resembled a fat old circus horse trying half-forgotten tricks in the pasture.

"And then *she* got her hands on him—she, with her face like dough, and yellow hair like writhing snakes. Oh, if I had killed her then! See what she made of my man! And where is he, now? You don't know, nor I don't know. *Captain* John Wing!—that daresn't leave the land!—that shakes if his foot gets wet!"

"Well, Mis' Wing," said Freem, icily, "I'm sorry for you." There were thousands like Bella, hundreds in every port. It's their lookout. "Why don't you quit John Wing and go back to the West Indies?" Freem thought, "I'll take the boy. My woman won't surmise if it's me or John Wing pays his board." At once, Freem had the boy educated and grown and sailing out of the harbor, the finest captain of them all.

"I will go!" said Bella. "But first I'll do my work."

Sweat stood in beads on Bella's face. She looked all around the room, she went to the sitting-room door and looked within and returned. "Oh, Mr. Freem, if you'll only come and watch to-night—*and fetch your gun*—I'll pay you for your time, whatever you say, if you'll only come and watch."

Freem sat that evening in Bella's sitting-room, his gun beside him and a little light on the table. "If you see It," hissed Bella, as she started for bed, "shoot It! Don't mind nothing about the house. Yellow hair on her head like writhing snakes!"

Presently the front door creaks, up-stairs goes a tread. Freem is sure there never was such a thing as a ghost on God's footstool. He takes the candle and his gun and follows up-stairs.

Peter is in bed, his eyes shut. But over

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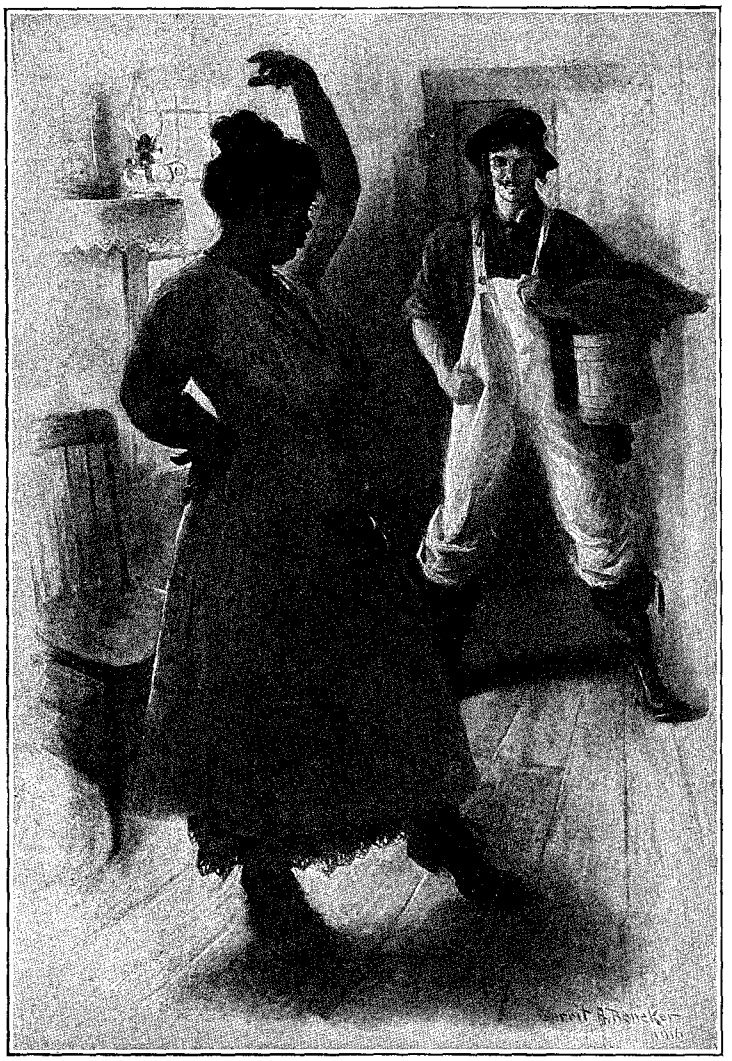
there at the far end of the garret, something moves—Lord! how it scratches!—finger-nails on boards!—Is that a white hand darting to and fro, just visible in the dim light coming from the window square? Freem is sure there never was such a thing as a ghost on this earth,—but—those shuddering stories the old folks tell! He sets the candle down and advances, gun at the cock. Never has he felt so chilly.

And, after all, what is the awful thing? What is it, all at once, but that old mummer, Rover, playing a part. He knows he ought not to be there when his master appears, so he works furiously to dig out an imaginary rat—a commendable performance—and to and fro waves the white tip of his tail.



She resembled a fat old circus horse trying half-forgotten tricks in the pasture. —Page 620.

Freem leaned against a standard and drew his sleeve across his damp brow. "He's the Old Boy himself! The Old Boy coming for Bella." The idea touched his fancy. His eyes shone, his lips laughed. Words began to step into rank——

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"Don't shoot him!" Oh, what a woeful little choked cry! And what a pitiful little face, convulsed with the effort of forcing a sound from a paralyzed throat! And what wells of horror, the big, black eyes!

Freem cursed himself. He went lightly to the bed. He felt like putting his arms over the boy like great wings, to protect him from any imaginable harm. "Little capt'n," he whispered, "I wouldn't shoot that mate o' yours, not if they was to give me a shipload of everything that heart could wish, from the East Indies."

"Don't tell mother; she'd come up here and beat me——"

"Would she, though! If she lays so much as one finger on your little body to harm you, I'll be after her with a boat-hook. I'd kill her so quick she wouldn't know where she lived. I won't say a word."

"Don't take Rover away——"

"You shall have him. I'll see that you have him."

It is so many years since I was six years old that I hardly know myself how Peter found courage for that nightly adventure. To get out of his safe bed and run the gantlet of the fish people who might catch one by the legs! And then to open that front door to the night! Suppose—as he thrusts his hand out through the crack of the door—suppose his fingers should touch a fish woman instead of Rover's muzzle! And what if Bella should pounce from that sitting-room door! Ha! Then I guess there would have been a fight! For Bella hated Rover and Rover growled if he heard Bella's step.

How the child must have shivered with the awful joy of adventure as he crept down-stairs in the peopled dark, clutching his trusty weapon! Yes, there it was—Peter's weapon—Freem saw it, partly uncovered in the tumbled bedclothes—the rusty old head of a whaling-iron.

In the morning Bella asked: "Did you hear anything last night, Mr. Freem?"

"I can't say I didn't hear an awful funny sound," said Freem. "It sounded like finger-nails scratching on a casket lid. But I didn't *see* nothing out the way."

"I heard It go up-stairs last night, and this morning before light I heard It come down," moaned Bella. "Oh, why didn't you shoot at the sound?"

"That shows how much you know about ghosts. You won't never kill a ghost by shootin'. If there is a ghost ha'nting you, it's because you've acted misbeholdin' to that boy that was left in your charge. If 'twas me in your place, Mis' Wing, I should keep just as far from that front entry as I could get after sundown, and I wouldn't go nigh it till sunup. And if that wasn't enough, I should go back to the West Indies just as quick as I could get there."

"I'll see," said Bella.

All day—all that ominous, windy day—Bella thought and thought how she could vanquish that hated spirit. Long before dark she caught Peter and carried him, futilely struggling, up-stairs. Then she bolted the front door, and she filled that entry way with piled chairs and tables. She tied them together with line, making crosses everywhere of the line, and she hung her crucifix on the door-knob. She locked the sitting-room door, and when she went to bed in the rocking house, she locked her bedroom door.

What a night! Never was such a night as long as folks could remember. The Norther that had been blowing all day went on blowing half the night. Deep came the sound of the roaring surf from Peaked Hill, across the Cape. At low tide half the harbor went dry. Never had the water so blown out of the harbor. Schooners ground on the bottom at their moorings. Not a star, not a sky, only a feeble glimmer from the Lights, far off and vague.

At midnight the Norther rested. He lay down and rested, just as we rest when we have been working hard.

In an hour a No'theaster up anchor and came. And oh, how he blew! A perfect gale o' wind. Whatever went out of the harbor on the Norther went to sea on the No'theaster.

But who thinks of the harbor? All those bold men of the town—those beach-combers and smugglers—Luke Freem and his Angel Gang, and the Forty Thieves—those daring men of the Humane Society—are on the Back Side, beating their way along the beach between the huts of refuge, harking to the scream of slatting

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sails, looking for men to resuscitate. Sixteen bursting vessels lie, smothered in foam, on the bars.

The dome of night resounds with strife of wind and ocean, and wails of breaths quitting their shells and departing.

No one thinks of the harbor.

Sometime that night the front door of the Wing house opened. It banged against the chairs and tables in the entry and set them all rattling. Bella heard and shuddered. She covered her head and moaned. Spirits rushed about. She dared not move until dawn.

Nobody knows why Peter got out of his bed and went out into the night, nor how he passed through that maze of knotted line and piled furniture without shifting a thing. Did he have to find his matie? Did he hear in his sleep the ocean's irresistible call—Up! away! Born-at-Sea?

I have often imagined him slipping along in the lee of the fish house, with wide, blank eyes, asleep. What elation shivers through his little body as he thrills to the storm! And on either side move the fish people. They go before, they come behind. Their laughter rushes like a distant waterfall. They are not menacing. Why, they are friends! Why, they are the rioting waves themselves! They take Peter's hands and he runs straight to where a dory waits.

Now the Norther! He tosses the child into the dory as a father would toss a child into his mother's arms. He catches the dory, and it skims the water faster than a man can run. He sends it like a bird, flying. Ah, the little captain is a sea-gull, flying home on strong wings, past the Point, out to the white water.

But what a dismal cry back there on the beach! Howl upon howl—the captain's tardy mate was left behind. Night after night, they say, Rover rushed about the beach, in and out of the water, over and under the wharfs, howling for his captain.

When Freem heard that Peter was gone and his dory was gone, he walked and walked, he couldn't keep still. No dory could have lived ten minutes outside the harbor.

"Little capt'n," he groaned, "why did you h'ist your sail and leave me? Not one of the land folk stood by to say: 'Don't cast off. It's a hurricane.' If Rover had been with you, you wouldn't have gone. If I hadn't thought to be funny, the woman wouldn't have piled that trash in that entry. I shall never be able to forgive myself. Oh, little capt'n, what a capt'n you would have made if you had growed! And now your sweet breath and mind are gone and no one knows where, like ashes that I heave from a pan to the beach, that scatter to the four winds."

Like pressed forget-me-nots between the leaves of an old book, little pictures of Peter Wing still linger among the legends of the town. "Strange that it must be so," the old folks say. "Born at sea—lost at sea."

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John Constable Goes Sketching

BY EVELYN LAWSON

Decorations by John Wolcott Adams

As I went over Hampstead Heath
One morning late in May,
Above, a golden mist; beneath,
New grasses hid the way.

I saw the fields and happy herds,
The green-and-golden trees,
And I, who speak in paint, not words,
Took such delight in these.

Straightway I painted what I saw.
Alas! of everything
The attribute I could not draw
Seemed most a part of Spring.

The warmth of sunshine, not the light,
The feel of grass, not "green,"
A singing bird, but not in sight,
A passing breeze—unseen!

So I came back from Hampstead Heath,
One evening late in May,
Above, cold evening mists; beneath,
Wet grasses hid the way.

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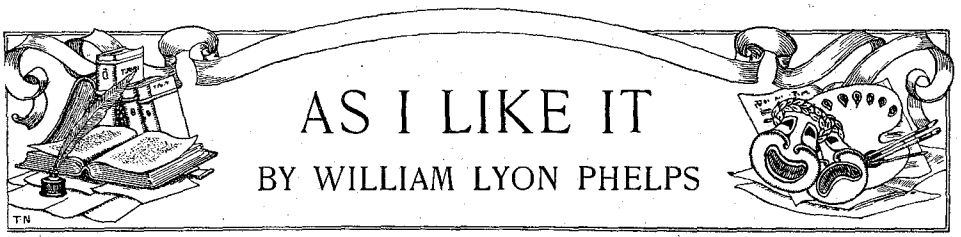

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE English language is sadly in need of a new word or perhaps a new phrase, which should perform the enormous, varied, and specific work so easily and neatly accomplished in three other languages respectively by *n'est-ce pas*, *nicht wahr*, and *non è vero*. And at the same time we must discover or invent a negative interrogatory for "I am." Suppose you are the last person to arrive at a dinner-party, and you wish to make a remark equally compounded of inquiry and apology. All goes well with your sentence until you reach the rising inflection at its conclusion. "I am a little late, am I not, ain't I, am't I, aren't I?"—which shall it be? "Am I not" is absolutely correct, and looks well enough in print, but orally it sounds pedantic, rather stiff, as though somehow you were giving the others a gratuitous and unsolicited lesson in grammatical etiquette, and thus casts a slight chill over the pleasant company; it certainly would not go well with a cocktail. To-day there are more persons who would rather be ungrammatical than stilted; and while I myself am not in the least afraid of using good grammar always and everywhere, there are informal gatherings where "am I not" is a bit quick. Jane Austen would have gone even further, and said "am not I?" an expression which I have never heard. Ain't I?" is both incorrect and vulgar, but unless something is done, and as Macbeth remarked, done quickly, it will prevail, and we shall be forced to surrender to usage. It is already making rapid strides in England. Rather than yield to "ain't I?" I would choose "am't I" which, as Euclid was fond of saying, is absurd. With these two ruled out, there remains "aren't I?" I hereby declare war on this expression. I hate it. I will not say "aren't I?" No, not if every other person in the world says it. I am not squeamish, but I cannot swallow the negative of "I are." Furthermore, I regard it as a base and cowardly evasion of the challenge with which I opened this discussion. What, then, is to be done, and who will come to save us? Already there is a piece of good-natured slang which is gaining ground every day, and which is a substitute both for "ain't I?" and the three foreign phrases cited above. This is the cheerful interrogation, "what?" used as follows. "I am a little late, what?" or, "This has been a terrible winter, what?" But it is not yet the way in which you would address an archbishop.

It may be that we shall have eventually to do what has been done in many other cases where our own language is inadequate—simply borrow from foreigners. They have borrowed so much money from us that we ought not to have any scruples in borrowing one more expression from them. Just as we say "éclat," why cannot we say "n'est-ce pas?" and be done with it? Has any one anything better to suggest? At present, it is amusing to see by what various devices the difficulty is dodged. A conversationalist begins a sentence confidently, suddenly sees this obstacle ahead, and employs curious and wonderful circumlocutions. "N'est-ce pas" has also this advantage: it is one of the few foreign phrases which every one can pronounce.

We have so little grammar in the English language that I regret to see further losses. I will not say "It is me," no matter how august the orifice from which I hear it. I notice that some school-teacher in the West urges its adoption, on the ground that it is impossible to make the pupils say "It is I." In other words, if the standard is irksome, lower it to suit human convenience, the method adopted so frequently in the sphere of morals. I am not convinced by that argument. It is true that the English generally say "It is me." But there are many divergences between good English and good American usage, and there always will be. For ex-

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ample, the following expression is "quite all right" in England, but it would sound rather queer in America; if you knocked at some one's door, and he sleepily remonstrated, you might say in England, "It is me; I thought you had woken."

There are those who defend "It is me" on the ground that the French say "C'est moi." Even if this were a true analogy, the argument would still be worthless. But the fact is otherwise. At the end of Lavedan's play, "Le Marquis de Priola," the question is asked "Who will take care of him?" and the young man responds, "Moi." Just try to translate that word by "me."

An Englishman once told me that "he don't" is an Americanism, and that he had never heard any English person use it. I wonder at his lack of observation. I have heard many Englishmen say it, and it frequently appears in English conversations in English novels. This is also one of the phrases defended by the Western school-teacher, but it is not pretty.

The English language, easiest of all languages to learn to read, write, talk, and understand, is the most difficult to pronounce correctly. We, therefore, who are natives, ought to take pride in speaking it accurately. It is rapidly becoming a world-language, and we are lucky who have it as a birthright, for it is the most useful of all. Yet out of the millions who talk English, how few there are who speak it with precision! The difficulty of the task ought to be an incentive to the courageous mind.

I am glad that an organization has been formed with the avowed object of improving pronunciation in America. May good fortune attend it. It is called the National Association for American Speech, and one of its objects is to improve the enunciation of actors. Many actors are not heard.

I am always amused when I read, as I do often, the statement that every college should teach its students to speak and write English correctly. I wonder if those who urge this realize how extremely rare is such an accomplishment. I have not met six persons in my life who invariably used correct English. I doubt if I have ever heard an extempore public address of any length that was not marred by some error in grammar, not to mention mistakes in pronunciation. But it is certainly the duty of every school and college teacher in America, no matter what subject he teaches, to improve if possible the speech-habit of his pupils. One way to accomplish this is by setting a good example. And the teacher should invariably correct errors.

It would be well if the social aristocracy in every country took as much care of their morals and of their speech as they do of their manners and of their appearance. But the history of society is discouraging. In that powerful book, "The Glass of Fashion," whose author seems to be a combination of a newspaper-man and John the Baptist, a terrific indictment is hurled at the leaders of English society, because (he says) they have betrayed morality. They have more influence on the standards of morality than the churches, and they are false to their trust. Well, it has usually been no better in the less-important matter of speech. The aristocrat has often handled his language with cynical indifference, in the assurance that there is no one to call him to account. I will do so then. In Browning's poem "My Last Duchess," the final touch of high breeding and hauteur is given to the Duke, when he says carelessly:

> "Even had you skill in speech—which I have not."

He will talk like a gentleman, not like a professional.

There is comfort in the thought that those who habitually misuse positions of responsibility eventually cease to hold them. When Malcolm rehearsed a list of his vices to Macduff, and asked if such as he were fit to govern, the honest soldier replied:

> "Fit to govern! No, not to live."

I make no apology for spending so much time on pronunciation, for it deserves much more. Henry James thought it of sufficient weight to carry a whole lecture. There is no rarer sound in the world than perfect English coming from the lips of one whose mother tongue is something else. I remember meeting on an ocean-liner a cultivated Polish gentleman who spoke English with fluent inaccuracy. I

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complimented him on the ease with which he, like so many other Slavs, spoke other languages than his own, and added that with the exception of the pronunciation, he spoke English as easily as anybody. He was indignant, and insisted that he spoke English exactly as well as any native. I offered to give him an English sentence, and leave him alone with it three hours; and said I was certain that he would not be able to pronounce it correctly. He demurred at the three hours, declaring that to be an insult, and wished to read the phrase at sight. But I was firm. I took him to the smoking-room, wrote out the sentence, and returned in three hours. This is the sentence:

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through.

I wish you could have seen and heard him. He made a number of false starts, and finally got into such a condition that he could not pronounce a single word in the collection. I thought he was going to lose his mind.

It is an excellent sentence to try on that vast number of foreigners who fancy their English.

Gentle reader, what is your custom when some one mispronounces a word in question, and you are compelled to use the word in your answer? Do you pronounce it correctly, and incur eternal hostility, or do you basely imitate an error, in order to preserve amenity? I have had particularly bad luck with the Himalaya Mountains. If I accent the second syllable, my chance acquaintance stresses the third; and invariably vice versa. There are unpleasant moments in life.

The American Academy of Arts and Letters made a good choice in electing Professor Stuart Sherman of Illinois to take the place made vacant by the death of Thomas Nelson Page. Professor Sherman is an excellent scholar, a shrewd and penetrating critic, a man who is interested both in classic and contemporary literature, and who believes in maintaining standards. His literary style shows learning without pedantry, wit without buffoonery, and vigor without vulgarity. All who love to see art take a higher place in our national life should rejoice that the Academy, through the generosity of a benefactor, now has a building in New York, exclusively devoted to the work of this body and of the institute. Here records will be kept, including all publications by the members, regular meetings will be held, prizes for excellence in literature and art publicly awarded, and the good cause dignified and strengthened. The building was formally opened on February 22, with an address by Sir Frederick Kenyon, president of the British Academy. On this occasion the Gold Medal for distinction in drama was awarded to Eugene O'Neill, and it was richly deserved.

Can anything be done to check the American habit of pronouncing Juliet as a word of three syllables, *Ju-li-et*? My ear is constantly tormented by this abomination. We all make mistakes in pronunciation, but we ought to endeavor to lessen their number. It is just as distressing to hear a blaring error in pronunciation as it is to hear a discord in music. It is as absurd to say Ju-li-et as it would be to say Ju-li-an or Ju-li-us.

I never saw Adelaide Neilson, who, if veteran theatregoers are to be trusted, came near to being an ideal Juliet; and I saw Mary Anderson only as Rosalind. But I have seen many actresses consorting with Romeo, and the best Juliet I ever saw is Jane Cowl. She is effective every moment, from her first surrender to love, to the final sacrifice. She rises to the height of tragic intensity, when the occasion demands it; and in the balcony scene, she is irresistible. She is girlish, impetuous, a flame of passion; she is the incarnation of youth in love. Her wholehearted giving of herself is so complete that there is no place for coquetry, no pretense of retreat or reserve; the wealth of passion is so abundant that economy would be folly. Juliet is too young to dissimulate; she has the forthright simplicity of a child. As Jane Cowl impersonates her, she seems to feel the newness, wonder, and ecstasy of a strange emotion; as different from the light-hearted gaiety of yesterday as poetry from prose. In the moonlight dialogue, the lovers, in Goethe's phrase, taste "the topmost sparkling foam on the freshly-poured cup of love."

Another notable Shakespearean production of the present season is David

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Belasco's arrangement of "Merchant of Venice." This is the most beautiful and complete stage-presentation of this play that I have ever seen. Every one who witnesses it wishes the author were present; he would assuredly enjoy the succession of artistic and elaborate pictures. Furthermore in the Belasco version the interest is steadily maintained. Booth made it so short (stopping with the exit of Shylock) that another play was given with it, to fill out the evening; but here the play lasts from eight till a little after eleven, and there are no long pauses. Is the absence of liquor-bars the reason why there are now no long pauses between the acts in New York? If so, that should be used as an argument for maintaining prohibition. In former times, the pauses were so frequent and so prolonged that the acts of the play seemed like bits of drama interposed every now and then in a long and desultory evening. When foreign companies came hither, it was even worse; they used to say that if ever Sarah Bernhardt grew old, it would be between the acts. Mr. Belasco has published his version of the "Merchant," with an exceedingly interesting autobiographical introduction, in which he promises to give other and seldom-seen dramas of Shakespeare. I sincerely hope he will do this, and I look forward with keen interest to his production of "King Lear," with David Warfield, who I think should be impressive. I have seen this greatest of all tragedies only twice; once in Germany, and once in America with Robert Mantell.

Mr. Warfield was uninspiring as Shylock, though he held the audience. Not for a moment did I lose the actor in his rôle. It was always David Warfield reciting the lines in a declamatory fashion, with carefully studied gestures and business. He was at his best in the trial scene, but even there he seemed to me artificial. Yet not for anything would I have missed the splendid production, which will linger long in my mind as a thing of beauty.

I have been rather fortunate in Shylocks, having seen Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Richard Mansfield, Walter Hampden, Edward Sothern, David Warfield, and the great German actor, Ernst von Possart. The best Shylock of them all was Edwin Booth, who, on the night I saw him, was inspired.

I fervently suggest another candidate for the Ignoble Prize—"Peer Gynt," by Henrik Ibsen. At this moment it is playing to packed houses daily in New York, but I was so bored—so unspeakably bored—that I left at the end of the third act. Surely it is not the fault of the Theatre Guild. I do not see how the play could possibly be better mounted, or better acted. This wonderful company do all that can be done with it. I never found the book interesting reading, and I did not care for it in the motion-pictures; but I had such well-founded confidence in the ability of the Theatre Guild to make anything interesting, that I went to the theatre with high expectations and bright faith. This same group of actors and directors had kept me sharply attentive throughout two plays that had seemed in the reading impossible; Shaw's "Heartbreak House" and "Back to Methuselah." These talky dramas, in comparison with "Peer Gynt," seem sensational and melodramatic. To me "Peer Gynt" is the champion bore of the year, and I am done with it forever.

A correspondent suggests for the Ignoble Prize no less a person than Walt Whitman, whose fame is certainly broader and higher at this moment than ever before. To me, he is one of the American poets, and a man of genius. Yet there is an enormous amount of rubbish in his complete works. In many of his pages, I see nothing but a Sears-Roebuck catalogue with Calliope accompaniment. Would I place him above Edgar Allan Poe? I would not. And if I could read only one American poet, would it be Whitman? It would not. One hour of Poe is worth a cycle of Old Walt. But there are passages in the Camden bard, especially his first lines, that affect me like the ocean, the prairie, and the stars.

An extremely interesting book came into my hands to-day. It is "Parodies on Walt Whitman," compiled by Henry S. Saunders, with a preface by Christopher Morley, and published by the American Library Service. Here is a collection of parodies beginning with the year 1857 and ending with 1921. Most of them are failures because it is impossible to parody

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Walt in the burlesque manner; his own "poems" surpass any possible exaggeration. The fact is so much more strange than the fiction, that the imitation falls patently short. But some of the parodies, those done by literary experts, are well worth the admission fee to this particular circus. And of the seventy-nine specimens, the best is by that master of wit and raillery, that altogether irresistible gentleman, Henry C. Bunner. This is called "Home Sweet Home with Variations," and was originally published in *Scribner's Monthly* in May, 1881.

Christopher Morley's preface is charming. I read Morley's column every day in the New York *Evening Post*, and it helps me to forget the adjoining collection of literary cigar-butts, called Books and Reading. Morley's ghost is in everything he writes, and I especially recommend his latest book, "Where the Blue Begins." This is such a combination of literature and theology, that it might well be called, remembering the hero, "Literature and Dogma." There are some things in it I wish he had left out; but there are many things that no one else could have put in. Morley is a wit, a man of letters, an artist, and a personal force. He is chock-full of convictions and of enthusiasm, yet looks out on the world with the tolerance of the genuine humorist.

My remark in the February number that of all the plays I had ever seen at the Comédie Française, the one that made the most lasting impression was "Les Caprices de Marianne," by Alfred de Musset, has drawn enthusiastic comment from a reader who is even older than I, and has seen much more of the world. He writes: "You do well to cry for the Caprices de Marianne. I saw it twice in 1867. It was the best thing I ever saw." He goes on to say that the only performance that can compare with it in merit was Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard," which he saw in Moscow, and which I have now seen by the same company in New York. He then quotes an article by Felix Duquesnel which appeared in the *Temps* some years ago. "I cannot prevent myself from taking a long journey backward, and seeing again by the power of thought, a performance of 'Les Caprices de Marianne' at which I was present when I was twenty years old. It has remained in my memory, for I think on that night I saw perfection in the theatre. How time goes by! It seems now as if I had just seen this admirable performance; I see again the players and I hear the sound of their voices. It is true that there is a philosopher who says that time is stationary and immovable, and that only men pass."

I am glad to be reinforced in my recollections by this American scholar and by this veteran French critic. There is something time-defying about "Les Caprices de Marianne"; it leaves a peculiar brightness in the memory, something of imperishable loveliness, which subsequent impressions are powerless to efface.

I am pleased to see that there is to be a complete edition of the works of that extraordinary man, W. H. Hudson. In many ways he was the king of naturalists. I have seen some of the first volumes, and the publishers have made their appearance worthy of the author. A member of the American firm gives me the following highly interesting information:

"Last March I had the joy and the privilege of spending three days with Hudson. We were in the extreme southwest of England. Mr. Hudson was living then in a workman's cottage at Penzance. We motored all about the country and I found, from personal contact, a beautiful soul, full of fire, radiating love for everything and yet at the same time having as a part of his outer shell some of that caution and suspicion of man often found in wild animals.

"One point about Hudson which has been literally overlooked is the fact that Hudson's father, as I understood Mr. Hudson, was born in Boston, and his grandfather came from England to Boston about 1808. Hudson's mother was a Miss Kimball, from New Hampshire. At the age of nineteen Hudson's father was working on the docks in Boston. Something fell on him, crushing his chest. The doctor in Boston at the time informed him that probably he would never be able to stand the rigor of that climate with his bruised chest. He was in love with Miss Kimball, who was seventeen years old at the time. They talked the matter over together. She decided, or rather insisted,

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on marrying him and then migrating to the Argentine. It was quite evident that Mr. Hudson's father was probably more or less shiftless, although the author never allowed himself to speak of his father other than with reverence and respect. Hudson had a wonderful love, admiration, and loyalty for his mother. This was one of his consuming passions."

On the walls of a room in my house hangs a framed sampler, wrought by the little hands of my grandmother, Sophia Lyon, in the year 1790, when she was five years old. In addition to some rather formal decoration it contains this cheerful poem:

"There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come:
A thousand children young as I
Are called by death to meet their doom."

Poor baby! Working out carefully every letter of those mortuary verses, when she ought to have been playing with her dolls, or enjoying the air of heaven. The Puritans were determined not to let even small children forget the certainty of death combined with the uncertainty of its zero hour. If they heard the laughter of children, they felt that something ought to be done about it. And yet as carriers of gloom-germs I do not think they were so effective as many of our modern atheistic novelists. The Puritans were in earnest, and they felt that life was serious; but they had a solid faith in the ultimate rightness of things; they believed that this was God's world, and that its darkness was followed by eternal sunshine. When they admonished little folks to behave themselves, and broke in on their careless happiness with thoughts of the grave, they had what seemed to them good, ultimate reasons. But the modern pessimist, with no philosophy of life at all, and with no hope for humanity either here or hereafter, is fully as determined as the old Puritan not to let us have any fun. The moment we set out to read a cheerful book or see a rollicking comedy, we are called sternly to order; such things are not true art. Rebecca West says that "The Enchanted April," a novel written just for fun and as full of fun as an Italian on a holiday, is a "disaster"; and the solemn, dogmatic critics assure us that May Sinclair's "Life and Death of Harriett Frean," in which the details of death by cancer are elaborately set forth, is profound art. I see no reason why we should not all enjoy life, if we can; I think tears have no more intellectual worth than laughter. If the percentage of cerebration in books is to be measured merely by the depth of gloom it will become easier and easier to be a genius. The Puritans had a reason for their solemnity, and they believed that out of that dark soil bright flowers would spring; but the modern pessimist offers us no flowers, but simply more dirt. The dog returns to his scriptural menu.

It is curious that so many should believe that cheerfulness is incompatible with brains. Look at the people listening to a symphony concert. Many of them are plainly cherishing the vain hope that others will believe them to be intelligent, if only they can succeed in looking sufficiently depressed.

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AS a plot-developer, food has always ranked high. There was—to begin at the very beginning—Eve's apple, and Jacob's mess of pottage, and Joseph's corner in corn. There was Persephone's pomegranate seed, and the sop that it was advisable to give to Cerberus.

According to Taste

The fairy-tales also found food a useful ingredient in story construction, and Alice's first adventure in Wonderland resulted from her sip of a liquid which had "a sort of mixed flavor of cherry-tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast."

There are probably few persons to whom food is genuinely a matter of no concern. The man who eats little and the man who eats much are equally eager to explain past performances and present preferences. Children and food are nearly synonymous terms. A normal child eats not only because he is hungry but because he has an inquiring mind. If he has a yard, he eats around his environment at least once a day. But it is unhonored, unorthodox food alone that he accepts for play purposes. In the very eatable yard of my own youth grew figs, oranges, bananas, persimmons, and Japan plums; yet those fruits were never part of any game: they did not sustain us on desert islands, nor were they offered at royal banquets or permitted to cheer a prison stockade. We preferred tasteless wild strawberries (guaranteed not to poison, but evidently maligned), and elderberries, equally tasteless; and there was sour-grass —very sour—and white delicate stems of cocoa-grass, there were peach leaves, orange leaves, and nasturtium leaves, there was stinging pepper-grass, and rose-petals (always disappointing), and, in season, honeysuckle, cape jasmine, and violets. For a captured enemy there was *absinthe sauvage.*

We always felt the lack of a well or brook. Our cistern—a huge green cask standing twenty feet above ground—precluded all "business" with an old oaken bucket. Something to drink is important in many an old tale. Drafts that bring forgetfulness, for instance, are commonplaces in folklore, and so are potions that are devised to kill or cure or to compel love. The waters of Lethe had duplicates, Rip van Winkle but followed a fashion set him by earlier thirsty souls, and Tristram and Iseult were not unique when Tristram drank with her the liquid she should have shared with King Mark.

It is a great trouble-maker, food. The lack of it is disconcerting and the possession of it is perplexing. For some like their porridge hot and some like it cold, some will eat no fat and some will eat no lean, and even where love is, herbs are not conspicuously successful as preservers of peace. It is through food metaphors that Æsop rather goes out of his way to convict us of sin. If somebody is not eating somebody else in the *Fables*, a fox is asserting that grapes are sour, a dog is snatching at the shadow of a bone, or a crane and a fox are asking one another, alternately, to dinner, and inhospitably making it impossible for the guest to eat.

In the menus of story-telling there are curious courses: Cleopatra's dissolved pearl, for example, and green cheese moons, and lovers' hearts (served by irate husbands), and assorted poisons such as Hawthorne utilized to nourish the daughter of Rappaccini. There are concentrated foods, too, antedating by centuries the much advertised ones of to-day. Connla's apple, kindly supplied by a fairy maiden, sufficed him for a full month, Iduna's apples kept the Norse gods young and beautiful, caldrons of plenty were conveniently stationed for the refreshment of Irish heroes, the Holy Grail gave sustenance to those who did but see it pass.

These, however, are strange foods; they do not give one an appetite. It takes some one like Dickens to make the reader actually hungry. Cratchit's goose is immortal, and so are the chops and tomato sauce mentioned in Mr. Pickwick's letter to Mrs. Bardell; and Oliver Twist's request for a second helping is a classic. No one is likely to forget Mrs. Pipchin's mutton-chops (hot and hot), or the oysters that Dora served, unopened, to David and Traddles, or the marchioness's meal of "a dreary waste of cold

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potatoes, looking as eatable as Stonehenge." Then there is that glorious dinner party at Mrs. Todgers's, and the uncomfortable one at the Veneerings', and Paul Dombey's first dinner at Doctor Blimber's—a terrible occasion, when Master Johnson chokes in spite of the intelligent efforts of Mr. Feeder, B. A., to avert the catastrophe.

Some authors, however, do not give their characters enough to eat. Probably that fact accounts for the insubstantiality of, say, Disraeli's people. They do sit down to the table occasionally, but one never feels that they have had the proper amount of calories and proteids. Being ill-nourished, they are not strong to talk or act like human beings. Mistress Harriet Byron, Sir Charles Grandison's betrothed, would have swooned and wept with less regularity had she been permitted occasionally to finish her breakfast without being interrupted by a proposal of marriage. And George Eliot did not realize, of course, that Daniel Deronda was always hungry. Even when, on one occasion he had quite definite biscuits in his pockets, she forgets to make him eat them.

A scientist really ought to work out a means by which human ability and personality might be directed and developed through selected foods. Just as the bees feed their queen with bee-bread, so could a child be fed with the particular materials that would make him a poet or a plumber. Exactly what these materials should be, it is the privilege of the scientist to find out.

I MAY as well be frank. I am fond of cooks. Perhaps it is a low taste—though I doubt it. At any rate, it is a natural, not an acquired one, like that for decayed cheese, free verse, olives, and grand opera.

Cooks I Have Loved—and Lost

I have always been fond of cooks. The first one I loved was my grandmother. Not in slang but in all truth I say it—she was *some* cook! Her pumpkin pies were gold and brown disks of pure lusciousness now found, alas! only in fairy-tales or dreams. Her cookies and cakes were treasures for which to lie and steal. A crime more or less was as naught in comparison with the joy of eating one of them. The more my grandmother cooked the more I loved her, but—she stopped cooking. A sad event occurred. No, death did not snatch her from me, but grandfather—worse luck!—had money left him, whereupon grandmother immediately engaged several servants, and she has not stepped inside a kitchen since. I never have thought much of her as a grandmother, but I still sigh at what a perfect cook was lost when grandfather fell heir to money.

Then there was Pearl Gray—black, of course, as the thick, curly hair of a hero in fiction. Oh, how I loved Pearl! Her puddings were veritable things of beauty, linked sweetness o'er which I lingered to have it long drawn out. Pearl was, as her name implied, a gem, a jewel of a cook. I hate to confess how it was we lost her. It's not a pleasant story. One day—well do I remember it—father found two hairpins in his fluffy appetizing-looking mashed potato. And did he smile at mother, and gleefully exclaim: "A pleasing dish indeed!" He did not! He—but, there, father is an irascible, testy man, and I'll omit what he did exclaim. Sufficient to state that mother finally left the table in tears, and the rest of us suddenly discovered we were not hungry—no, not even enough to touch one of Pearl's most glorious pudding masterpieces. The next day Pearl departed. I loved her—yes, but even I felt it was better so.

Cecilia won my heart at once with her salad dressing. It seemed that human skill could not convert oil, eggs, vinegar, and spices into such deliciousness. I believed the gods must be her secret aids. Cecilia's reign was fairly long and eminently satisfactory, but it came to a somewhat tragic end.

Hearing screams one day, my wife flew to the kitchen, where she found Anna, the waitress, with her right arm pinned beneath a window which had crashed down as she was trying to open it. Cecilia was calmly saying: "Don't yell, I'll help you in a minute, Anna, but I can't leave this dressing now. The oil's got to be stirred in drop by drop, you know." It was wiser to let Cecilia go before Anna murdered her, or before she herself stood casually by and allowed one of us to burn up because she "couldn't leave her cooking" just then.

Yet after all who shall say devotion and faithfulness to a cause—to salad dressing—are not noble qualities! I am not ashamed to admit—to any one but Anna—that I still retain a warm affection for the lost Cecilia. She knew how to cook.

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Other cooks I've loved—and lost. Olga would not stay because I unreasonably objected to her keeping a stray dog, a beast of questionable parentage and uncertain temper. Ying Chun, a cook I loved as my brother, developed the disconcerting habit of getting intoxicated. This in itself I might possibly have borne, but when in one of his inebriated moments he evidently planned to become a knife-thrower and started brisk rehearsals in our kitchen, I was obliged to request him firmly though sadly to remove himself permanently, and continue the improvement of his technique elsewhere.

Alyse, the dreamy violet-eyed, could serve a dinner fit for a king (if kings existed any more); *could*, I said, though she did not always do so. At times her poetic temperament overcame her, and our food suffered in consequence. When, however, she made a *practice* of using salt in place of sugar, and of substituting vinegar for vanilla, it seemed time for Alyse to leave us.

Jerusha, the well-nigh faultless, did not tarry long because we persisted in dining at seven, and she preferred six-thirty for our dinner-hour. Lucille considered my inherited New England taste for doughnuts at breakfast plebeian, not to say heathenish, for "hadn't she always cooked for the first families, people of real class, and not one of them ever ate doughnuts"! (Lucille detested to fry doughnuts.) Called upon to decide between Lucille and the doughnuts, reluctantly I chose the latter. Not that I loved Lucille the less, but that I loved my morning doughnut more.

Of the great cooks who have come in and out of my life, cooks of excellence, and perfection even, the greatest of these, the one who surpassed all others—the supercook—was Mrs. Todson. Call her "Mrs. Todson"? I should say we did! I doubt if General Pershing or Marshal Foch themselves would dare to call her "Ella." (And her name is Ella, too.)

Mrs. Todson's meals were such that no family member would miss one unless he were detained by sudden accident, severe tonsillitis, or death. Her repertory was limitless. She could cook every known dish, and cook it better than any one else, and she could invent rare new delicacies which in genius compared favorably with the Einstein theory, the Ford automobile, or any of Mr. Edison's wonders.

How did we happen to lose the loved—the much-beloved—Mrs. Todson? It was thus. Mrs. Todson had an idiosyncrasy, an obsession, if you will. She insisted on meeting—yes, being introduced to every noted guest who "honored our humble dwelling," and of asking each to write in her autograph book. Oh, I know it sounds absurd, but it is true. Although our house was not a rendezvous for famous folk, and we did not tumble over them whenever we stepped, or have to frame traffic rules to regulate the crowds, still an occasional celebrity—an author, playwright, scientist—by mistake, perhaps, would wander in; and then it was we were put to it to devise means whereby we could placate the inexorable Mrs. Todson without offending the guest. If you think that was easy, I wish you had had to do it once!

The delicate task for which by nature I am totally unfitted usually fell to me. I would ask the guest if he did not want to see a certain view, and then with abject apologies lead him to a kitchen window. Mrs. Todson did the rest. Or if it were summer I would ridiculously suggest a tour of our diminutive garden, and mumblingly pretend the only way to reach it lay through the kitchen. A certain distinguished surgeon from Leyden I lured into Mrs. Todson's lair by playing upon his expressed interest in American household conveniences such as patent door catches, electric bells, and thermostats. I insisted upon explaining to him the workings of our hot-water heater. That meant of course the kitchen and—Mrs. Todson.

Thus by dint of obvious subterfuges for a season Mrs. Todson's ambition was gratified, but not for always. When as chairman of a high high-brow society my wife was asked to entertain last week a particularly fearsome and lordly lecturer—I was unavoidably absent at the time—she weakened and did not introduce the unapproachable person to Mrs. Todson. The inevitable occurred. Deaf to penitent excuses, and to promises for the future, Mrs. Todson, scattering anathemas, packed up her belongings, including her precious little autograph book, and departed. I came home yesterday to find her lost to me forever and forever.

Even with Mrs. Todson's cruelly inflicted wound still fresh I am brave enough to be

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able to murmur at least, "it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Of Much Writing

IT has been my lot for a good many years to be a reader of manuscripts. In these years I have read, to make a conservative estimate, probably, something like one hundred thousand stories, poems, articles, and essays. They have come from all over our country and have represented the thoughts that seem to be an intimate part of our national life.

A reader becomes something of a father confessor, even if he is unknown, for the aspiring writer in so many cases writes out of his or her own heart, consciously or unconsciously, and reveals the springs of aspiration and hope, and often those that bubble up from the slough of despond.

A surprising number of people make capital of their most sacred experiences, and at the same time reveal their incredibly limited equipment to say anything worth the saying, with an amount of vanity and assurance that they would blush to reveal in any other way.

The craving to express oneself, to let out pent-up emotion or vague desires, real or imagined, in the form of writing, seems to have belonged to the human race since man first scratched two hearts on a stone or cut his initials with his sweetheart's on the bark of a tree.

To a reader comes a flood of written words that pour from many turbid and shallow streams; and little, indeed, out of the mass, has its source in the spring Pierian.

The conviction remains after much reading of many very human and personal revelations that we are pretty much all alike, whether we have the gift of expression or not. The wish to say something seems to be universal, and in these later years it would seem as if a very large part of our population was trying to get into print.

In the daily routine of reading I have come upon revelations of poignant sorrow, real and evidently pressing need, of tender love for dear ones gone, and, of course, for the dear one that prompts so many spring poems about this time, of bitter discouragement, of hopeless illness, and of much ignorant and thoughtless vanity.

I have followed the young idea from its first ink spillings to the maturity of the quill from the bird of wisdom; seen literary aspirants, whose beginnings appeared hopeless, by sheer persistence and hard work win a place of distinction in the line of the modern best sellers. They have found in life and experience something worth saying and learned how to say it.

Talent and the gift of expression are apparently not the prerogatives of the so-called educated man or woman, for it is often the writer who began with an obviously limited knowledge of the things we assume to belong to the equipment of the literary person who achieves success.

It would seem that too much reading is often a detriment rather than a source of inspiration in creative work, and that the mind unperturbed by precedent dares to venture upon byways that the overread fears from too much knowledge.

I look back over my years of much reading of the outpourings of those who seek fame or money, or a mere gratification of personal vanity in print, and find that, in spite of the tedium of the job, at times, that it has had its compensations.

Have I not had the privilege of reading the first work of many who have since achieved distinction, of seeing the strange parts of the world through the eyes of adventurous travellers of world-wide fame, looked on our recent wars through the glasses of men who have played a part in them, or in the writing of famous correspondents, followed the discoveries of noted scientists and the achievements of leading scholars, read the first poems of many new singers whose voices have since been heard throughout the land? And above all it has been my privilege to glimpse with sympathy, many times with deep emotion, and I hope with a generous and receptive understanding, the minds of many who remain unknown to fame, who have been even so, seekers after beauty or simply honest strivers after some unutterable ideal.

Never before have so many tried to interpret the wonder, the mystery, the sadness, the passion, the struggle, the comedy and tragedy, of this thing we call life!

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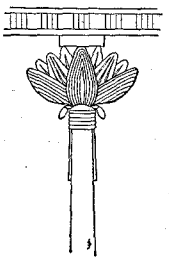
THE FIELD OF ART

Painters' Architecture

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER



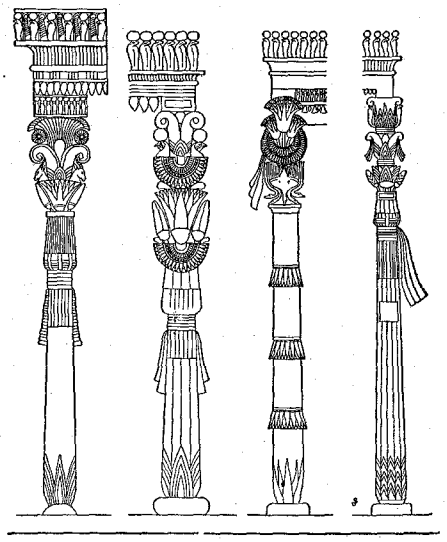
IN the history of the art of painting there is an attractive by-road which has not yet been thrown open and, I believe, has not even been entered with a questing purpose. So far as I can learn no one has described the varied ways in which the painters of one period and another, of one land and another, have portrayed architectural forms. All that I have found is, once or twice, a reference to some part of the theme as worthy of notice.

Do not for this reason think that it must be a slender theme. If you look into it, it expands, it blooms, in every direction. From the earliest times the painter has made constant use of architectural forms and features, either as his main subject or as an element in his landscapes or as a background or a setting or framework for his figures. Sometimes he has been a faithful copyist. Much more often he has arranged or modified or has actually designed his architectural motives to suit himself, not only when a flat decorative pattern was his chief concern but also in depictive work of every kind. And this he has often done with a delightful feeling for beauty or picturesqueness, even when he has shown as little respect for constructional possibilities as for constructed actualities.

We know the results in literature of similar imaginative processes. Almost as unlike reality as St. John's City Celestial have been, in prose and verse, many cities terrestrial. One of the finest yet least familiar in the kingdom of English romance is described in John Lydgate's "War of Troy." Its marble walls were two hundred cubits high, and at each corner a great crown of gold fretted with rich jewels shone bright in the sunshine. Six towers, each with its gateway of brass, and a vast number of turrets surrounded the walls. On the tops of the turrets were raised up brazen figures of savage beasts—bears, lions, tigers, boars, dragons, harts, elephants, unicorns, bulls, and griffins. The houses were ornamented with "craft of masonry," and roofed with lead. The streets were paved "checkerwise, white and red," and along them ran cloisters,

> "For men to walk together twain and twain,
> To keep them dry when it chanced to rain."

If not on Lydgate's bold scale yet in the same untrammelled spirit worked many



Columns from Egyptian paintings.

painters of his own fifteenth century and of those before and after. Here, of course, I cannot describe and appraise their multifarious products or those of such among their brethren as have reproduced with fidelity what the architect had set before them. I can merely try to show, in a brief and

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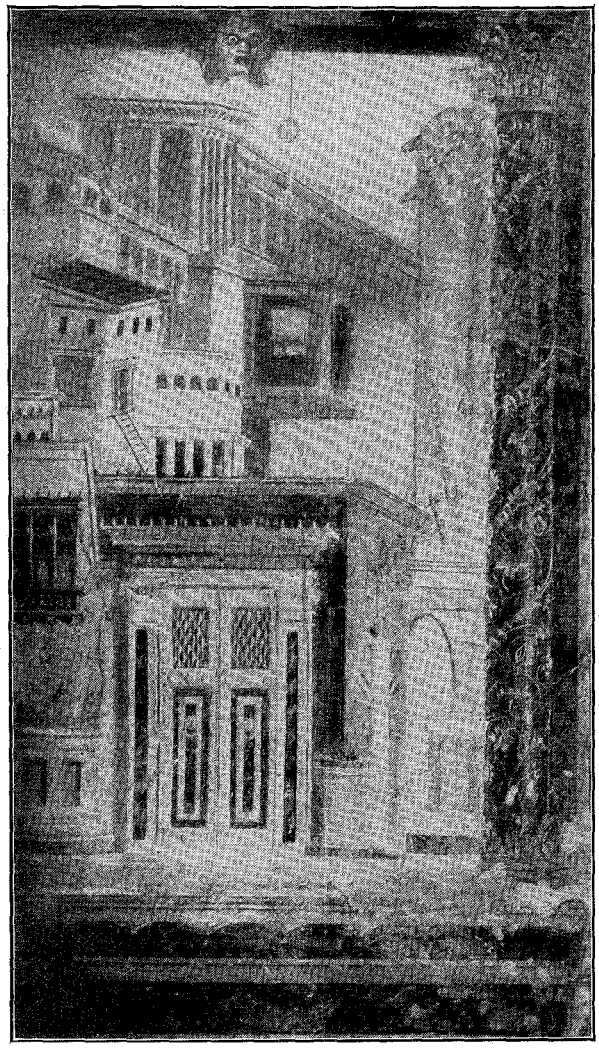
very fragmentary way, that a book called "Painters' Architecture" would be well worth writing.

It would begin where painting and architecture began, in ancient Egypt. Here all painting was so purely decorative in intent that we could expect only stylized renderings of architectural forms. But even so we find less respect for fact than might easily have been compassed. The most frequent motives, columns and colonnettes, are apt to be not only fanciful but impossible in design—built of such unstructural and unrelated parts that they could never actually have been built even in the metal work that some archæologists suppose. Decorative, of course, and very narrowly restricted was the Greek vase painting that we know so well. But we may believe that even in the depictive work of classic Greece, which we do not know at all, imagination often supplied the architectural factors. Certainly it supplied them in the mural painting of Græco-Roman Pompeii, exuberantly capricious in its flights of fancy with inexplicable perspectives, unserviceable columns, and pediments formed, perhaps, of ribbon ornaments. And another kind of inventiveness appears in the frescoes from Boscoreale, now in the Metropolitan Museum, where groups of improbable buildings are piled up in impossible ways.



From a fresco from Boscoreale.
Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum.

Of mediæval mural painting we have scant remains, yet among them are certain pictures of shrines and canopies where the decorator's fancy worked its will very much as in ancient Egypt. And with the advent of the Renaissance our material grows abundant. The early Italians often set their figures amid architectural forms that no one had ever seen. Antonio Vivarini, for example, was part painter of a Virgin Enthroned where the baldacchino and the encircling walls are elaborated in a way to which we can really give no name. Gentile Bellini, the widely travelled, filled the background of his picture of St Mark preaching at Alexandria with a varied assortment of structures including a church that suggests St. Mark's in Venice and a tall obelisk. Crivelli, as in the central panel of his great altar-piece in the cathedral at Ascoli, mingles late-Gothic and Renaissance motives in a florid fashion that is all his own. Carpaccio, peculiarly enamoured of architectural beauty, sometimes shows a similar mixture, sometime

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slender arcades purely classic in feeling, and once at least a pseudo-Oriental minaretted town. On the outside of a house at Verona, Francesco Morone painted a Madonna and Saints where the supports and arches of the great canopy were formed entirely of interwoven foliage and flowers.

Even when the buildings of the later Italian painters—often, be it remembered, frames of two small doors are enriched with delicate Renaissance patterns.

Early also, and variously also, the painting of architecture began in the north. Characteristic of Jan van Eyck are his lovely landscape distances encircling high-placed towns or towers, and characteristic also the beautifully designed Romanesque interiors in which he sometimes placed his

From the Legend of Clœlia. By Matteo di Giovanni.
Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

architects as well—are correct in structure and proportions, and seem at the first glance quite like those we know in stone, a fanciful personal touch usually appears in their details. And natural though it seemed to them to clothe their Biblical figures and scenes with the splendid garments and stately architecture of their own time and place, sometimes they would imagine more appropriate settings, trying to suggest antiquity by the use, perhaps, of a ruined structure. Most of these curious attempts at historical truth were in pictures of the Nativity, but especially interesting is a Last Supper of Tintoretto's. Here rustic-looking figures sit carelessly at a table in a low-browed cabin built of heavy plain timbers. Yet not wholly could the painter sink the present in his vision of the past: the figures, using, although he lived in a late-Gothic period, scarcely any Gothic details. More often the round arch was used with a profusion of Gothic ornament. The buildings so conspicuous in Memling's outdoor scenes appear to be variants of Italian rather than of Northern realities, but once at least he painted a recognizable Paris.

Among the Italianizing Hollanders and Flemings of the sixteenth century, architectural painting grew in importance and in truth to fact. We are told that Jan de Vries, who was born in 1527, made a scientific study of the treatises of Vitruvius and Serlio, and, although his pictures, like those of his predecessors, take their titles from the foreground figures, the real subject is the richly elaborated architecture. His pupils followed in his steps and one of them, Hen-

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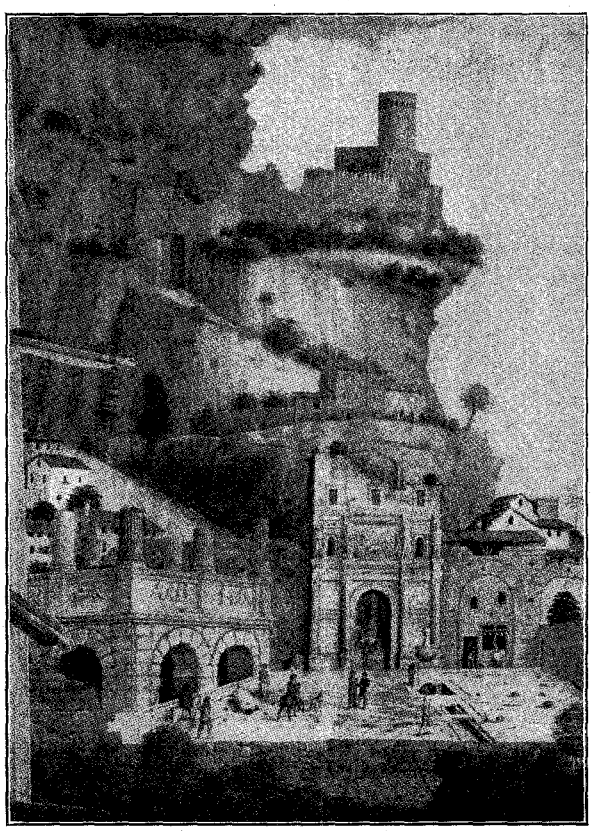
drik van Steenwyck, was the first to paint architectural forms illumined by artificial light—by torches and tapers. In the "realistic" seventeenth century, the second great blooming time of truly national art in the Netherlands, the painting of architecture,



Saint Sebastian. By Mantegna.

usually on a small scale, was recognized as a distinct branch or, rather, as two distinct branches concerned with the inside and the outside of buildings. Admirable was now what I may call the portrait-painting of famous buildings, and of urban scenes often with a canal as a central feature; and admirable indeed, as perfect in truth as in beauty, was the treatment of both linear and aerial perspective and of full sunshine or crossing lights in large and simple white-walled church interiors.

But even the entries in a catalogue or a guide-book to this period may show us that the great vogue of its beautiful fidelities did not drive imagination from the field, for we read indefinite references to pictures of "ancient church architecture," and to others "in the Gothic taste" or "the antique taste." Indeed, it was in this age and land of exquisitely truthful realists that Rembrandt, the great idealist, created the most amazing of all examples of imagined architecture. Portraying more than once what no living eye had seen—the interior of the temple at Jerusalem—he gave his imagination full sway and invented a quite indescribable kind of gigantic gorgeousness: vast exuberantly decorated piers and huge cavern-like arches with marvelous fluted archivolts soaring into the dusky vague.

At the same time another magician, a Frenchman, was doing imaginative work of a very different kind. On his many canvases and in his "Liber Veritatis," Claude shows us stately seaports that no one else ever visited, and landscapes where the scenes and the ruins of the Italy of his day were transposed and rearranged to suit his own fancy. In the eighteenth century an Englishman, Samuel Palmer, wrote:

"When I was setting out for Italy I expected to see Claude's magical combinations: miles apart I found the disjointed members, some of them most lovely. . . . There were the beauties, but the beautiful, the ideal Helen was his own."

And their own in the same sense are the compositions of many of Claude's French and Italian contemporaries and their successors of the first half of the eighteenth century, a veritable age of architectural painting. We may think of Poussin and of Hubert-Robert, and especially of the prolific Pannini who, painting good portraits of the buildings and ruins of Rome, grouped them afresh to secure pictorial effectiveness. I remember one of his pictures where the pyramid of Cestius stands close by the Coliseum and the Arch of Titus, while the well-known statues of the Dying Gaul and

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the Discobolus, greatly enlarged, ornament the foreground. Many Panninis are beautiful pictures, but I never saw anything more stupid or more ugly than a large canvas where one Zuccarelli, professing to take us into Egypt, had crowded together against an Italianesque background a lot of unrelated pylons and ruined halls, obelisks and colossal statues, all of them absurd in design and some of them encircled and even crowned by luxuriant vegetation.

One interesting passage in "Painters' Architecture" would deal with Canaletto, Guardi, and Belotto—the three notable Venetian limners of their own and other cities—comparing them in their work and marking in how far they saw in literal or in imaginative ways. And a whole chapter might well be written about the lovely mermaid city as seen during many generations by those among her lovers who could reproduce their visions of her. The Venetians of the early and of the golden period, the three of the later period whom I have just named, Turner, Ziem, Whistler, Sargent—how brief and incomplete a list and yet how varied! Once I heard a Venice at Sunset of Ziem's described as a tomato omelet on a platter of bright-blue sky. But all Ziems are not of this kind, and everything of any kind that is good in any degree would deserve attention, for even the most insignificant lover of Venice may have seen something in her infinite variety that the best of his betters did not perceive.

We should not read self-conscious effort, affectation, a desire for singularity, into the work of those old artists who, privileged to build in two dimensions only, preferred to other people's edifices the baseless fabrics of their own dreams. In earlier times there was much less respect for facts as such than we now feel, and there was more respect for imagination. Whatever of this gift a man possessed he was at liberty to use if only he could make the result agreeable to eyes as naïve as his own. Truth, one might suppose, would at all events have held a map-maker to account, but how little the old cartographer feared to supplement what he thought he knew by what he knew he invented! Was he blamed when, for instance, in preparing a map of New Netherland he planted in the foreground of the inset view of New Amsterdam a graceful group of palm-trees? The picture was embellished thereby, and only one or two traders can have cared whether or not cocoanuts might be gathered on Manhattan.

And so it is with the imaginative painter

Allegory of Spring. By Cosimo Tura.

of architecture: his work "submitting," as Bacon said of poesy, "the shows of things to the desires of the mind," always entertains and often delights us; while the lack of verity, even of plausibility, that may characterize it need distress us no more than it does in St. John's or in Lydgate's words. Sometimes he devises for us a more curious quaintness, a more effective picturesqueness, or a more delicate beauty than the architect has achieved, or, as in Rembrandt's case, a grandiose poetic impressiveness that can never be approached in stone. Not only with Rembrandt but with many another we regret, not that he painted impossible things, but that the things he painted are not possible.

"Painters' Architecture" would not be a

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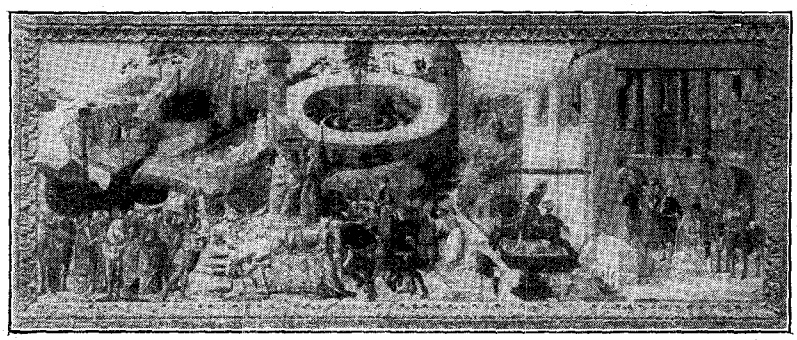
troublesome book to write or to illustrate, for, concerned not with all the elements of pictorial art but simply with form, it might be based largely upon a study of reproductions. Yet not everything has been reproduced, and there is no telling what some inconspicuous canvas on a gallery wall may reveal. In the Metropolitan Museum I came one day upon a small painting by an unnamed sixteenth-century Fleming where the interior as well as the exterior of a church is shown by means of a device which, we are always told, Viollet-le-Duc invented for the illustrations of his Dictionary. Undoubtedly the French architect did invent it, but so did the old Flemish painter, dispensing with portions of his roof and his wall to admit the eye into the building.

At how many painters, and even schools and periods, we have not glanced! For one, there is Correggio, who was not afraid, as in building up the pedestal for his Madonna of St. Francis, to make living cherubs play the part of lithic ones. And there is the whole English school, including Turner, who, beginning with the prosaic topographical kind of work that then prevailed in England, journeyed far along the paths of fancy. In his maturer years he changed and exaggerated things in a "wonderful" way (so said a friend who travelled with him in France); even when he was sketching from actualities, "lifting up, for instance, by two or three stories" the steeple of a village church and often giving a "forcible idea" of a place with "scarcely a correct detail."

And so it is—wherever we may look at painters' work we find the thread of interest that was first spun in ancient Egypt, and it is woven also into the work of the etcher and engraver. The book that should trace it would not be primarily of a "useful" sort but, nevertheless, would speak a useful word. No one can expect an archæologist, an antiquary in any field, to be familiar with pictorial art in every field—his own tasks are too varied and exacting. But if he knew more about the persistent characteristic aims and tendencies of the painters' guild he might not so often take painted testimonies for more than they are worth. And it is possible that the bibliophile needs a similar word of warning. I am told that he sometimes uses the architectural features of the miniatures in a mediæval manuscript to determine its place of origin—to determine not merely what country but what province or even what town or monastery produced it. It would be interesting indeed to study an array of these enchanting little pictures with the will to learn how often the mediæval miniaturist, working in an age at once highly imaginative and peculiarly naïve, the age that nurtured John Lydgate, may have worked with truth to local facts—how often or how seldom!



Voyage of Jason. Front of a chest. School of Pesellino.
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A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 13.

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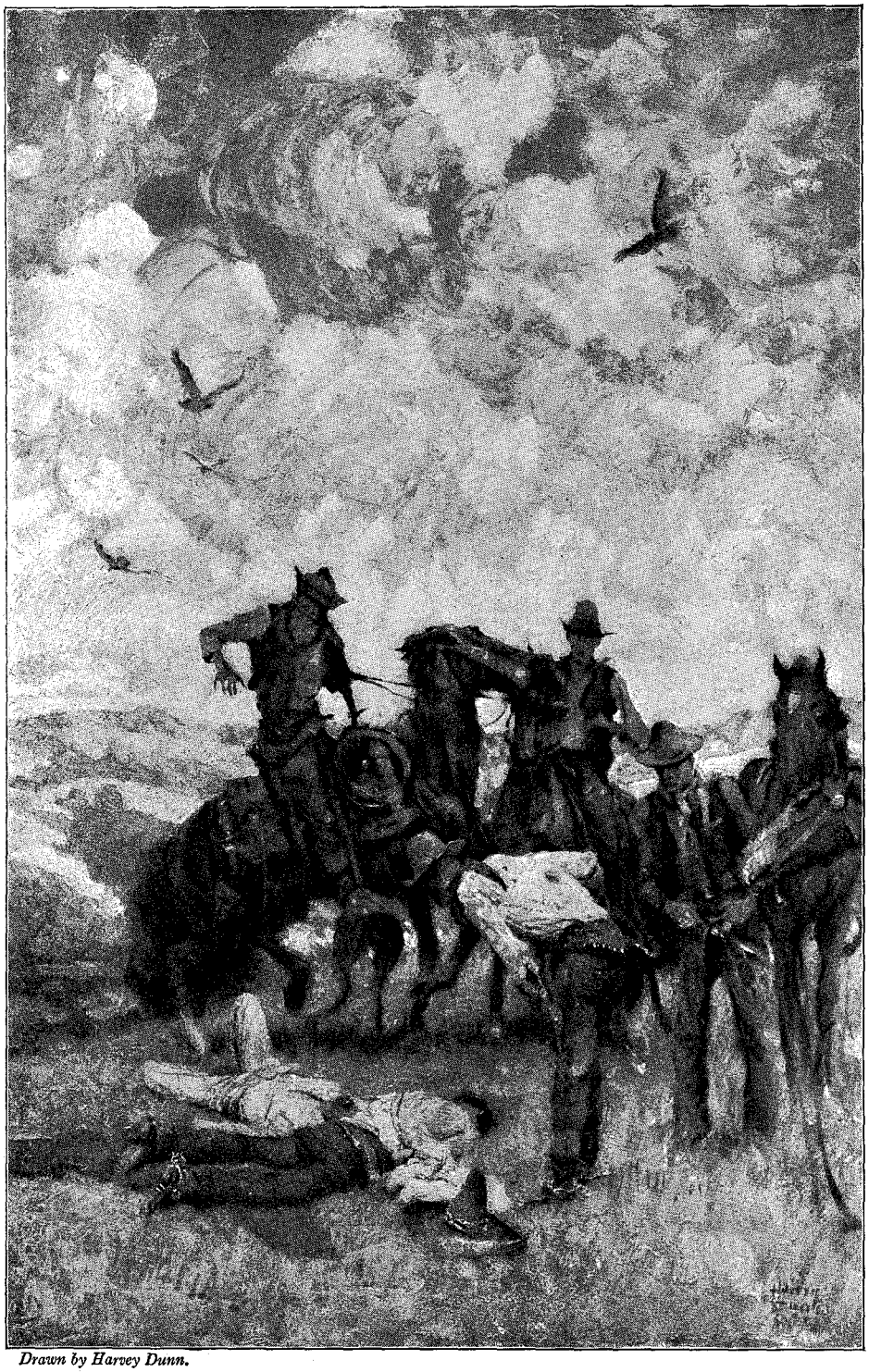

Drawn by Harvey Dunn.

"WAS IT YOU WHO MET THOSE TWO MEXICANS ON THE ROAD—AND WHO LEFT THEM AS WE FOUND THEM?"

—"His Creed," page 731.

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